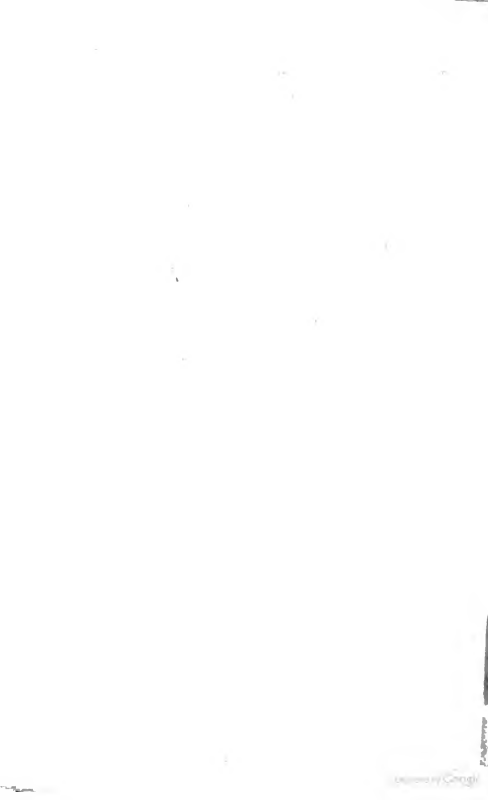


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W. G. G.

BRONGWENON CASTLE.

Stewart & Payne, London.

THE
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Heraldic and Historical Register.

EDITED BY

J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE," "LANDED GENTRY," &c.



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TO

JOSHUA EDWARDS, Esq.,

Of Carteth Park, co. Lancaster,

THIS VOLUME OF THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

IN TOKEN OF

THE EDITOR'S ESTEEM AND REGARD,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

THE
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE
AND
HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire.

OXFORDSHIRE, however celebrated for its university, has not many castellated remains of magnitude, such as we occasionally meet with in other counties; to make amends for this general deficiency, the tourist will find in Broughton Castle an edifice that may be fairly ranked amongst the most interesting of our ancient remains; and this not only as regards the building itself in an architectural point of view, but from the various historical recollections hanging about it, producing the same effect upon the mind that the ivy does, when it coils and clusters about some mouldering ruin. Instead, however, of adopting the formal—and it should perhaps be added the dull—pace of an antiquarian narrative, I will speak of this noble structure in the first person, and give the impressions of it as they arose in my mind, even though they should at times seem trifling, and at others, contradictory. It is Madame de Stael, I think, who says, when speaking of the drama, “*c'est un art necessaire au theatre que de faire juger les principaux personnages plutot par l'effet qu'ils produisent sur les autres que par un portrait quelque frappant qu'il puisse etre.*” Now this, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of anything and everything worth seeing, whether landscape, or building, or spectacle of any kind; we shall scarcely ever get so lively an idea of them as when we are shewn, step by step, the feelings they have excited in others.

Banbury may be called my starting-point, since it was the last place in my route before coming to my final object, Broughton Castle. Nor was I at all reluctant to make a short halt, and look about me in a town that had found so much notice in history and drama. Of Banbury Castle I say nothing, it would lead me too far from the subject in hand; but there is one little anecdote connected with the Puritanic feeling for which the town was so celebrated, that deserves mention. In the earlier editions of Camden's “*Britannia*,” as rendered into English by old Philemon Holland, the translator had chosen to improve upon his

original, and whereas the antiquarian had written that Banbury was "*conficiendo caseo notissimum*"—noted for making cheese—he added *ale* and *cakes*, according to the proverb. Now it so happened that Camden visited the printing office, at the time when the sheet on Banbury was going through the press, and at once detecting this addition, struck out *ale*, and substituted *zeal*, much to the indignation of the Puritans; certainly, as worthy master Fuller observes when speaking of this matter, the three articles of *zeal*, *cakes*, and *ale*, "*quam malè convenient!*" do mightily disagree; although it is hardly possible to help smiling at the gravity with which he argues the point. "Though zeal be deservedly put first, how inconsistent is it with his gravity and goodness to couple a spiritual grace with matters of corporeal repast."* In this sage comment upon zeal going before cakes and ale, one is forcibly reminded of Dogberry's directions; "write down that they hope they serve God—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains." For the rest, while further enquiry has proved that the story is true in the main, yet the blame of it lies not with the antiquarian, for in Camden's supplement to his "*Brittannia*," which is still preserved in the Bodleian library, we find a note to this effect:—"Put out the word, *zeale*, in Banbury where some think it a disgrace, when as *zeale* with knowledge is the greater grace among good Christians; for it was first foysted in by some compositor or press-man; neither is it in my Latin copie, which I desire the reader to hold as authentic." But for all this, the word was not at all out of place, the good folks of Banbury in those days, being far and wide noted for their religious zeal; so much so, indeed, that a Banbury man would seem to have been synonymous with a Puritan. Ben Johnson, who was a vigilant observer and faithful recorder of the follies of his time, has more than one allusion to this trait in the character of the *Banburians*, as he calls them. Thus in Bartholomew Fair:—

Winwife.—I am quite off that scent now.

Quarlons.—How so?

Winwife.—Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that they say is come here and governs all already.

Quarlons.—What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Winwife.—Master Littlewit can tell us. . . . What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

Littlewit.—Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quarlons.—O, I know him; a baker is he not?

Littlewit.—He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quarlons.—I remember that too; out of a scruple he took that in spiced conscience those cakes he made were served to bride-ales, maypoles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings.†

But it is time to leave Banbury.

It was a summer's afternoon in the month of July, that, taking the road to Shipton upon Stour, I set out for Broughton Castle, or, as it was called at one time, Broughton Hall. The distance is about two

* Fuller's "*Worthies of England*," p. 328, Oxfordshire.

† Act I. Scene 1. p. 384. Gifford's Edition.

miles and a half, or perhaps a little more; yet, short as the way is, it was rendered yet shorter to the fancy by the exceeding beauty of the landscape. At times the little copses on either side shut out the surrounding scenery; then again the thickets on one or both sides would break off, and allow glimpses, as it were, into the undulating grounds beyond, for there are no hills of any magnitude about here. The whole in fact was one continued succession of cornfields, woods, and meadow lands seen under the shifting clouds in every possible tint and hue of green, from its brightest to its deepest colour. Upon the whole, I should say that Bloxham Hundred, in which this scene lies, has not its equal for a quiet landscape in any other part of Oxfordshire. At all events, the country can shew nothing to surpass it, and it is moreover rich in antiquities, so that it is in every respect peculiarly deserving of the traveller's notice.

On a sudden, a sharp turn of the road gave me a full view of the castle, and a little to the left of it Broughton Church, for it was the custom at a very remote period, for the feudal lord to build a church close to his castle. In this, both he and his descendants found their last resting-place, and at the same time it served as a place of worship for his vassals of all descriptions.

It is impossible for anything to have presented a more beautiful picture than did the fine old castle, seen under the influence of a summer's afternoon. The grey walls were tinted into a pale yellow, or darkened into shadow, as the flying clouds for a moment veiled the sun without hiding it, or flew off again before the wind. The prevailing architecture of the building is in the Elizabethan style, but with this are mingled portions of a yet earlier period, indeed of the time of Edward the First; and it may be that of these some date from William the Conqueror, for we have a few scanty gleanings in Domesday Book of Broughton, or, as it is there called, Brohtune. Thus a part of the north front was built by the Fiennes in 1544, but the walls of the eastern extremity, and several rooms with their groined stone-roofs belong to the fourteenth century. In like manner the south front presents at its east end an old tower with loop-holes and Gothic windows that in a great measure retain their former character. This side was rendered yet more picturesque to my fancy by the thick masses of ivy that covered it in such profusion as only at intervals to let the wall itself become visible, intertwining with it so closely as to be well nigh inseparable; a whole colony of owls, had they so pleased, might have settled here with great comfort to themselves. I hardly know why it is, but the ivy has always seemed to me as natural an appendage to these ancient reliques, whether ruined or entire, as their buttresses and Gothic windows, while upon more modern buildings it appears out of place; a poor attempt to anticipate time, just as if youth should voluntarily assume the silver hairs of age. But here, upon walls that dated from a half-remembered era, the dark green foliage harmonized wonderfully with all around, the union of life with decay mellowing and softening the ravages made by time.

Extensive as the building is even now, and at one time with its outward defences, it occupied a much larger space—it is completely surrounded by a broad and deep moat of running water, the only access to the open area beyond being on the north side over a stone bridge of two

arches, and through a tower which stands there in its old strength, like some giant warder of the castle. This is connected with the main building by a battlemented wall, having cruciform apertures or arrowlets, through which the besieged could discharge their arrows with little danger to themselves from a continuous terrace along the inner face of the battlement.

I have noticed the two different styles of architecture prevailing in this noble edifice, and I may now add that the western side is of another, and, I should imagine, more recent period; and yet, so far at least as my own feelings go, there is nothing unpleasant or incongruous in these architectural contradictions: they rather seem to me to be in excellent keeping with the other changes that had taken place; had not the castle successively been the abode of the gallant Norman who gained his fame and estate under William the Conqueror, of the Molins, of the Hungerfords, and of the Wykehams, till it fell to the noble family of Saye and Sele, by intermarriage with Margaret, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Wykeham? The striking contrasts in the building were so many indications of the age which had given rise to them—the pages of a pictorial history, if I may so call it, appealing more powerfully to the imagination than any words could do—

“Seguius irritant quæ sunt dimissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”

Were they not, too, living witnesses to the truth of what chroniclers had recorded, and supplying much to the fancy that no longer lives in tradition? If any should object to such notions as being more suited to poets and romancers than to the sober pace of an antiquarian, I must remind them that unless antiquarians have been sadly maligned by their unfriends, they mingle as much of the fanciful in their pursuits, even when they look gravest, as ever did Thomas the Rhymer himself, or any professor of the *joyous science* in the sunny lands of Provence. If this shall not be held a sufficient excuse, I must then shelter myself under the grave authority of the law, and remember how there was a time when gowned and bewigged advocates danced with each other in their inns of court, and were actually put out of commons for a term, or more, if they neglected so wholesome a stimulus to study—“*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*”

The principal entrance to the hall is in the north front, through the side of the eastern central oriolum. It is of considerable dimensions, being fifty-five feet long and twenty-five feet broad, and the ceiling is enriched with numerous *pendants*, one of the many singular inversions of the natural order of things so frequent in Gothic architecture, the ornaments growing out of the roof which they appear to be supporting, without in fact having any base themselves. Here the present lordly owner of the castle has with much taste arranged a variety of ancient armour, some of which has descended to him with the building, and the rest he has himself purchased to complete the collection. The whole is kept in excellent order, and being here in its proper place—the arms of feudal warfare in a feudal hall—it produces a very different impression upon the mind from what such things do when seen in a museum. The traveller who has had the good fortune to see a fine picture in the Louvre at Paris, with which it had no connexion, and afterwards to light upon the same painting when restored, like so many of Napoleon's plunderings, to

its original place in some Catholic church, will perfectly understand the difference alluded to. But indeed museums of all kinds may be called necessary evils; they do indeed preserve from loss or destruction much that is highly valuable, and so far are deserving of all praise; but their miscellaneous contents, however tastefully or scientifically arranged, no more retain the character and interest that belonged to them in their proper places, than the wild beasts caged in some zoological collection are like the same animals when seen at large in their native forests.

Leaving the hall, I found myself in the very oldest part of the building, treading floors that had been laid down in Edward the First's time, if not long anterior, and indulging in idle speculations—as no doubt many others have done, and more will do—among the antique passages and chambers. Thence I made my way, by a sort of rambling route, till I was again brought to a standstill by a sort of inner porch of carved wood, not very unlike the door to some side-aisle or smaller chapel in a Gothic cathedral. This richly-decorated screen proved to be the entrance to the dining-room, which, both as regarded its size and ornaments, was worthy of so singular a portal. But a dining-room, even to an antiquarian, never shews to so much advantage as when the banquet is really spread there, and though the sunbeams shone in cheerfully enough, yet the unfurnished chamber had somewhat of a desolate appearance. Not so the splendid gallery above, extending nearly ninety feet in length, and being rather more than twelve feet in width. The genealogist will here find what to him may prove a more alluring prospect than the beautiful scene of field and woodland that surrounds the castle. In the heraldic character of the stained glass belonging to the oriel windows is much of great interest, as tending to illustrate the story of those who have successively ruled in these halls, and have passed away into the dust and silence of the grave, but whose names will never be wholly forgotten so long as English chronicle is read and remembered. The spirit, too, of popular tradition has been busy here, and perhaps with no less truth than the chronicles themselves. Thus a staircase leading to the castle-chapel is called Cromwell's staircase, a token that the Protector was once here, and no unwelcome visitant; so too a room in which stood a billiard-table is called Queen Anne's room, leaving us to infer that she also had been here on some occasion; and in a small chamber adjoining the corridor already mentioned is a cupboard wherein Charles the First is said to have hidden after the unlucky affair at Banbury. How far this popular story agrees with the principles of the then lord of the castle, or the actual facts of the case, is another question—it were pity to spoil a good tale by too curious an inquiry into the matter.

I have already alluded to the church; it stands near the bridge and tower leading to the castle, and although not very large, yet it possesses a peculiar interest as belonging to the thirteenth century. This noble relic is composed of a chancel, nave, and south aisle, its interior being about ninety-one feet from east to west in length, while it is full forty-four feet wide, inclusive of the aisle, which equals the nave in width, and extends fourteen feet beyond it on the side of the chancel. The east window is in the decorated style, with the geometrical tracery which prevailed at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Immediately beneath the window is the altar, a stone slab supported on three plain corbels, and still retaining those small crosses which in Roman Catholic

days it was the custom to imprint upon each altar at the time of consecration.

Let the reader now place himself with me for a moment at the west end of the chancel, and imagine that he is looking southward into the aisle, for at this point he will be more particularly struck by the forms and groupings of the principal monuments. On the left he will see a recess highly decorated with the most beautiful Gothic tracery, wherein is a tomb with two recumbent figures, belonging to the Wykeham family, as appears from the small crest on the helmet of the male effigies, which is besides invested with a collar composed of roses and sunbeams; the female also has a collar, but of S.S. In front of the recess were at one time springing arches that must have contributed greatly to its elegance and general effect; these, however, have been destroyed, and according to tradition by barbarians on the one side or the other in the war between Charles the First and his Parliament, though I much fear that the blame of this useless spoliation must be given to the Royalists. Lord Say was, from some cause, peculiarly distasteful to the king himself, who seems to have eagerly seized every opportunity of shewing his aversion, and it is therefore probable enough that this work of destruction was effected when Charles besieged, and after a day's resistance took, Broughton Castle, which at the time was garrisoned by a troop of horse. True it is that the place was surrendered upon capitulation, but agreements of this kind have seldom been found to tie up the hands of the conquerors very strictly, and more particularly in civil war, when all the worst passions of men are called into full activity.

In the ledger stones of the chancel floor are numerous memorials of the Saye and Sele family; and, as you look into the aisle, a monument faces you with a recumbent image of one of that race, but the legs are not crossed, and the whole is so worn and wasted that nothing curious can any longer be traced in the details of his armour. The family arms, however, are quartered on various shields around the tomb.

We now come to what may well be called the gem and prime ornament of this church. In the south-eastern corner of the aisle, half hidden by a memorial of the Saye and Seles, is a monument of a most beautiful Gothic character belonging to a De Broughton, and dating from the time of Edward the Second. It stands under a canopy let into the wall, a rich and beautiful specimen of decorated work; and though time has nearly effaced the arms and the inscription upon the tomb, yet a lingering tradition still remains that the figure represents the founder of the church and castle. Nothing certain can be gathered from the monument itself; the arms have scarcely a distinguishable trace left, and the only clue we have to the inscriptions on the tomb, or to its former tenant, is a MS. of Anthony-a-Wood's in the Ashmolean Museum. In that antiquarian's collection for Broughton, the indefatigable Skelton found a detached slip of paper with a memorandum to this effect: "Thomas de Broughton, miles quondam Dnus de Broughton q̄ multimodis ornamentis hanc eccliam adornavit, cujus animæ propitiatur deus amon." This document Skelton supposes to have belonged to the tomb in question, though it is no longer to be decyphered; but if he be right in his conjecture, it is clearly decisive against this figure representing the founder of the church and castle, since, in that case, the epitaph would scarcely have recorded the knight as having simply "contributed much towards decorating the

edifice." The lesser distinction of ornamenting would not have been remembered while that of actually founding it was forgotten.

The family of Fiennes, or Fenys, as we find it anciently written, the head of which bears the title of Lord Saye and Sele, have long been in possession of this noble mansion with the lands pertaining to it. They may boast of a regal descent, their early ancestor, Ingelram de Fiennes, having married the daughter of Faramus de Boloign, the nephew of Maude, wife of king Stephen, and in most periods of English History we find the nobles of this house playing a distinguished part. The pen of Shakspeare has immortalized James first Lord Saye and Sele more effectually than either chronicle or history could have done, and few readers will need more than a brief allusion to the scene in the second part of Henry the Sixth, where Jack Cade insists upon beheading the venerable nobleman, first, because he spoke Latin, and secondly, because he pleaded so well for his life. But in truth, the many high offices he held under the crown, had made him odious to the rabble, without any other cause, for he was constable of Dover, warden of the Cinque Ports, Lord Chamberlain to the King, a member of his council, and finally Lord High Treasurer of England.

In the time of the great civil war, and in the few years immediately preceding it, Broughton Castle became a place of considerable interest. The Lord Saye and Sele of that day was considered, Anthony-a-Wood tells us, as the godfather of the discontented party, "who had meetings of them in his house at Broughton, where was a room and passage thereunto which his servants were prohibited to come near; and when they were of a complete number, there would be great noises and talkings heard among them to the admiration of those that lived in the house, yet could they never discern their lord's companions."* I did not see, or did not take any particular notice of the room myself; but Lord Nugent, somewhat in opposition to Anthony's account, describes it as having been surrounded with thick walls in such a manner that no sound from within could be heard, and he adds that it appears to have been built about the reign of King John. In either case it would seem to have been no unfitting place for a council of conspirators, though his lordship thinks it would have been much more probable if the scene of their meeting had been laid in the open fields; I must confess I do not see this; that men having some secret object to consult upon should assemble in a room where they could be neither heard nor seen is perfectly natural, and might, if it were necessary, be confirmed by many an example.

Lord Clarendon, as may be supposed, is no friendly critic when discussing the temper and talents of this celebrated nobleman; and yet amidst all the dark shadows he has contrived to cast upon his character, it stands out commanding, and even brilliant. He was the valued friend of Hampden—no slight praise to the best and greatest—and "his parts were so much above many of his own rank that he had always great credit and authority in Parliament." It would appear too that although he opposed the Court, in its more violent measures, "he had not the least thought of dissolving the monarchy, and less of levelling the ranks and distinctions of men." Surely the fair inference from this would be that while he conscientiously opposed an unconstitutional and arbitrary exercise of power—or what he at least considered to be such—he was still no less the friend of monarchy within its proper limits. His subsequent

* Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. William Fiennes; p. 546, vol. iii.

conduct says much for this favourable estimate of his character, for after Charles had been put to death it was in vain that Cromwell invited him to partake of his honours; "he turned away," says Noble, "from that great man with disgust and abhorrence as the betrayer of the common interest of the republic, and retired to the Isle of Lundy."* Yet throughout the whole of the civil war he had been regarded with bitter and intense hatred by the unhappy monarch; of this the proofs are only too numerous; as for instance—in a "Proclamation of his Majestie's Grace, Favour, and Pardon, to the Inhabitants of his County of Oxon," dated the 3rd of November, at Oxford where his Court was then held, he particularly excepts the "Lord Say, Nathaniel Fynes, Esq., Sir William Cogh, and John Doyley, Esq., against all which we shall proceed according to the rules of law as against traitors and stirrers of sedition against us."† Again when in the month of March, 1642, the Parliament applied to Charles for a safe conduct for certain of their commissioners to treat of peace, the answer was that "His Majestie hath sent a safe conduct for the Earle of Northumberland, Mr. Pierpoint, Sir William Ermyne, Sir John Holland, and Mr. Whitelocke, but hath not admitted the Lord Say to attend him, as being excepted against by name in his Proclamation at Oxford of the third of November, and by a writ to the Sheriffe proclaimed then in that County, on which his Majestie's Intention is declared to proceed against him as a person guilty of high Treason."‡

Lastly, for it would be useless to multiply these instances, Lord Saye's house and lands were ravaged by an especial warrant under the King's own hand, as appears from the following statement given in the "Speciall Passages," &c. "It is certain that Prince Robert have plundered the Lord Say his house, Master Fynes his house, Master Whitelocke's house, Members of Parliament, and taken away all his cattle, and destroyed his Decree, and such as they could not kill, they brake downe the Parke Pales to let them out. And that when the Maior of Banbury shewed Prince Robert the King's hand and seale that the towne should not be plundered, for that his Majestie had accepted of a composition, Prince Robert threw it away, and said, my unkle little knowes what belongs to the warres, and so commanded his men to plunder, which they did to the purpose, and had no respect of persons, for the Malignants suffered more than the honest men of the Towne whom they called the Roundheads." (This is curious as shewing that the nickname of *Roundheads* was only just now coming into use.) "But that which startles us most is a warrant under his Majestie's owne hand for the plundering the Lord Say his house and demolishing of it, and invites the people to doe it, with a grant unto them of all the materialls of the house; we had thought till this was produced that the King had not been accessory to these horrible pilfering courses; there is a Banbury man gone up to the Parliament with the warrant, who informes of most wicked and devellish outrages committed by Prince Robert his forces, yet to put a colour upon the businesse it is given out it is against the King and Prince Robert's minds

* Noble's Memoirs of Cromwell, &c. p. 377, vol. i.

† This will be found amongst the broadsheets in the British Museum, with the press mark 12. F. C. 176, Folio. London, 1642.

‡ See Husband's Collection of Orders, &c. Folio. London, 1646, page 55. Husband was printer to the House of Commons, and these ordinances, &c., were published under their authority.

to plunder; hanged a man but yesterday and yet they plunder the more. This warrant under the King's owne hand is an undoubted truth, and fit to be knowne to all the Kingdome, that they may see what they are like to expect. Redding might have defended themselves, but the Malignants begun to plunder the honest partie there even when Master Martin was present there with his dragoones to defend them, so it was time for Master Martin to leave them to the mercy of the cavaliers, which hitherto hath been cruelty wheresoever they came."*

Notwithstanding the rooted enmity expressed towards Lord Saye in this and many similar stories, he does not appear to have been by any means hostile to the person of Charles, or to monarchy in the abstract. In September, 1648, having been employed as one of the commissioners at the treaty of the Isle of Wight, he upon his return to London sided with those who voted the royal answers to be a sufficient ground for considering of a peace; and we have already remarked that he broke off with Cromwell upon the King's execution. He was concerned too with Monk in the new, or convention-parliament, for which, as probably for other causes, he was taken into favour by Charles the Second, and made Lord Privy Seal, and Lord Chamberlain of the household, dying at the advanced age of eighty, when he was buried in Broughton church. From him the present noble owner of the title and estate is lineally descended; but indeed the name appears to have stood deservedly high throughout all periods of English history, and if we go back to a remote age we shall find one of his ancestors associated with the barons, who compelled Magna Charta from King John. The source thus pure, the stream has never suffered the least contamination in its descent, but sparkles on as bright and unpolluted at the present hour, as at the first intimation of its gushing forth from the fountains and well-heads of English chronicle.

J. B. B.



* See a collection in the British Museum under the title "THE PASSAGES IN PARLIAMENT," "A PERFECT DIURNALL OF THE PASSAGES IN PARLIAMENT," "SPECIALL PASSAGES AND CERTAIN INFORMATIONS," &c. &c.; for this rare and valuable medley consists of divers flying sheets published from time to time by various printers during the great civil war, to record the events of the day. The paper in question is dated from Maidenhead, November 5th, 1642, number 13; but the reader will experience some difficulty in finding the desired article, for there is more than one number 13 in the volume. The book itself must be sought for in the catalogue of periodicals under the year 1642, and with the press mark 11.

WANDERINGS BY THE BANDON RIVER.

FEW Irish streams have greater charms than the River Bandon, in the county of Cork. It rises in the same fount with its twin-sister, the Ilen, on the side of Nowen, or Owen mountain. The Ilen takes a southerly course, and debouches into the sea some miles below Skibbereen. The Bandon takes an easterly direction, and winds its silver waters down the rugged hill side, passing through wild, rocky, and desolate scenery, and not exceeding the size of a brook until within a few miles of Dunmanway.

Its birth-place, high up on the brow of the mountain, commands a prospect of surpassing grandeur. Giant forms stand around, yet none of such magnitude as Nowen; *he* seems the monarch of the district, proudly towering over his huge courtiers. To the east, a fertile champagne tract stretches far into the distance; it is the valley of the Bandon River. The hills that enclose it are of smaller elevation, and of a much less rugged character than those amongst which the river takes its rise. The heights of Corrin and Ballinard appear many miles away on the right, or southern side of the valley. In our foreground, as we stand at the fount, are vast masses and fragments of rock, flung around in rude confusion. The tourist should be there soon after sunrise, in order to enjoy the exquisite effect of light and shade; the eastern faces of mountain, rock, and vale, are then lighted up with the splendour, while the long dark shadows stream westward in many a fantastic form.

Suddenly, a brisk shower drifts past, glittering in the sunbeams, and a gorgeous rainbow spans the valley. If you climb to the summit of the mountain, you have, on three points of the compass, north, west, and south, a superb amphitheatre of hills, amongst which the lofty peaks of the Bantry range are pre-eminently conspicuous. The dark blue waters of the Bay of Bantry, historically memorable, from the arrival of the French fleet there in 1796, wash the feet of Ghaul Mountain, Hungary Hill, and the Highlands of Glengarriff.

Pursuing the course of our river towards Dunmanway, one of the most interesting objects is, the ancient Castle of Togher, a square edifice of great height and strength, which stands amongst hills in the parish of Dunmanway, at some distance from the northern bank of the river; its lofty walls are covered with a growth of ivy of unusual luxuriance. This castle belonged to the MacCarthys of Glannacrime; "which," says the local historian, Smith, "is still a wild, desolate tract, except a little tolerable land near the castle, where the soil is brown and deep, and produces corn and fruit. To the south runs a branch of the Bandon river down to Dunmanway."

Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary" tells us that Togher Castle was founded by the same Randal MacCarthy who erected the Castle of Ballinacarrig, at the distance of some miles to the south-east.

The country surrounding the village of Dunmanway is a chaos of rocks, with many fertile spots interspersed. About a mile to the west,

the high road to Bantry runs through a noble gorge, called Glandau, or "David's Glen," the north side of which betrays marks of having, at a former period, been a birchwood, and has of late years been partially planted with larch.

The town, or village, of Dunmanway, was very much improved, if not originally founded, by Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, about the commencement of the last century. Sir Richard's good offices consisted in establishing the linen trade there, which, though now extinct, formed a source of prosperity to the inhabitants for some three or four generations. Sir Richard also erected a residence, and planted a park adjoining the town. His mansion no longer exists, with the exception of a kitchen, which now is occupied by a family of the poorest class. But many of the trees of his planting, especially some rows of beech, of great size, are still to be seen in the fields around the town. Close to the main street, at its eastern extremity, is a pretty little lake, in which one of the Cox family was accidentally drowned, some fifty or sixty years since. There was formerly an old yew tree of such great size near the town, that it gave its name to the rock on which it grew, and which is still marked on many maps, as well as termed in common parlance, "the Yew Tree Rock."

In Smith's History of Cork, written a century ago, Sir Richard's domain is said to be "pleasantly adorned with handsome avenues, and good plantations of fir, elm, lime, chestnut, and some beech" (Vol. i., p. 254.) Smith tells us that in his time the trunk of the yew tree we have mentioned was seventeen feet in circumference.

The principal residence of the present baronet is at Castletown, in the county of Kilkenny. The only descendants of the Chancellor, now residing near Dunmanway, we believe, to be two maiden ladies, named Katherine and Martha Cox, who occupy a handsome mansion and domain, called "the Manor House."

Sir Richard was a remarkable man in his day. We have been informed that his autobiography, in his own manuscript, still exists; and that, among the memorabilia of his private life, is a complaint, that his wife's fortune (stated at four hundred pounds) was paid to him "*in dribblets*." He was born in Bandon, on the 25th of March, 1650, and at an early age, was apprenticed to an attorney. Disliking that profession, he betook himself to farming, and, for some years, pursued a most bucolical existence in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty. We know not whether he ever thought of following the profession of his father, who was a captain of horse. In the course of time, he became tired of farming, and entered himself as a law student at Gray's Inn, London, where his name may still be seen, with the date annexed, "Richard Cox, Cork, Ireland, 17th August, 1671." He was admitted a barrister, as appears by the books of that Society, on the 3rd of August, 1673.

Sir Richard was a literary man, and author of some works. He appears to have been extremely subservient to the Government who employed him; for, in 1699, he addressed a letter to King William's ministry, recommending a legislative union between England and Ireland, on the express grounds, that such a measure would enrich the former country *at the expense of the latter*. He was much in King William's confidence, and, after the victory of the Boyne, drew up that monarch's declaration, his Majesty observing, that Cox "had hit his very thought."

In 1703, Queen Anne appointed him Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and in 1706, she created him a baronet. His wife's maiden name was Mary Bourne; we believe she was one of the family of the Bournes of Newcestown, in the county of Cork, or, at all events, one of their kindred. Sir Richard died of palsy on the 3rd of May, 1733, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Around Dunmanway are some pretty villas. Following the course of our river to the east, we arrive at the ford of Ballahuy, which gives its name to a fair, annually held on its northern banks, upon the 5th of August. This is a considerable cattle fair, and is also stated to be an established scene of matrimonial traffic for the neighbourhood; rustic flirtations being systematically carried on in the festivity of its tents.

A mile or two farther on, the river flows through an extensive bog, on the southern verge of which stands the old castle of Ballinacarrig, perched upon a rock that overhangs a lake, noted for the quantity of wild ducks that frequent it in winter.

Ballinacarrig was built in 1585, which date appears on a stone in the arch of a window of a large apartment at the top of the castle. On the arch are carved many emblems of our Saviour's passion; the cords wherewith he was bound, the nails, the hammer, the scourge, the ladder whereon he was raised to the cross, the cock whose crowing reminded Peter that his denial had been prophesied; and, upon the opposite window, which overlooks the lake, there is a rude carving of the crucifixion. There are also the initials of "R. M." and "C. C.," which are alleged to denote the names of the founder and his wife, Randal M'Carthy* and Catherine Collins. The castle was erected to guard the pass. It stands at a point where two valleys meet, the southern one branching towards Skibbereen from the valley of the Bandon river.

Popular tradition ascribes the wealth by which Randal M'Carthy was enabled to erect this stronghold to a lucky dream, that directed him to travel to Limerick, and await on the bridge of that city the appearance of a person, whose externals were minutely described. Randal obeyed, reached the distant city after four days' journey, and patiently awaited on the bridge the arrival of the person whom the vision had taught him to expect. Two weary days passed; Randal was beginning to think that his dream was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," and that he had made a long and troublesome journey for nothing. On the third day, however, the predicted personage appeared, and seeing Randal lounging listlessly about, the only unoccupied person of the crowd who passed and repassed the busy bridge, he asked him "whether he knew a place named 'Cross-na-eire?'"

Randal knew the place well, for it was within a stone's-throw of his own dwelling in the distant Carberies. But he guarded himself from appearing to recognise the locality; and merely asked wherefore the querist was so anxious to learn it?

"Because," replied the stranger, "I had a dream——"

"What? so you dreamt too?" thought Randal.

"A dream," pursued the stranger, "that under an old hawthorn, at a place called Cross-na-eire, I dug, and found buried in the earth a proca†

* Smith, in his history, calls him "Randal Oge Hurley." But this does not suit the initials, nor the local tradition. The Castle of Ballyward, about two miles to the south, was built by the O'Hurleys; hence, perhaps, the mistake.

† Proca—a crock.

of gold. Oh! I am wearied with asking people where Cross-na-cire is! I dare say you are the hundredth person I have asked, and all I have to say to you is, that if you help me to find out the place, and if the treasure be there, I'll make you heartily welcome to half of it."

Randal thought that half the treasure would be certainly very good, but that the whole would be just twice as good. Whilst his heart leaped within him with delight, he coldly answered that he wished he could assist the stranger—it was doubtless most tantalizing to have received such a piece of information, and yet be unable to find the treasure; but the stranger should keep up his spirits, for possibly another dream might supply the information which the first had withheld. He advised him, therefore, to keep a good outlook for a favourable vision.

This was poor comfort for the querist, but what could he do? Randal was extremely elate at the mention of the old hawthorn. He had often, when a boy, played beneath its spreading branches; and it was a pleasant item in the stranger's information to have the precise spot so particularly indicated: it would save him the trouble of much useless digging. He bade his Limerick friend farewell, with a countenance expressive of commiserating sympathy; and mounting his nag, neither stinted nor stayed until he found himself once more at home.

At home he arrived on the night of the third day. He could not wait for the morrow, but when the inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet were consigned to slumber, forth sallied Randal at midnight, with pickaxe and shovel—the precious *proca* speedily revealed itself, and the fortunate finder has left to posterity the picturesque castle of Ballinacarrig as a monument of his good luck.

About a mile farther eastward, the river passes the domain of Manche, the seat of Daniel Conner, Esq. Mr. Conner represents the eldest line of the Connerville family, of whom Roger and Arthur O'Connor, of political notoriety, were members. With the exception of those gentlemen and their descendants, all the known members of the family are called "Conner." The resumption by Roger and Arthur of the older patronymic is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—One day, at Connerville, their father (Mr. Roger Conner) told them that his family had formerly been O'Connors; but that one of his ancestors having been impaled on a spit and roasted alive at the kitchen fire of his own house by a party of Cromwell's forces, the widow of this victim of Cromwellian barbarity, carried her son, then a child, to Bandon; where, abandoning the Celtic and papistical "O," she brought him up in the mercantile profession and in the Protestant religion, thereby hoping to protect him from any recurrence of Cromwellian "mercies."* As soon as Mr. Conner had related this traditionary anecdote, his sons Roger and Arthur immediately declared that they would resume the original name of their race. But the other sons, feeling probably less patriotic ardour, remained content with the name which the fears of the widow of their roasted progenitor had substituted for the ancient patronymic.

Manche presents to the public road a picturesque extent of steep wooded

* Cromwell, in his despatches, sometimes delicately uses the term "mercy" in reference to the crimes of himself and his army. Thus, in his despatch announcing the capitulation of Drogheda, which town he had entered on promise of quarter, and the streets of which, in violation of that promise, he flooded for three days with the blood of its inhabitants, he solemnly thanks God "for this great mercy."

hill, which contrasts finely with a large expanse of level ground that reaches to the river.

On the southern side of our river, opposite Manche, stands Kilcascan, which has been, for nearly a century and half, the seat of a junior branch of the ancient Gloucestershire family of Daunt.* The house is a large, gloomy-looking, castellated edifice, nearly covered with ivy, and occupies a rising ground in a well-timbered domain. The present owner is William O'Neill Daunt, Esq.

Adjoining Manche to the east is Connerville, now called Carrigmore; the old mansion of the O'Connors having been within these few years thrown down by the present proprietor, James Lysaght, Esq., who has totally altered the appearance and arrangement, as well as the name of the place, on which he has built a commodious residence at some distance from the site of the old house.

That old house was, in its day, a goodly dwelling. We learn from Burke's "Landed Gentry" that it was built in 1727. It had two handsome fronts, which were enriched with limestone architraves and cornices. The founder was William Conner, Esq., who, as we learn from the work referred to, married in 1721, Anne, daughter of Roger Bernard, Esq. of Palace Anne. That lady was remarkable for her personal charms, which are commemorated in her portrait at Kilcascan, the seat of Mr. Daunt.†

Connerville acquired some notoriety in 1798, in consequence of the part taken by its then proprietor, Roger O'Connor, in the memorable insurrection of that year. We copy from a book entitled "*Ireland and her Agitators*," (pp. 122, 123,) the following account of the preparations made by Mr. O'Connor to resist King George III :

"Roger employed his military skill in fortifying Connerville to sustain an attack from the King's troops. He planned a trap for them, also, of which I had a detailed description from a gentleman who was personally cognizant of the device.

"There were two fronts to Connerville House. From the front that faced the public road the hall door steps were removed; and the windows of the basement story on that side of the house were strongly built up. No hostile entry could have been effected upon that front.

"The other front opened on a large courtyard, nearly surrounded with high buildings. From the eastern side of this courtyard ran a broad, straight avenue about six hundred yards in length, between two very lofty walls overgrown with ivy of extraordinary luxuriance. At the extremity of this avenue farthest from the house, was a high and massive iron gate. The whole length of the avenue was commanded by cannon which were placed in a shed in the courtyard, and managed by French artillerymen.

"The massive gate at the eastern end of the avenue was left constantly open, to invite the entrance of his majesty's troops in the event of a

* The Daunts were Lancastrians in the wars of the Roses. A very curious letter exists, written on the 13th of April, 1471, to John Daunt, by Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, calling upon him to aid the House of Lancaster in resisting Edward IV. That John Daunt was lineal ancestor of the county of Cork families bearing his name. For a copy of the Prince's letter, see Burke's "Landed Gentry," Supplementary vol. p. 92.

† Her husband, William Conner, the founder of Connerville, was granduncle of the late Joseph Daunt, Esq., of Kilcascan. She was great grandmother of the celebrated Feargus O'Connor, Esq., leader of the Chartists of England.

hostile descent upon Connerville. There were men always stationed perdu in the huge ivy hushes at the top of the piers, to lock the gates the instant the military force should have passed through. The soldiers would thus be caught in a complete trap; hemmed in by the lofty walls that flanked the avenue, their retreat cut off by the iron gate behind them, and their position fully raked by the cannon in the courtyard.

"The scheme was feasible enough, but it never was realized. The soldiery made the expected descent; they entered the avenue and courtyard; hut, whether the artillerymen had deserted their post, or had forgotten to blow the enemy to pieces, or whether Roger relented from his original design, certain it is that the red coats scoured the premises without molestation, and Roger surveyed them from the friendly shade of a holly tree in which he was ensconced on a rocky eminence that overlooked the courtyard from the north. He escaped on that occasion—his capture did not occur for some months after."

Proceeding still eastward, the next residence along our river is Fort Robert, situated on a commanding height. It was erected in 1788 by Robert Longfield Conner, Esq., brother of Roger and Arthur. The place is very picturesque. An avenue nearly a mile long leads up the hills to the house, a large and handsome mansion, now deserted and shut up. For some years it was the residence of Feargus O'Connor, Esq., the present M.P. for Nottingham. That gentleman, in a recent number of his newspaper, addressed a letter to Her Majesty, in which he gravely apologizes for not inviting her to Fort Robert on her Irish visit, as the furniture of his mansion "*had been all sold for poor rates to feed Her Majesty's starving Irish subjects.*" In the same epistle he casts a retrospective glance at the proceedings of 1798; assuring Her Majesty that if she should visit the neighbourhood, his old bailiff would show her the lawns and bowling greens at Connerville which were dug up after that year to discover concealed pikes; which weapons he defines to be "arms then used by the loyal Irish people in defence of their country."

The founder of Fort Robert—Robert Longfield Conner, Esq., was as remarkable for his Orange politics as his brothers Roger and Arthur were for their anti-English tendencies.

Passing onwards with the river from Fort Robert, we notice, at some distance from its southern banks, the old house of Phale, sheltered by a few tall ash and heech trees. It was formerly the seat of a family named Wade. Its last occupant of that name was an eccentric Major in the army, who is said by tradition to have raised for his amusement a female troop of cavalry, whom he trained to perform many military evolutions; and whom, mounted on their side saddles, he used to parade about his fields. There was formerly a castle at Phale, of which not one stone now stands upon another. Its materials were used in constructing the pound of the neighbourhood and several of the adjacent cahins. Its site is marked upon the ordnance map of Ireland.

Proceeding still onwards to the east, we come to the glebe of Ballymoney, which, with its ancient trees and new church and spire, forms a striking and beautiful feature in the landscape. The present incumbent, the Rev. Robert Meade, has been more, we understand, than half a century in the parish.

Near Ballymoney, on the northern side of the river, which is here

spanned by a bridge of ten arches, is the village of Ballineen, on the Earl of Bandon's estate. About an English mile farther to the east is the village of Enniskean, once a place of some local importance, but now much decayed. There are many neat villas in the vicinity. The most remarkable residence near Enniskean is Palace Anne, the seat of Arthur Beamish Bernard, Esq., whose family are nearly related to the Earls of Bandon. The house (which is stated in Burke's "Landed Gentry" to have been built in 1714) is a stately and imposing structure, consisting of a centre and wings, the whole forming a frontage of 260 feet. It contains some old portraits—among the rest a fine one of Francis Bernard, Judge of the Common Pleas, ancestor of the Earl of Bandon; and another of his brother Arthur, the founder of Palace Anne. Viewed from the public road, the appearance of the house is grand and venerable. Behind the fine old mansion rises a lofty hill, clothed with a well grown wood of oak and ash, and in front is a large enclosure laid out with evergreens in the formal Dutch taste that prevailed in the days of King William. Adjoining the house are several noble yew trees of great age and unusual magnitude. Charles Smith, the historian of Cork, writing in 1749, speaks of Palace Anne, as "a large and well built house of Roger Bernard, Esq., with kitchen and pleasure gardens, good orchards, and other large plantations."—(*Smith's Cork*, vol. i., p. 253.) The founder of the house had previously erected a residence, equally handsome, at Farnasheshary, about a mile and a half to the south; which being destroyed by an accidental fire, he built the present mansion on precisely the same plan and scale as the preceding structure.

Overhanging the river, about half a mile farther on, is the glebe of Moragh, of which the present occupant is the Rev. Robert St. Lawrence, son of a former Bishop of Cork, and grandson of the Earl of Howth. The glebe lands, plantations, and shrubberies of Moragh, are beautifully kept. The river, which is often swelled by mountain floods, some years ago undermined a large part of the old graveyard which occupies the verge of a high bank; and several coffins thus detached from their resting places floated down the river to Bandon; where, it is said, they were picked up, and piously recommitted to the earth.

Opposite Moragh is the glebe house of Desertserges, of which the incumbent is the Rev. Mountfort Longfield.

Amongst the hills at the distance of about two miles from the river, to the north, is the picturesque domain of Killaneer. Still following the stream to the east, we pass the Lilliputian parish church of Maheg close to the roadside; it is scarcely larger than a small country barn, and yet is amply sufficient for the congregation who frequent it. On the opposite side of the river is the handsome domain of Kilcoleman, a comfortable modern mansion embosomed in woods. It is the residence of William Gallwey, Esq., who acquired it by marriage with the sister and heiress of the late Edward O'Brien, Esq.

Mamore, a good house, successively occupied by many proprietors, stands on the northern bank of the river. There are several comfortable farm houses between it and Bandon; whilst recrossing the river to the south, we notice the handsome domain and gothic mansion called "The Farm," the residence of the Hon. William S. Bernard, brother of the Earl of Bandon; Mayfield, the seat of — Poole, Esq., and a succession of wooded domains which lead to the walls of Bandon.

Of these, incomparably the largest, is the noble domain of Castle Bernard, the seat of the Earls of Bandon. It occupies both sides of the valley, with the river in the midst. In Smith's "History of Cork," (vol. i., p. 240), it is described in the following terms:—

"About a quarter of a mile west of Bandon," says Smith, "is Castle Bernard, formerly Castle Mahon, once the residence of O'Mahony. It is now a beautiful and pleasant seat of the Bernards, being rebuilt, anno 1715, by Judge Bernard. The house has two regular fronts; the walls are of brick, with Corinthian pilasters, coigns, and beltings of Portland stone. There are fine gardens on three sides of the house, adorned with fountains, statues, and other decorations. That on the north is a most delightful spot called the water garden, with cascades, jets d'eau, &c. The apartments are well disposed. Adjoining is a very noble park, which is about four miles in circumference. The Bandon river runs through it, being divided by several islands sweetly wooded, as are most of the upper grounds."

The house described by Smith is now shut out from view by subsequent erections. In its close vicinity there has been erected a much larger, but much less ornamental mansion, and to both have been more recently superadded an incongruous cluster of towers and quasi-gothic buildings, that are not in harmony with the structures to which they appertain. But the wooded glen, the park, and the romantic river, are exquisitely beautiful: and the Bernard family kindly throw open their magnificent domain to the public. The oldest trees are oak and beech; of the latter especially there are some of the largest in the South of Ireland.

Issuing from the park, we proceed by "the Castle road" to the town of Bandon, founded in 1610, by the "great" Earl of Cork. It is noted in history as "Protestant" Bandon; and in 1749 the historian of Cork, whose work we have already quoted, says, "In this town there is not a papist inhabitant, nor will the townsmen suffer one to dwell in it, nor a piper to play in the place, that being the music used formerly by the Irish in their wars." (Smith's "Cork," vol. i., p. 239.) How different is the case now! The Catholic population outnumber the Protestant inhabitants—

"Thus captive Israel multiplied in chains;"

and it is gratifying to be able to add that the silly prejudices of sectarian rancour are gradually, though slowly, giving way to the light of reason, guided by more Christian feelings. There has recently been erected in Bandon a splendid new Protestant Church; and it is said that the Catholics intend to erect a temple for their worship that is to rival the stately pile their reformed brethren have built. A more pleasing, rational, and useful species of rivalry this, than the ferocious contentions of bygone times. Our river is here spanned by a substantial bridge; and now, good reader, having conducted you so far along its banks, we bid you heartily farewell for the present, bespeaking your company for some future occasion from Bandon to the sea, into which the stream that has hitherto accompanied our wanderings discharges its waters at Kinsale.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. I.—ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

- Mosby.* In Feversham, there lives a man call'd Arden,
In general esteem, and ample means;
And has a wife the very pride of nature.
I have been happy long in her affections,
And, he once dead, might with her share his fortunes.
He's jealous, too, of late, and threatens me.
Love, interest, self defence, all ask his death.
- Black Will.* This man you'd have despatched ?
- Mosby.* I would.
- Black Will.* Rich, you say ?
- Mosby.* Immensely so.
- Black Will.* And much beloved ?
- Mosby.* By all degrees of men.

LILLO.

THIS, one of the earliest detailed domestic murders on record, is, despite of its harrowing incidents, strangely interesting, as affording an insight into private society at a period when England was in a state of change from feudal coarseness to modern civilization ; when vice became more crafty and cautious, though less openly daring. The story of Arden of Feversham has furnished a subject for more than one poet and romancist. George Lillo, the famous author of "George Barnwell," who seems to have had a fancy for horrors, wrote a tragedy on the murder of Arden, which not only included the dark doings of the original tale, but also introduced new terrors of his own. The narrative itself, as we in reality have it, hardly needed this, since it is sad enough in all conscience. One cannot but remark throughout the affair, the singular interference of Providence in saving the unfortunate Arden so many times, a circumstance which adds to the regret of finding him at last the victim of his cruel assassins. We here give the facts of the murder, with but little alteration, in the very language of the quaint record of it which has been handed down.

Thomas Arden was in the reign of King Edward IV. a private gentleman, living at Feversham, in the county of Kent ; yet the circumstance of his murder, the detection of it, and the punishment of the offenders were exceedingly remarkable. He was a tall and comely person, and married a genteel woman who was young, well-shaped, and every way handsome ; who having unhappily contracted an unlawful affection for one Mosbie, a black swarthy fellow, servant to Lord North, it happened by some means or other that they fell out, and so continued at variance for some time ; but she being desirous of a reconciliation, and to use her former familiarity with him, sent him a pair of silver dice by the hands of one Adam Foulle, living at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, for a present.

This brought them together again, so that Mosbie lay often in Arden's house, and in a short time the friendship between them was so open, that Mr. Arden could not but perceive it; although common report says that he winked at it, for fear of disoblighing her relations, from whom he had some great expectations. Having continued thus for a considerable time, the woman doated more and more upon Mosbie, and began to loath her husband extremely; insomuch that she would have been glad to have found out a way to get rid of him. There was a painter at Feversham, who was reported to be versed in the art of poisoning; to him she applied herself, and asked him, "Whether he had any skill in that or not?" The man seeming to own it, she told him, "She would have such dose prepared as would make a quick despatch." "That I can do," said he; and so he presently went to work, gave it her, with directions to put it into the bottom of a porringer, and so to pour milk upon it: but the woman forgetting the direction, put in the milk first, and then the poison. Now her husband designing that day to take his horse and ride to Canterbury, his wife brought him his breakfast, which was usually milk and butter. Having taken a spoonful or two of the milk, and liking neither the taste or colour of it, he said "Mrs. Alice, what sort of milk is it you gave me?" Upon which she threw down the dish, and said, "I find nothing can please you:" upon which he went away for Canterbury, and by the way vomited extremely, so that he escaped for that time.

Arden's wife became afterwards acquainted with one Green, of Feversham, a servant of Sir Anthony Aucher's; from which Green, Arden had wrested a piece of ground, lying on the back side of the abbey of Feversham; about which some blows and many menacing expressions had passed between them; and therefore the woman knowing that Green hated her husband, she began to concert with him how to make away with Arden. The agreement at last was thus: that if they could procure any one to murder her husband, he should have ten pounds for his wicked pains. Now Green having some business to be transacted at London, for his master Sir Anthony, set out for that city, where his master then was, and having a charge of money about him, he desired one Bradshaw, a goldsmith of Feversham, and his neighbour, to go with him as far as Gravesend, and he would satisfy him for his trouble. When they had got as far as Rainham Down, they saw some gentlemen coming; Bradshaw discerned a man coming up the hill from Rochester, armed with a sword and buckler, and another with a huge staff upon his shoulder, and thereupon said to Green, "It is well that there is some company coming after us, for there is coming up against us as murdering a villain as any in England; and were it not for the other people, we should scarce be able to come off without the loss of our lives and money." Green, as he afterwards confessed, imagining that such a one was fit for his purpose, asked the other, "Which is he?"—"That's he," quoth Bradshaw, "who has the sword and buckler; his name is Black Will."—"How do you know that?" said Green: Bradshaw answered, "I knew him at Boulogne, where he was a soldier and I was Sir Richard Cavendish's man, and there he committed several robberies and horrid murders, between the passes of that town and France."

By this time the company having overtaken them, they advanced all together, and met Black Will and his companion. Some of the strangers, knowing Black Will, asked him how he did, whither he was going? he

answered by his blood, for he accented almost every word with an oath, "I know not, neither do I care, I'll set up my stick, and go as it falls."—"Then," said they to him, "if you will go back with us to Gravesend, we will give you a supper."—"I care not," said he, "I'll go along with you." As they travelled on, Black Will claimed an acquaintance with Bradshaw, saying, "Friend Bradshaw, how dost thou do?" Bradshaw, having no mind to renew his acquaintance, or to have any thing to do with the fellow, replied, "Why, do you know me?"—"Yes, that I do," said he, "did we not serve together at Boulogne?"—"I beg your pardon," said Bradshaw, "I had forgot you."

Then Green entered into discourse with Black Will, and said, "When you have supped, come to my quarters, at such a sign, and I will give you some sack and some sugar."—"I thank you," said he. Thither he went, according to his promise, and was well-treated. Then Green and he went and talked together, aside from Bradshaw, and the former proposing to give the other ten pounds to kill Mr. Arden, he answered, with a great oath, "He would if he could but know him."—"I'll show him to you to-morrow, in St. Paul's," said Green. When they had done talking, Green hid him go home to his quarters; and then sitting down, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Arden, wherein, among others, he made use of these expressions:—"We have got a man for our purpose; we may thank my brother Bradshaw for it." Bradshaw knowing nothing of the matter, took the letter, and went the next morning and delivered it to Mrs. Arden, while Green and Black Will bent their course to London.

Green, at the time appointed, shewed Black Will Mr. Arden, walking in St. Paul's; upon which Black Will asked him, "Who is he that follows him?"—"Marry," said Green, "one of his men."—"By my blood," quoth Will, "I'll kill them both."—"Nay," said Green, "do not do that, for he is in the secret."—"I care not for that, I will kill them both," replied he. "By no means," said Green. Then Black Will proposed to murder Mr. Arden in Paul's Church-yard, but there were so many gentlemen with him, that he could not effect it. Green imparted the whole discourse to Arden's man, whose name was Michael, and who ever after was afraid lest Black Will should kill him. The reason why Michael conspired with the rest against his master was, because he should marry a kinswoman of Mosbie's.

Mr. Arden taking up his lodgings in a certain parsonage-house which he had in London, Michael and Green agreed that Black Will should go thither in the night-time, where he should find the doors left open for him to go in and murder Mr. Arden. Michael having put his master to bed, left the doors open according to agreement, though Mr. Arden, after he was in bed, asked him if he had made them all fast, to which he answered, "Yes." But afterwards growing afraid when he had got to bed, lest Black Will should kill him as well as his master, he rose, shut the doors, and bolted them very fast; insomuch, that when Black Will came thither, and could find no entrance, he returned in great fury, that he should be so disappointed, and in that mood he went next day to Green, swearing and staring like a madman, and with many oaths and execrations threatened to kill Arden's man first, wherever he met him. "Nay," said Green, "Pray forbear that, let me first know the reason why the doors were shut."

Green having found out Arden's man, and expostulated the matter with him about his not leaving the doors open, according to his promise, Michael, who had framed his answer before, said, "Marry, I will tell you the reason; my master last night did that which I never found him to do before; for, after I was in bed, he got up himself and shut the doors, and chid me severely in the morning for my carelessness in leaving them open." This pacified Green and Black Will. Now Arden having done his business in London, and being ready to return home, his man went to Green and informed him his master would go down that night: Upon this they agreed, that Black Will should kill him on Rainham-down. When Mr. Arden had got to Rochester, his man growing apprehensive that Black Will would murder him as well as his master, he pricked his horse on purpose, and made him go lame, so that he might protract the time and stay behind. His master observing the lameness of his horse, and asking him the reason of it, Michael said "He did not know."—"Well," quoth his master, "when we come at the smith's forge, which is between Rochester and the foot of the hill over against Chatham, let him take off his shoe and search, and then come after me." So that his master rode on; but before he came to the place where Black Will lay in wait for him, he was overtaken by several gentlemen of his acquaintance, so that the assassin failed here also to accomplish his bloody design.

After Mr. Arden had got home, he sent his man to the Isle of Sheppey, to Sir Thomas Cheney, then lord-warden of the Cinque-ports, about some business, by whom Sir Thomas sent a letter back to his master; but when he came home, his good mistress took and concealed the letter, and ordered the fellow to tell his master that he had brought a letter for him from Sir Thomas Cheney, but that he had unfortunately lost it, and added, withal, that he thought it would be his best way to go in the morning himself to Sir Thomas's, because he knew nothing of the contents of it. Having resolved to do so, he ordered his man to be up betimes in the morning. In the meanwhile Black Will, and one George Shakebag, his companion, were, by Green's appointment, concealed in a storehouse of Sir Anthony Auchers, at Preston, to which place Mrs. Arden went to see him, who brought and sent him victuals and drink several times. He was charged very strictly to be up early in the morning, to waylay Mr. Arden in a broom-close, between Faversham and the Ferry, and there to murder him. Now Black Will was up in the morning betime, but, missing his way, he tarried in a wrong place.

Arden and his man, early in the morning, riding towards Shorland, where Sir Thomas Cheney lay, when they were come near the broom-close, Michael, who was ever afraid that Black Will would murder him with his master, pretended he had lost his money-purse. "Why," said his master, "thou foolish fellow, couldst thou take no more care of thy purse? How much was there in it?" "Three pounds," said he. "Go back, you fool," quoth his master, "and look for it; it is so early that there is nobody yet stirring, thou mayst be sure to find it, and so make haste and overtake me at the Ferry. But Arden nevertheless escaped this time, by reason of the mistake of Black Will, who thought he was sure of him in his return home: but whether some of the lord-warden's servants attended him back to Faversham, or that he considered it was too late for him to go through the broom-close, and so took another way, Black Will once more failed to execute his designs.

St. Valentine's day being near, the gang thought it a proper time to perpetrate their devices; Moshie intended to pick some quarrel or other with Arden at the fair, and so fight with him, saying, he could not find in his heart to murder a gentleman in such a manner as his wife would have it: though they had made mutual promises to each other, and had thereupon received the sacrament at London openly together. But this project of quarrelling with Mr. Arden would not do, for though he had been often before and was then also highly provoked by Mosbie, he would not fight. Mosbie had a sister, who lived in a tenement of Arden's near his house in Feversham, so that Black Will, on the eve of the fair, was sent for to come thither. Green was the man that brought him, and met Mrs. Arden accompanied with Michael her man and one of her maids; there were also present Moshie and George Shakebag, and here the plot was laid to murder Arden in the manner they afterwards did.

Moshie, indeed, at first, would not consent to so base and cowardly an act, but flung away in a fury, and went up Abbey-street towards the Flower-de-Luce, the house of Adam Fowle, whither he often resorted; but before he got thither, he was overtaken by a messenger sent after him by Mrs. Arden, importuning him, by all means, to return, which he did accordingly; and then she fell down upon her knees before him, and pressed him to go through with the business if he had any manner of love for her, and, as she had several times told him, he might be assured there was nobody that would be concerned at his death, or make any search after them that dispatched him.

The importunity of the woman at length prevailing, he was brought to a compliance with the project, and thereupon Black Will was conveyed into Mr. Arden's house, and hid in a closet at the end of the parlour, before which they had sent all the servants out upon some pretence or other, except those who were privy and consenting to the villainous design. Mosbie went and stood at the door in a silk night-gown tied about him, between the hours of six and seven at night; soon after which Arden, who had been at a neighbour's house called Dump-king, and had cleared some accounts that were between them, went home, and finding Mosbie at the door, asked him "If it was not supper-time?"—"I think not," said he; "I helieve it is not yet ready."—"Then," quoth Mr. Arden, "let us in the meantime go and play a game at tables," and so going directly into the parlour through the hall, where his wife was walking, Mr. Arden said to her, "How now, Mrs. Alice?" but she made him little or no answer. In the meantime the wicket-door of the entry was chained by somebody, and when they had got into the parlour, Moshie sat down on the bench, facing the closet wherein Black Will was hid; Michael, Arden's man, stood behind his master, with a candle in his hand, to shadow Black Will, that his master might by no means perceive him come out of the closet. In their play, Mosbie said (and that was the signal for Black Will to come out), "Now, sir, I can take you, if I please."—"Take me!" said Arden; "which way?" With that Black Will rushed out of the closet, and threw a towel about his neck, to stop his breath and strangle him; then Mosbie, having a pressing-iron, weighing fourteen pounds, at his girdle, struck him so on the head with it that he knocked him down, upon which he gave a loud groan, which made them believe he was killed.

From the parlour they carried him into the counting-house, where, as they were about to lay him down, the pangs of death came upon him; and groaning in a most grievous manner, he extended himself, and Black Will giving him a terrible gash in the face, slew him outright; then he laid him along, took his money out of his pocket, and the rings off his fingers, and, coming out of the counting-house, said, "The business is over: give me my money." Upon which Mrs. Arden gave him ten pounds, and then he went to Green's, borrowed a horse of him, and rode away.

After Black Will was gone, Mrs. Arden went into the counting-house, and with a knife stuck the corpse seven or eight times in the breast; then they cleaned the parlour, wiped away the blood with a cloth, and strewed the rushes which had been disordered during the struggle. The cloth and the bloody knife wherewith she had wounded her husband they threw into a tub by the well's side, where they were afterwards both found. This done, she sent for two Londoners then at Feversham to come to supper, to which they had been invited before the horrid murder was committed. They were grocers by trade, and their names were Prune and Cole. When they came, she said, "I wonder where Mr. Arden is! He will not stay long. Come, let us sit down,—he will be quickly with us." Then Mosbie's sister was sent for, and sat down with them, and they were all very merry.

When supper was over, Mrs. Arden made her daughter play on the virginals, and they danced, and she amongst them, frequently saying, "I wonder Mr. Arden stays so long; come, let us sit down,—he will surely soon be with us. Let us play a game at tables." But the Londoners said, "They must go to their lodgings, or else they should be locked out," and so took their leave of the company, and departed. As soon as they were gone, the servants, who were not privy to the murder, were sent into the town, some to look for their master, and others upon other errands; then Michael, a maid, Mosbie's sister, and one of Mrs. Arden's own daughters, took the dead body, and carried it out into a field adjoining to the churchyard, and to his own garden-wall, through which he went to church. In the meantime it began to snow, and when they came to the garden-door they had forgot the key, so that one of them was sent to fetch it. It was brought at last, and the door being unlocked, they conveyed the corpse into the field, about ten paces from the door of that garden, and laid it down on its back, in its night-gown and slippers, between one of which and the foot stuck a long rush or two.

Having by this management effectually secured themselves, as they imagined, from all manner of discovery, they returned the same way into the house; the doors were opened, and the servants which had been sent into the town being come back, it was by this time grown very late; however, the woman sent her people out again in search for their master, directing them to go to such places where he mostly frequented, but they could hear no manner of tidings of him; then she began to exclaim, and wept like a crocodile. This brought some of the neighbours in, who found her very sorrowful, and lamenting her case, that she could not find out what was become of her husband. At last, the mayor of the town and others went upon search for him. Here we are to observe that the fair Arden procured it to be wholly kept in the abbey-ground, of which he

had made a purchase, and, by this means, being like to have all the benefit of it, to the prejudice of the town and inhabitants, he was bitterly cursed for it. After they had searched other places up and down, they came at length to the ground where the dead body was laid, where Prune, the London grocer above-mentioned, happening to spy it first, called to the rest of the company, who, narrowly viewing the same, found it to be the corpse of Arden, and how it was wounded. They found rushes sticking in his slippers, and found some footsteps of people in the snow, between the place where he lay and the garden door.

This causing suspicion, the mayor ordered everybody to stand still, and then appointed some of the company to go about to the other side of the house and get in that way, and so through into the garden towards the place, where, finding the prints of people's feet all along before them in the snow, it appeared very plain that he was conveyed that way, through the garden into the place where they had laid him,

The mayor and the company hereupon went into the house, and being no strangers to the ill-conduct of Mrs. Arden, they very strictly examined her about her husband's murder. She defied them, and said, "I would have you to know I am no such woman." But they having found some of his hair and blood near the house, in the way he was carried out, as also the bloody knife she had thrust into his body, and the cloth where-with the murderers had wiped off the blood spilt in the parlour, these things were urged so home that she confessed the murder, and, upon beholding her husband's blood, cried out, "Oh! the blood of God help me, for this blood have I shed." She then discovered her guilty associates.

Mrs. Arden, her daughter, Michael, and the maid, were seized and sent to prison; then the mayor, and the rest that attended him, went to the Flower-de-Luce, where they found Mosbie in bed. They soon discovered some of the murdered person's blood upon his stockings and purse, and when he asked them what they meant by coming in that manner, they said, "You may easily see the reason;" and, shewing him the blood on his purse and hose, "these are our evidences." He thereupon confessed the fact, and was committed to prison, as well as the rest, except Green, Black Will, and the painter, which last was never heard of again.

Some time after, in 1551, the assizes were held at Feversham, where all the prisoners were arraigned and condemned. There are no parts extant that we can possibly meet with of the formality of their trials; the confession they had made of the cruel fact could not admit much of it; only there was one unhappy circumstance which attended it, that an innocent man should suffer with the guilty; for Mrs. Arden accused Bradshaw, upon the account of the letter sent by Green from Gravesend about Black Will, as before related. All the business was, that by the description Bradshaw gave of Black Will's qualities, he judged him to be a proper instrument for the perpetration of the intended murder, to which, as Green some years after, at his death, declared he was no way privy. Nevertheless, the man, upon Mrs. Arden's accusation, was presently taken up and indicted as a procurer of Black Will to murder Mr. Arden. The man made all the defence he could for his life, and, desiring to see the condemned persons, he asked if they knew him, or ever had any conversation with him, and they all said no. Then the letter was produced and

read. Here the prisoner told the court the very truth of the matter, and upon what occasion he had told Green what he said of Black Will, but it availed him nothing ; condemned he was, and suffered death for a murder he had no manner of knowledge of, and which he denied to the last.

As for the real criminals, they were executed in several places ; for Michael, Mr. Arden's man, was hanged in chains at Feversham, and one of the maid-servants was burned there (her crime being petty treason, then punishable by fire in a woman). She most bitterly lamented her condition, and loudly exclaiming against her mistress, who had brought her to that deplorable end, for which she would never forgive her. Mosbie and his sister were hanged in Smithfield, at London. As for Mrs. Arden, the founder of all the mischief, she, also, as a petty traitress, was burnt at Canterbury. Green returned some years after, was apprehended, tried, condemned, and hanged in chains, in the highway between Ospringe and Boughton, over against Feversham ; but, before his death, he proclaimed the innocence of Bradshaw, though it was then too late. Black Will was burnt on a scaffold, at Flushing, in Zeeland. Adam Foule, who lived at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, was brought into trouble about this unhappy affair ; he was carried up to London with his legs tied under the horse, and committed to the Marshalsea. The chief ground for this was Mosbie's saying that had it not been for Adam Foule, he had not been brought into that trouble, meaning the silver dice he had brought for a token from Mrs. Arden to him ; but when the matter was thoroughly searched into, and that Mosbie cleared him of any manner of privacy to the murder, he was at length discharged.

ANCESTRAL EPISODES, AND NEGLECTED PASSAGES OF HISTORY.

THE EAGLES OF THE BAIRDS.

AT one period, there was a pair of eagles that regularly nestled and brought forth their young in the rocks of Pennan; hut, according to the tradition of the country, when the Earl of Aberdeen purchased the estate from the Bairds, the former proprietors, the eagles disappeared, in fulfilment of a prophecy, by Thomas the Rymer, "That there should be an eagle in the crags, while there was a Baird in Auchmedden." But the most remarkable circumstance, and what certainly appears incredible is, that when the Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aherdeen, married Miss Christian Baird, of Newbyth, the eagles returned to the rocks, and remained until the estate passed into the hands of the Hon. William Gordon, when they again fled, and have not since been seen in the country. These acts, marvellous as they may appear, are attested by a cloud of living witnesses. The present representative of the Bairds of Auchmedden, is FRANCIS GARDEN FRASER, Esq., of Findrack, co. Aherdeen.

THE FIRST VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

THE refined judgment of Chesterfield supports us in the assertion, that among all the writers whose grace, eloquence, or talents entitle them to a place among the British classics, there is no one superior to Henry, the first and celebrated Viscount Bolingbrokc. And yet his works lie almost always unopened on the shelf, when whole rows of rival but very inferior productions are greedily perused.

Though much of what he wrote derived the greater part of its interest from the political struggles of the day, yet much more was in a style and referred to subjects quite as well fitted to entertain the present generation of readers as those of the last century. But Bolingbrokc has unfortunately justly earned the character of a free-thinker, and hence, probably, arises the want of popularity he suffers from at present.

His Will, however, which appeared in several ephemeral publications at the period of his death, proves that he was not devoid of *all* religion, which could indeed hardly be believed of one partially educated by the pious and learned Bishop Patrick. It is a curious document, and worthy of a reprint, not only for that reason, but as shewing the small amount of property left at the death-bed disposal of a nobleman, who, both from father and mother had inherited fine estates, had been a most powerful minister under one dynasty, an attained Secretary of State under the family his former mistress had helped to dethrone, and finally, when returned to England only half pardoned, had from his talents sufficient influence to hunt the powerful Sir Robert Walpole from office.

"In the name of God, whom I adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose providence I am cheerfully resigned; this is the last will and testament of me, Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne, and by her grace and favour Viscount Bolingbroke: after more than thirty years proscription, and after the numerous losses I have sustained by unexpected events in the course of it, by the injustice and treachery of persons nearest to

me, the negligence of friends, and by the infidelity of servants: as my fortune *is* reduced at this time, that it is impossible for me to make such dispositions, and to give such ample legacies as I always intended, I am content therefore to give as follows.

He then bequeaths £100 each to William Chetwynd Esq., of Stafford, and Joseph Taylor of the Middle Temple, Esq., his Executors.

The diamond ring on his finger to the Marquis de Matignon.

The interest of £400 to his Valet de Chambre and his wife during their lives, and, after their decease, the principal to their son, Jean Arboneau.

£100 each to his servants, Marianne Tribon and Remi Charnet.

One year's wages to every other servant.

His manuscripts and books to David Mallet, of Putney, Esq.

And the residue of his disposable property to his Executors.

It will be remarked, that though he uses his forfeited title of Bolingbroke, he takes especial care to point out that he only enjoyed it during the reign of Anne. It was, however, freed from attainder after his death; a favour which, under the circumstances, might surely have been granted during the lifetime of him, whose talents had won it.

A REPUBLICAN PEERAGE.

FROM the strangeness of the times, amid whose passing changes we live, we are likely, soon, to become cool and scientific studiers of the rationale of revolutions. The veneration with which we remember in our childhood's days looking upon that mysterious portent, a comet, has been forced to yield its place to vulgar curiosity and a piece of smoked glass, since the newspapers have made the wanderings and whereabouts of "the last new comet" so very public, though after all the flighty star is usually but invisible. "Our own correspondent" has made revolutions and counter-revolutions, bombardments, and barricades, provisional governments, and happy restorations, quite as completely matters of course. And yet, with so many political struggles to watch, pregnant all of them with the results of earnest zeal and narrow minded fanaticism, the statesmen of the European continent do not seem as yet to have discovered where lies that liberty they appear to seek, but which in truth will ever avoid the anarchical tyranny of a mob as assiduously as the iron rule of an arbitrary monarch.

Among the many fatal mistakes made by those who lead the movement party, as it is called in Europe, none is more universal, none more injurious than to imagine that an hereditary aristocracy is necessarily hostile to free institutions. In a limited monarchy like that under which it is our good fortune to live, it is certainly true that the nobles will, generally, side with the crown. But this is owing to the crown being in reality, the least powerful of the three branches of the legislature: whilst the attempts made by all Europe to imitate our constitution at many periods within the last half-century, afford proof sufficient that it is found the best security for true freedom. But in England too, the peerage has occasionally shewn that it can act independently of the crown, when the liberties of the country are in danger; thus following the example of the patricians of Rome, the princes of Israel, and the nobles of Venice, Genoa, and Holland, all of whom, in critical times, supplied the champions that defended national rights.

The noble disinterestedness with which the great Barons who wrung Magna Charta from John, stepped forth in advance of their age, to secure, for their feudal subjects, the same safeguard against them, which they themselves claimed against the crown, is matter of universal notoriety. It was the peers who achieved the revolution of 1688: and even then, the arrangements made were too favourable to the sovereign in the eyes of some of the Upper House, as we find among those valuable state documents, the Protests of the Lords, one signed on the 23rd of November, 1689, strongly objecting to permitting him to pardon any person impeached by the Commons, without consent of both houses: to which are appended the names of Macclesfield, Ossulston, Bolton, Delawarr, Cornwallis, Bath, Lovelace, Montagu, Herbert, Stamford, Granville, and Crewe.

It is worth while to reprint the names attached to another protest, that of the 24th of January, 1641, against rejecting the addition made by the Commons to their address to the crown, in which they required the Tower, the several forts throughout the kingdom, and the militia, then the only standing army, to be placed in the hands of Commissioners nominated by Parliament.

To this we find appended the signatures of the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Earls of Warwick, Pembroke, Holland, Stamford, Bedford, Leicester, Clare, Lincoln, Salishury, Peterborough, Bolingbroke, Thanet, Nottingham; the Viscounts Saye and Sele and Cornway, the Lords North, Wharton, St. John, Spenser, Newenham, Willoughby de Parham, Paget, Kimbolton, Brooke, Roberts, Bruce, Dacre, Howard of Escrick, Grey de Wark, Chandos, and Hunsdon.

The civil war which this protest significantly pointed to, soon followed: and at the head of that army, which in the name of the Parliament of England, dared to face its sovereign, we find the Earls of Manchester, Essex, and Stamford, the Lords Saye and Sele, and Fairfax; whilst the Earl of Northumberland was Lord High Admiral, with the Earl of Warwick as his lieutenant. The Earls of Denbigh, Mulgrave, Pembroke, Salisbury, and some others of the nobility were among the thirty-eight Councillors of State named after the death of Charles, and when Cromwell had secured the sovereign power, several of the old peerage had seats in that House of Lords, which even he deemed a necessary portion of any English government, and which was therefore summoned to meet on the 20th of January, 1657. But the unseemly alliance of ancient nobles with the well born kinsmen and ignoble instruments of the Protector in one house, was naturally highly unpopular with the nation, to every party in which some section of the new chamber was odious or contemptible; and the experiment resulted in a total failure.

The following list of those thus summoned by Cromwell, gives some of the members a rank to which they had no claim but his creation; and all of them were intended, in addition, to be styled Lords:

Lord Richard Cromwell.

Lord Henry Cromwell, Deputy of Ireland.

Nathaniel Fiennes, and } Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.
John Lisle

Henry Laurence, President of the Privy Council.

Charles Fleetwood, Lieutenant General of the Army.

Robert, Earl of Warwick.
 Edmond, Earl of Mulgrave.
 Edward, Earl of Manchester.
 David, Earl of Cassilis.
 William, Viscount Saye and Sele.
 Thomas, Lord Fauconberg.
 Charles, Viscount Howard.
 Philip, Viscount Lisle.
 Sir Gilbert Pickering.
 George, Lord Evers.
 Philip, Lord Wharton.
 Roger, Lord Broghill.
 William Pierrepont, Esq.
 Sir John Claypole, Bart.
 Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, Lord of the Treasury.
 John Desborow, General of the Fleet.
 Edward Montagu, General and Commissioner of the Treasury.
 George Monk, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland.
 John Glyn, Chief Justice of the Upper Bench.
 William Lenthal, Master of the Rolls.
 Oliver St. John, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
 William Steel, Chancellor of Ireland.
 Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart.
 William Sydenham, a Lord of the Treasury.
 Phillip Skippon, Esq.
 Walter Strickland, Esq.
 Francis Rous, Esq.
 Philip Jones, Esq.
 John Fiennes, Esq.
 Sir John Hobart, Bart.
 Sir Gilbert Gerard, Bart.
 Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Bart.
 Sir Francis Russell, Bart.
 Sir William Strickland, Knt. and Bart.
 Sir Richard Onslow, Knt.
 Edward Whalley, Commissary-General of the Horse.
 Alexander Popham, Esq.
 John Carew, Esq.
 Sir William Lockhart, Knt.
 Richard Hampden, Esq.
 Sir John Honywood, Knt.
 Sir William Roberts, Knt.
 Archibald Johnstone, of Wareston.
 Richard Ingoldsby, Esq.
 Sir Christopher Parke, Knt.
 Sir Robert Tiehborne, Knt.
 John Jones, Esq.
 Sir Thomas Pride, Knt.
 Sir John Barksted, Knt., Lieutenant of the Tower
 Sir George Fleetwood, Knt.
 Sir Matthew Tomlinson, Knt.
 Sir John Hewson, Knt.

Edmund Thomas, Esq.

James Berry, Esq.

William Goffe, Esq.

Thomas Cooper, Esq., and

The Right Hon. Edmund Dunch, of East Wittenham.

MAGNA CHARTA CONFERRED UPON IRELAND.

It is not generally known that this great guarantee of British freedom was extended in its complete amplitude to the sister kingdom. The iron rule under which the blood-stained fields of Erin groaned for many subsequent reigns, proves that the grant was meant to be more apparent than real. But when John had expired, and the young and weakly Henry was entrusted to the guardianship of the wise and valiant Earl Mareschal of England, this nobleman, as a further help towards securing the trembling crown upon the head of his ward and sovereign, despatched a letter to Ireland, in which realm his own great possessions gave him an interest, which will be found in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," vol i., and of which the following is Mr. Thompson's translation—(Essay on Magna Charta, p. 116)—

"The King's letter concerning the Charter of Liberties lately transmitted to the provinces of Ireland.

"The King to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Knights, and to all his faithful subjects who are settled throughout Ireland—Greeting:

"Commending your faith in the Lord, which ye have always shewn unto the lord our father, and are at this day exhibiting unto us and ours, we will give, in token of your fidelity, so manifest and so famous, to our kingdom of Ireland the liberties of our kingdom of England, granted by our father and ourself out of our grace, that you and your heirs may perpetually rejoice: which liberties, distinctly reduced to writing, by the common council of all our realm, we send to you our faithful subjects, signed with the seal of our Lord Gualo, Legate of the Apostolic See, and of our faithful William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, the guardian of us and of our kingdom.

"Because we have not as yet any seal, this process is to be sealed at the same time by the private seals of the chiefs of the council.

"Witnessed at Gloucester the sixth day of February." [A.D. 1217, John having expired on the 19th of the previous October.]

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE HATCHMENT OF THE HON. PEREGRINE POULETT, YOUNGER SON OF THE FIRST EARL POULETT, AND HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE SECOND.
OB. 1752.

In death's dark field three glittering swords appear,
Whilst one an arm does brandish high in air;
To keep thy faith, the motto does ordain,
And e'en in death thy honour to maintain.
These, by the dead, in faith and honour worn,
Once dwelt: alas, now fled with him we mourn!
The savages, who bear the elder shield,
Lament the loss, though one still keeps the field.*
Oh! may the house of Poulett want no heir
Worthy the swords in pile, and motto, thus to bear.

* Vere, afterwards third Earl.

A FACT IN TAXATION.

Of little more than 29,000 persons whose incomes are upwards of £400 per annum, many are not entitled to bear arms; and yet the number of individuals who paid the tax for armorial bearings in the year ending April 6, 1846, was 37,232, of whom 23,456 kept carriages.

EARLDOMS BEFORE THE TUDORS.

The Stanleys hold with honour the first earldom conferred since the Wars of the Roses, so fatal to our ancient nobility. Besides the doubtful claim of the Dukes of Manchester to a descent from the olden lords of Salisbury, there are but six English families who now possess, or, on the reversal of attainders, would enjoy earldoms prior to that of Derby. These are, the Dukes of Norfolk, for Arundel and Surrey; the Earls of Devon; the Earls of Abergavenny, for Westmoreland; those of Stamford and Warrington, for Dorset; the Earl of Shrewsbury; and the family of Ferrers of Baddesley-Clinton, for the title of Derby. And yet, excluding Malcolm, King of Scotland, created Earl of Huntingdon in 1154, Otho, Duke of Saxony, given the title of York in 1190, and Guy, Duke of Brittany, who obtained that of Richmond in 1216, the Norman kings erected twenty-nine earldoms, Stephen conferred fifteen, and the Plantagenets one hundred and ten.

THE LEGEND OF CHILLINGTON.

Among the great Norman families that accompanied Duke William,

"Who left the name of Conqueror more than King,
To his unconquerable dynasty,"

none were more distinguished than the Giffards. It would appear that this patronymic did not belong to the chief of the family, who took his name from his territorial domain of Bolebec, but that a younger son of the house had distinguished himself not less in the field than in his own private conduct; and, while his acts as a general had won for him from the Duke of Normandy the title of the Comte de Longueville, his liberality, especially to the Church, had obtained for him a name synonymous with that of the "Free-giver." Such is the result of the best etymological knowledge we can bring to bear on the name "Giffard," and this is certain, that the original fief of the family in Normandy was Bolebec, and that a chieftain bearing that title came with William to England; but, it is not less certain, that two chieftains of the same family also accompanied the Conqueror, who were more powerful and more distinguished than even the head of the clan. One was Walter, Comte de Longueville, immediately on the English conquest created Earl of Buckingham, and freely gifted with most extensive grants of land, in the county from which he took his title. The other, Osbert, was almost equally rewarded by grants in Gloucestershire, though no title of nobility was then conferred upon him.

A fate, common to many of the pure Norman families, awaited both branches. The title of Earl of Bucks only lived in the second generation.

Walter, the second earl died childless, and his immense possessions descended to the Clares, with which family his sister had intermarried; the title became extinct, and the higher honour which the second Walter possessed, of Earl Marshal, was estranged to descendants of his sister. Meantime the Gloucestershire family thrived, and in the reign of Edward I., John Giffard, of Brimsfield, was summoned to parliament by writ.

But our story does not require us to trace the decline and fall of these two great houses; we only wish to remark here, the strangeness of the fate of the genuine Norman race. It appears certain, of all the great names introduced by the mighty Conqueror into this realm, none have preserved their position except those who have united themselves with the Saxon. The history of the gradual revival of Saxon influence, after the conquest, has yet to be written, and will be found full of deep interest, but all that we do know assures us that, in spite of subjugation apparently the most perfect, Saxon arts, Saxon language, and, above all, Saxon liberty, had never been thoroughly conquered in this island, and in due course, resumed their proper and necessary domination.

Thus fared the Giffards. The two great houses of Buckingham and Brimsfield have had no "local habitation" for centuries; but a cadet of the latter house founded a new domicile, and his descendants dwell on these lands to this day.

When Strongbow made his expedition to Ireland, he was accompanied by his relative Peter Giffard, a cadet of the Giffards of Brimsfield, in Gloucestershire. He was also accompanied by a knight of genuine Saxon descent, who had estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire. His name was Corhucin, or Corbucion, for this, like all early orthographies, is somewhat uncertain. Peter Giffard distinguished himself in the Irish campaign, and obtained from his general and relative a liberal grant of lands in the conquered country: but Peter Corbucin fell in the strife, and, with his dying breath, gave to his friend Giffard, the responsibility of comforting his only surviving relative, his sister Alice. Peter Giffard administered the comfort in the most legitimate manner, and, on his return from the campaign, married his friend's sister, and sat himself down quietly on one of her Staffordshire estates, where his direct descendant still dwells. Thus commenced the Staffordshire branch of this renowned family, and without failure of heirs male, from that day to this, the descendant of Peter Giffard still enjoys the broad lands of Alice Corhucin, while the Earls of Buckingham and the Lords Giffard of Brimsfield, have gone to the land of forgetfulness. Living, as the Chillington Giffards have done, in the quiet of their own noble manor, there are many glorious stories extant which evince the constant sympathy existing between their neighbours and dependents; but, the brief tale we propose telling must have its chief interest in the peculiar nature of the circumstances, and in the universal sympathy which must be felt with one of the actors.

In the early part of the reign of King Henry VIII., the head of the house of Chillington was Sir John Giffard. He held a distinguished position in his time. He represented his county in parliament, and was a favourite at court. His eldest son and heir was knighted in his father's lifetime, and Sir Thomas represented Staffordshire even before his father's death. At the period to which our story refers, it was one of the common appendages of a great household to keep a menagerie of foreign

wild beasts. Some noble acquaintance had made a present to the Lord of Chillington of a splendid panther; but, we may suppose, there were no efficient means of placing the handsome but dangerous animal in secure custody. One fine summer's morning, the alarm was given at Chillington that the beautiful but deadly beast was at large, and a *levy en masse* of the household ensued. The Knight of Chillington sallied forth, armed with his powerful crossbow, and attended by his son. The ancient mansion stood on the exact site of the present house, one of the most favourable specimens of Sir John Soane's knowledge of what was comfortable and convenient, as well as elegant. At that time, the park stretched far away right and left, but was somewhat curbed in front by the intervention of some property not belonging to the family. Now a magnificent oak avenue stretches out in a direct line of a mile and a quarter from the portico, descending in its course the sides of a deep valley, where even the sight of the hall is lost, but re-ascending rapidly to obtain a still finer view of the house and its surrounding demesne. The course followed by Sir John Giffard and his son, on the occasion in question, was nearly that now taken by the avenue, descending into the valley, through which a small stream flows; they were hurried in their ascent of the opposite bank by distant sounds of dismay, which could not be mistaken. Speeding with all possible energy up the steep ascent as it now exists, the knight became aware, on his arrival on the top of the slope, of a frightful state of things. Across the open fields which lay before him, traversed by a road that was indeed public but not enclosed, he just espied, as he reached the crown of the ascent, the dreaded animal he sought, crouching, in act to spring, on a portion of land standing somewhat raised, while a fond mother, with a babe at her breast, was crossing the space in front of her cottage, screaming in agony, and striving to seek the refuge of her own door. There was not a moment to be lost, and, before the Knight of Chillington had taken a second step on the summit of the high land, his crossbow bolt was fitted to the string. At this critical moment—and our readers must remember, that on such frightful emergencies it takes many lines to depict the action of a moment—at this critical moment the son, who had accompanied his father up the ascent, and witnessed his breathless anxiety, breathed in his ear, in the Norman tongue, which, even at that late date, was the familiar language of the family, "*Prenez haleine, tirez fort*"—"Take breath, pull strong." The caution was not unheeded; one deep aspiration was sufficient to strengthen and calm the old knight, and the next instant the bolt flew at the necessary second. The alarmed and enraged animal had sprung; the fainting and failing mother had espied her danger, and sunk on the ground, covering her infant treasure with her own body; but, midway in its fearful spring, the bolt of the knight pierced the heart of the infuriated panther, and, instead of the tearing claws and grinding teeth, a mere heavy and inanimate lump of flesh fell on the half-dead woman.

The distance from which this celebrated bolt was discharged is much exaggerated by the common legends of the neighbourhood; the general belief being, that it was shot from the hall to the well-known spot where the woman fell, being considerably more than a mile; but, without going to this extreme, we cannot refuse our belief to the fact, that the shot was a remarkable one, for two crests were granted to the family immediately

after, one being the knight in the act of drawing his bow, the other the panther's head, and a motto was at the same time added to the arms, giving permanence to the prompt and valuable cautioning of the son, "Prenez haleine, tirez fort."

On the spot where the woman, child, and panther fell—the former two uninjured, the latter slain—a large wooden cross was erected, which stands to this day, and is known not only to the neighbourhood as the locality of this history, but to persons far and near, as "Giffard's Cross." Near to it stands a modern lodge, and close before it is the gate to the Chillington avenue. The cross is a strong and rough monument of oak; many a one now stands beside it, and looking down the magnificent sweep of the avenue on to the hall, which is distinctly visible a mile and a quarter off, listens with delightful distrust to the absurd but earnest fables which are poured into the stranger's ear by one or other of the neighbouring cottagers.

HISTORIC RHYMES.

NO. I.

THE CHILDREN IN THE TOWER.

A LEGEND of times that in England once were,
A tale writ in history's page;
For poets give life when the tombs of the dead,
And marbles have crumbled with age.
The summer had open'd the leaf and the flow'r,
The moon shone on turret and keep,
And dark roll'd the Thames in the shade of the Tower,
Where England's White Roses now sleep.

They slept, but the elder suddenly woke,—
For screams of alarm fill'd his ear,—
"Oh! wherefore, dear brother, these cries of affright,
Or what in the dark do you fear?"
"I dream'd that I met in the forest a boar,
Whose eyes shot such terrible gleams!
But oh! dearest brother, oh! would I might sleep
In slumber untroubled by dreams."

They sobbed in alarm, and they covered their heads,
To shut out the visions of fright;
For sleep had been scattered, no more to return,
Though morn was at odds with the night.
But what are those shadows that glide through the room,
Scarce seen in the taper's pale beams?
They strike! and the children now slumber, indeed,
In sleep that's untroubled by dreams.

G. S.

CHAPTERS ON TRADITIONS.

THE traditions of Great Britain are numerous and interesting, throwing much light on the manners, superstitions, and sentiments of our ancestors, and affording, in many instances, valuable aid to the biographer and historian. Scarcely a parish in England is without its "legendary lore," which, divested of the marvellous in which it is often enveloped, supplies instructive histories, and unfolds varieties in the social system of which the mere reader of annals is seldom cognizant. In this consists one great charm of an "old country." The boundless prairies, the interminable forests, the gigantic rivers of the far West, are wonderful and grand, and strike the mind with awe, but the heart is untouched; whereas with us every vale, and hill, and stream can tell of days gone by, of a long succession of native heritors, and is replete with ancestral stories and wild traditions. Here was a battle-field, here the fastness of some noted chief, here the scene of some right royal pageant, here the prison of some captive king or queen, here the scene of some tender story of constant love or devoted friendship. The lonely cairn on the wild heath, the clustering barrows on the solitary down, the bold encampment on the summit of some isolated eminence, the ancient manor-houses of every style and design, moated, gabelled, and embattled, with their quaint gardens, their gnarled oaks, and aged thorns, the grey towers of dismantled castles, the dateless churches, beneath whose venerable walls repose the great and good of many generations; these characteristics, among a thousand more, tell us that we inhabit an "old country,"—one full of associations, domestic and historical, replete with images of by-gone days, dear to the imagination and the heart. It is pleasant to live where so many great men have lived, to dwell amid scenes hallowed by the abode of so many generations, to tread the same ground with a long succession of heroes, statesmen, patriots, and saints; to admire the same vales, and woods, and streams which so many poets have sung; and, as the eye traverses the country through which we pass, to view on every side the marks of ancient inhabitation and the interesting vestiges of every successive state of society for more than a thousand years! For all this, no magnificence of scenery merely can compensate,—if the social feeling is absent—if the scenes we gaze upon are unconnected with the history of our species, they may delight the eye and fill the imagination, but the sympathetic feelings of our nature are left untouched.

In consequence of the marvellous progression of arts and sciences, society is now undergoing a rapid change; the minds of men, enlarged and filled with more comprehensive views, are eagerly pressing forward to the splendid realities of the future. The past, by many, if not contemned, is less regarded, and the first glow of enthusiasm at the opening, as it were, of a new world, is calculated, for a time at least, to throw the old one into the shade, and to suffer its valuable history and traditions to fade into obscurity, if not forgetfulness. But experience will ere long inform us that the vestiges of ancient manners and sentiments are worth

preserving. They may have less of tinsel, but they have more of weight; their outline may be strong and rude, but they are sounder and less artificial; they may have less sound, and create less observation, but they are deeper—more sterling—more enduring. It is, then, because we perceive that with the decay of ancient relics there is a decay also of ancient feelings and principle, that we would willingly take up the cause of antiquity, detail its excesses, that we may avoid them—display its chivalric and generous spirit, that we may not forget to imitate it. We would throw discredit upon that coarseness and fierceness which led to the most revolting barbarities, while at the same time we honour and uphold those sterner virtues and attributes which have made us nationally what we are. Dwelling in a country teeming with events of the most romantic and interesting kind, we would still perpetuate them, because with them we perpetuate also the charm which is peculiar to our native land; and if, on the one hand, we are thus brought to know how debased and cruel human nature may become under the influence of a false social system, so may we in a thousand instances be taught how surely retribution follows crime, and how amenable the wisest and most powerful are to the laws of Nature and of God. The tradition which we are about to detail is most extraordinary, giving us the picture of a state of society which happily was soon to terminate, but a state of things, nevertheless, which will ever follow in the wake of violent convulsions, where, all the evil passions being called into play, the heart becomes seared, and the conscience deadened.

THE TRAGEDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND OF ELAND.

In that romantic district of the West Riding of Yorkshire formerly comprising the extensive Forest of Hardwyke, stands on a bold eminence, which is one of the bulwarks of a higher range of hills, the ancient town of Eland, or, more properly, Ealand. This denomination is Saxon, and well describes the situation of the place, meaning "land on the banks of a river." That some importance was early attached to this town is clear, from the fact of its lord having obtained a grant of a free market in the tenth year of Edward II. Immediately below the town is the lovely valley of the Calder. Taking its rise from those bleak and heathy mountains which separate the counties of Lancaster and York, this beautiful stream flows through a series of picturesque vales, till passing under the arches of Wakefield-bridge, so well known in history, it hastens to join its waters with the majestic Humber. A little to the westward of the town, where the hill declines almost perpendicularly into the vale, a bold rock jutting out abruptly from the surface, and almost overhanging the river below, affords one of the most beautiful specimens of purely English scenery that the eye ever rested upon. Amid verdant meads and hanging woods, the stream glides swiftly, though calmly along, here displaying a broad, bold reach, there narrow, and deep, and rapid, sweeping round some dark nook half hid beneath rocks and overhanging foliage; again bending in graceful curves, till it reflects the arches of Eland Bridge and then dashes over the rude and massive weir which arrests its waters for the use of "Ealand Miln," a site coeval with the Conquest. Opposite to the town, and on the northern bank of the river, the land again rises into lofty slopes, and a large wood skirting the level margin of the

meadows, stretches far to the westward, exhibiting here and there the grey and tufted front of many an overhanging rock. On a fair and sunny opening of this wood stands the very ancient and timber-built mansion of Eland Hall, its lawn sloping towards the river, and adorned with a few decayed oaks of large dimensions. It is the very spot in all the vale that one would have chosen for the manorial house. The view from this lawn is peculiar and beautiful. Opposite, and connected by the bridge (a modern erection), stands the town, perched on its eminence like some of the walled cities of foreign lands. The square tower of its church stands out boldly pre-eminent, and many old and gabelled buildings are seen to cluster closely round it. Somewhat to the left is the broad weir, thrown laterally across the stream, at the end of which, on the opposite bank, is the mill, with its usual range of out-buildings. A century ago, or probably at a less period, there was no bridge, and the only mode of communication between the Manor House and the town was by a range of stepping stones below the weir, the river in that part, though broad, being shallow, in consequence of the supply drained off for the purposes of the mill. Passing by this building, a winding path up the steep ascent led to the church and the town.

We have been thus particular in describing the spot, as it will throw considerable light on the events we are about to relate. This romantic locality was, in the fourteenth century, the scene of a most lamentable feud, strangely indicative of the unsettled state of society in those days, and it is the more interesting, as the scene, in most of its details, may be plainly and distinctly traced at the present time. There still stands the Hall, embosomed in its own woods—there the oaks, coeval with the tradition itself—the mill, though rebuilt, occupies the same site—Aneley wood, the final scene of the tragedy, still stretches up the higher grounds above the town, and the descendants of the Elands, by the female line, still hold possession of the Manor. There is an old ballad still extant, which recounts the particulars of these stirring events, and is entitled “*Historie of Sir John Eland, of Eland, and his Antagonistes.*” This curious document, from which are ample quotations in the following pages, was probably composed sometime after the facts it records, but is evidently very ancient. That learned and judicious antiquarian, the Rev. John Watson, is of opinion, that the said ballad was written for the use of the minstrels, and was sung or recited at the entertainments of the gentry of those parts; and Brady, in his history of the reign of King Stephen, p. 281, says, that this summary mode of executing private revenge was imported by the Normans into England. The family of Eland was of great antiquity, and had large possessions in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as also in the townships of Spotland and Whiteworthe, in Lancashire. They were liberal benefactors to the great abbey at Whalley. Sir William de Eland was constable of Nottingham Castle, and was the same who betrayed Earl Mortimer, by shewing the secret passage in the rock. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Sir John was the representative of this powerful family, and he resided at Eland Hall, the seat of his ancestors. In those lawless days, “*might was right,*” and in a district so remote from the scene of government, it may fairly be presumed, that each powerful proprietor “*did that which was good in his own eyes,*” unchecked by anything but the sense of that spirit of private vengeance which often pursued their misdeeds.

Spoliation of property, under any pretence, plausible or not, the tyranny of the strong over the weak, family feuds on the most trivial grounds, and that ambition which would gain its ends by trampling on the fortunes of others—these were the prevailing errors of the period of which we speak. And so also sings the ancient ballad to which we have alluded :—

“ For when men live in worldlie wealth,
Full few can have that grace
Long in the same to keep themselves
Contented with their place.

“ The squire must needs become a knight,
The knight a lord would bee,
Thus shall you see no worldlie wight
Content with his degree.”

Tradition hands down that this Sir John de Eland was a stern ambitious man, ever at feud with his neighbours, and as implacable in his revenge as he was altogether reckless in the means of attaining it. It appears that one Exley,* an adjoining proprietor, had killed the nephew of Sir John in a fray, and flying from his vengeance, was received and sheltered by Sir Robert Beaumont, of Crossland Hall. By the intervention of friends, however, compensation, as usual in those days, was accepted, and all might have been well, had not one Lockwood, of Lockwood, renewed the strife, and involved also Sir Hugh Quarmby, another neighbouring gentleman, in the quarrel.

Sir John was not a man to be thus provoked with impunity; he considered his agreement cancelled, and terrible were the effects of his wrath—

“ He raised the countrie round about
His friends and tenants all,
And for his purpose picked out
Stout sturdie men and tall.

“ To Quarmby Hall they came by night,
And there the lord they slew,
At that time Hugh of Quarmby hight,
Before the countrie knew.

“ To Lockwood then the selfe-same night,
They came, and there they slew
Lockwood of Lockwood, that wily knight
That stirred the strife anew.”

“ And yet,” as saith the tradition, “ not sated with these foul slaughters, they go craftily to Crossland Hall, there hoping verily to play the same murderous game as at Quarmbye and Lockwood. But Sir Robert Beaumont was a brave man and wary. His hall was ‘watered well about,’ and they found to their great discomfiture that the drawbridge was up, and no forcible entrance to be made therein. Accordingly with evil intent they hide themselves as best they may, and waited till the first crimson blush of morning

* The house where this Exley probably dwelt is still standing in the village of the same name. It is a curious specimen of the style where security sets at defiance convenience. It consists of an inner court with a ponderous gateway.

peeped cheerily over the hill. It was at this hour of early dawn, when every heart should be lifted up to the great Source of Light and Life, that these cruel men, with their hands already stained with the blood of two brave knights, peeped forth and saw a servant wench (little witting what was in store for her master's house,) letting down the drawbridge. She looked about warily, but seeing no man, tripped lightly over the moat, and hurried to drive the kine to the mistall,* which were feeding in the pastures close bye. She sang a merry stave, and kenned no danger was at hand—but a suddain shriek rends the air—turning, she sees armed men crossing the bridge in haste; they gain the open porch and next the hall, and with a savage shout make their way to the brave knight's chamber. Sir Robert Beaumont was not a man to quail or flee, and seizing such weapon as was at hand, he met them at his door, and made a right good fight, so that at first they were astonished, and began to retreat into the hall. And his trusty servants too, that dwelt beneath his roof, soon gathered together, and a bloody combat it was like to be; but numbers soon prevailed—the serving men were killed, and the knight was driven back into his chamber, where his faire ladye hanging upon him, besought for his life, and placed her precious body so as to shield her bleeding lord. But all in vain, for faint with loss of blood, they bound his arms, and heedless of the cries and shrieks of his terrified ladye, drew him into his own hall, and there cut off his head.

See here in what uncertainty
This wretched world is led:
At night in his prosperitie,
At morning slaine and dead.

And so after this wicked deed they bethought to regale themselves. And the cloth was spread, and the meat was brought, and the cellar furnished abundance of good wine, and that stern knight, Sir John Eland, sitting at the head of the table on the dais, sent for the two sons of the slain Sir Robert, and when they came ordered them to eat and drink with them. The younger, who was of a mild and gentle nature, overcome with fear, did as he was bidden, but Adam, the elder, looking angrily at his brother, sturdily refused either to eat or drink with the slayers of his father.

'See how this boy,' said Eland, 'see
His father's death can take,
If any be it will be he
That will revengement take.'

The knight however resolved to forestall this, and he sought opportunity to cut them off stealthily when a fit occasion did present itself. Meanwhile news being carried by a messenger of Sir John's determination to attack the family at Crossland Hall, the Townleys of Townley, and the Breretons of Brereton, took to horse, and hastened with their retainers to the succour of Sir Robert Beaumont, but on reaching Marsden, on the borders of the counties, another messenger informed them of his sad end, and they fearing that their force would be of little avail against the cruel slayer of their friend, returned sorrowfully home. But Lady Beaumont stealing away in the dead of the night from Crossland Hall, in company with her children, committed herself unto the protection of these her friends, and after

* The usual name in that district for the cow-house or milk-stall.

sojourning some time at Townley, took up her residence at Brereton, in Cheshire, as being most remote from her deadly foe ; others too, equally enemies of the bloody knight, resorted thither—

Lacie and Lockwood were with them
Brought up at Brereton Green,
And Quarmbye, kinsman unto them,
At home durst not be seen.

All these, as yet boys, were entertained at Brereton and Townley, and were brought up by Lady Beaumont with a continual sense of the wrong inflicted by the knight of Eland upon their father.

The feats of fence they practised
To wield their weapons well,
Till fifteen years were finished,
And then it so befell,"

As will be set forth in our next chapter.

Z.



THE NOBLE BLOOD OF BRITAIN.

Our anti-revolutionary readers will be startled when we coolly assert, that the whole system of nature is an ever-living argument in favour of Socialism; yet so it is—not that, from the strong lion who fiercely combats each intruder upon the hunting grounds to which prescription has given him a property, down to the timid hen that acquires unusual courage when an attack upon her young clutch threatens the sacred rights of family, the whole creation does not daily proclaim the impious error of those ignorant fanatics who announce that “*la propriété, c'est le vol!*” and will not allow that paternal authority or conjugal fidelity are moral necessities to society—no! the Socialism which nature teaches is one far more worthy of our attention: it is that which binds man to man, nation to nation, hemisphere to hemisphere; telling us of things inanimate, and much more decidedly of the animal race, that it is well to bring those together whom space had separated. Who among wise farmers is there, who does not obey that mysterious axiom, “change your seed often?” The same class of men (with whom we would wish that the theoretic study of that nature with whose operations they are practically so well acquainted were more usual) testify to the vast superiority possessed by the scientifically crossed and highly artificial breeds of short-horned cattle and Southdown sheep over all the original stocks from which they have been produced. In this sporting realm, we can all make the same remark on Epsom course, and feel that the purest Arabian we could import would not necessarily win us the wished-for Derby, with its eleven thousand golden charms. Nor do we see any reason why the rule that thus holds among the inferior orders of creation should not also be general with mankind; whilst, on the contrary, it is often remarked, that a family in which the several branches intermarry too frequently, is apt, both mentally and physically, to decay.

This view is borne out by the history of those states of antiquity with which we are best acquainted. Pre-eminent amongst them for early civilization stood the great realm of the Pharaohs. The colossal splendour of their monuments, and the astronomical and other scientific decorations with which many of them are still adorned, would sufficiently attest the great acquirements of the old Egyptians, had we not the universal testimony of the ancients to strengthen our opinion, and to tell us that with them was truly the cradle of learning—but their private society, hedged round by the rules of a most exclusive religion, made it an abomination even to eat with a stranger: hence, though Persians and Greeks successively occupied their throne, the Egyptians still remained unmixed with other races, and their religion, customs, and blood were the same in the days of Augustus as twenty centuries before. But their wisdom was like one of their own mummies; the outside shell was there, and the eye might still be deceived, but all vitality had long since fled.

The Hindoos and Chinese, though only known to us in modern times,

must be alluded to as contemporaries of the Egyptians in civilized progress. But the system of castes in India, and the care with which "barbarians" have been excluded from China, whilst the two races within that singular empire never intermarried, have brought about, in those two countries, effects similar to those described as having resulted from like causes in Egypt. Some arts, handed down for many ages, are still carried on with great skill; but no improvement ever takes place. Though the use of printing, of canals, and of the compass, the manufacture of gunpowder and paper, and many other useful arts, are ascertained to have been known in China centuries before they were discovered in Europe, yet in all of them we now far excel our celestial rivals. And the Hindoo Brahmins, who foretell eclipses and other astronomical phenomena by means of formulæ of great antiquity, are utterly unable to give any reasons for the process they adopt, except that their fathers used it before them.

But the researches of Niebuhr and others of our modern historians, added to the confused traditions of their own, entitle us to say that the Grecian and Roman races were much more mixed in their origin. We may feel doubtful as to whether the Heraclidæ are to be looked upon as literally the descendants of a single hero: but we have at least clear grounds for saying that the ancient Greeks sprang from two distinct nations, the Pelasgians and the Hellenes; and that from Cadmus and other such adventurers, whose Phœnician and Egyptian colonies, bringing the first seeds of learning with them, were consequently allowed at once to take a prominent position in the country, a still greater admixture of foreign blood spread through the veins of the leading families.

In Rome this was equally the case. A Pelasgian band, strongly tinctured with Oscan blood, erected their fortress on the seven hills. The Sabines, with whom they so early united, appear to have been a perfectly distinct race—as were undoubtedly those Etruscans who, either from numbers or mental superiority, had soon sufficient influence to help Tarquin to the throne, and from whom sprang many of the Roman patricians. The system under which the rights of citizenship were afterwards granted, and which permitted a stranger like Appius Claudius to take the first place in the state, continued to Rome's latest day; and even of the emperors, a large number belonged to families avowedly of foreign extraction.

There is but one other of those nations of antiquity with which we are well acquainted, to be still considered. Taken under God's miraculous care, the seed of Abraham cannot be compared to any of its heathen rivals or Christian successors. But since it has ceased to be so protected, its career will at least not contradict our theory, as it will be found that, except in the not very lofty pursuit of moneymaking, the Hebrew race, whilst pure, has not excelled; though, when its children have become Christians, and married according to their new creed, they have shone in most of the lines where intellect leads to eminence. And the un-Christian Saracens, who compelled their captives to become converts, and adopted the converts at once into their great family, kept up and increased the precious flame of learning during all the days of their ascendancy.

Hence, the knowledge that the noble blood of Britain is not literally British, but a mixture of which the British forms but a very small pro-

Portion, far from being hurtful to our national vanity, will account to us in some measure for the fact, that ours is, except the Roman, the only aristocracy that has constantly and uniformly been qualified to head the nation to which it belonged in all that was intellectually or physically noble. There is no country in which the women of the higher ranks are more remarkable for beauty, the men for stature or bodily vigour; whilst that same class which can produce Sidney, Bolingbroke Cavendish, and Byron to enlighten or charm us with their pen, sends forth a Howe to drive England's enemies from the seas, and a Wellington to plant her conquering standard on the land.

We have said that the true British element enters but slightly into the composition of our aristocracy. Brave, but barbarous, the Britons fell under the dominion of the Romans shortly before the commencement of the Christian era. The latter do not appear to have formed any civil colony of importance in England. Almost entirely military men, the Roman residents were generally found in camps or fortified towns; and when they finally abandoned the country, though nearly five centuries after its first invasion, they probably left very few descendants behind them. They gave civilization to the Britons, but weaned them from their ancient courage: and from the application the latter consequently made to the Saxons for assistance, arises the first change in the population of England to which we are called upon to attend.

Forced to war by their treacherous allies, defeated, and driven to flight, the Britons emigrated in great numbers to that French province which subsequently bore their name. But a large proportion were unwilling or unable to leave their native land; and whilst some few found refuge in the Lowlands of Scotland, or the adjoining English counties, the greater number, surrendering their fertile lands to the Saxons, sought for shelter in the more inhospitable regions of Wales and Cornwall. The Saxons have ever since formed the bulk of the nation, their Celtic adversaries, however, keeping exclusive possession of the districts above mentioned, and a mixed race gradually springing up in Shropshire, Hereford, Monmouth, Devon, and Somerset. How far the Britons eventually amalgamated with their neighbours among the lower classes it is hard to say; but if we trace the history of the higher families, where pedigrees are available, we shall find, that though the Cornish Trevellyans, Trelawneys, and Vivians, appear very early to have intermarried with the gentry of the South-western counties, and some of the Cadogans, Wynnes, or Vaughans of Wales to have more lately followed their example, the time is almost within our own memory when the young gentry of the Principality ceased, as a general rule, to seek their partners among their own race.

If British descent is rare among the aristocracy of England, still more so is a pedigree claiming a Danish ancestry, the family of Jerningham being almost the only one which derives itself from this singular people. Appearing at first under circumstances similar to those which characterized the adventures of the more modern Buccaneers, they made none but temporary armed residence in the country. But when once they had become settled inhabitants, they seem to have embraced the peaceful pursuits of trade, and were partly the progenitors of our earlier manufacturing population. This may appear strange to those who have only studied the Danes through the prejudiced accounts of the Saxon histo-

rians, and will therefore only look upon them as sanguinary pirates. But, whether that in their original country they were more highly civilized than the neighbouring Teutons, or that their seafaring life had made them acquainted with the refinements of Southern Europe, certain it is, that one of the accusations brought by early writers against this warlike nation is the strange one of gross effeminacy, proved, as they think, by their habits of personal cleanliness; whilst the unimportant towns of Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stamford, and Lincoln, given them by Alfred, rose rapidly into commercial importance, and have continued remarkable for their trade and industry to our days. There, and amongst some of the old squirearchy of Northumberland and Yorkshire, their descendants may yet exist. But that their numbers were never great is proved by the ease with which, at the sudden death of Hardicanute, the sovereignty, which had for some reigns belonged to them, was resumed by the Anglo-Saxons.

These latter were, not long after, conquered by the Normans, and although at first left in possession of the greater part of their lands, yet their successive insurrections gave the desired pretext for those great forfeitures which, towards the close of the reign of William I., transferred the feudal ownership of the whole soil of England to his countrymen. Even those of the Saxons who had taken no part against him were forced to do homage to some superior lord of Norman lineage, and to be satisfied with a place among that inferior but still aristocratic class which did not hold of the crown "in capite." The less fortunate ones laid the foundation of an energetic and high-minded middle class, which gradually emerged into consequence, and from which a large and constantly increasing portion of our greater or less nobility, that is, of our peers and country gentlemen, has been drawn, ever since the wars of the Roses, and the policy of Henry VII., broke down the power of the Norman lords-paramount. The illustrious houses of Howard and Talbot are said to be Saxon, but their earlier pedigrees are uncertain: soon after the crown fell to the Tudors, however, we find frequent mention of the noble names of Compton, Pelham, Hampden, Wentworth, Stourton, Tollemache, Lumley; and of the Baronetical ones of Dering, Tichborne, Thorold, &c. To these a further very considerable addition was made in later times, when our modern legal and parliamentary systems grew into importance; and, besides such families as Walpole and Harley, Gower and Temple, whose pedigrees claim Saxon descent, it is probable that many of our noble houses which have avowedly sprung from the middle classes, are of a similar origin. Amongst others we may mention that the unlucky cognomen of Smith, which, despite the contempt with which it is treated, always has counted, and ever will count some representatives among our titled names, is an undoubted relic of Saxon times, owing its prevalence to an institution of Alfred's, which made a smith a necessary member of the smallest community.

But whether the reader casts his eye over the well-known pages of the "Peerage and Baronetage," or those of its new companion, the "History of the Landed Gentry," from each alike he will ascertain, that it is from Normandy the far greater number of our estated families derive. Chiefly the Gothic offspring of prolific Scandinavia, the adventurous bands which accompanied the Conqueror, or settled in England under his descendants, included however a great number of the cadets of the French, Flemish,

and Burgundian nobility; whilst the traditions which trace the Blounts to the Italian Biondi, and the Fieldings to Imperial Hapsburg, would imply that the connexionship between England and the continent was still more widely extended.

Of the greater barons enriched by the grants of William and his immediate successors, several have left male descendants in the direct line. Besides the still illustrious house of Bruce in Scotland (whose proud motto, "Fuimus!" proclaims its present high position inferior to that it held in its olden days of royalty), and the equally noble though now less powerful families of De Courcy and De Montmorency in Ireland, we see examples of this in Courtenay (whose motto, "Ubi lapsus! quid feci?" tells the same tale as that of Bruce), Neville, Clinton, Berkeley, and Ferrers. But Warrenne, Stafford, De Vere, Beauchamp, Bohun, and De Clare are extinct in the male line, though many of them are directly represented, and all have transmitted their blood through female alliances to most of our noble families. But it is from the minor barons, who, though wealthy and powerful, still acknowledged dependance to such feudal princes as those that held their courts at Chester and Lewes, that we trace most of the present lords of English soil. In the accounts of the Roll of Battle Abbey which appeared some months since in the "Patrician," will be seen how many names that fought at Hastings still survive. Of the principal extant families whose baronial ancestors bore arms for or against the crown at the granting of Magna Charta by John, or its confirmation by Henry III., we will mention Astley, Arundel, Basset, Beaumont, Blount, Bruce, Burgh, Byron, Clifford, Courtenay, Courcy, Devereux, Ferrers, Fitzgerald, Fitzherbert, Gage, Gresley, Grey, Harrington, Hastings, Lovel, Luttrell, Maude or Montalt, Montague, Neville, St. John, St. Maur, Somerville, Spenser, and Stanley or Aldithley.

Besides the large mixture of Saxon, and much less considerable portion of British blood with which this Norman aristocracy has been strengthened, the reign of William III., and the connexionship thus formed with Holland, has added to it the Bentincks, Keppels, Bouveries, Vansittarts, Vannecks: whilst several families of American loyalists, also of Dutch descent, and many French Protestant refugees, take rank with our country gentlemen. But, without taking notice of these, it will have been seen, that, of the great tribes who once divided Europe, the Celts, the Teutons, and the Goths, have all contributed to form the patrician race of England; and the examination we will now proceed to make of the records of Scotland and Ireland, will shew the same combinations there, though in different proportions.

The Lowlands of Scotland were long the object of sanguinary contests between the Celtic Picts and the Gothic Scots. At first defeated, and for some time driven to the Highlands, the latter eventually recovered possession of the richer districts; and their rivals, who in their turn sought for shelter among the woods and glens of the north and west, were the progenitors of the Gael, who still occupies those romantic wilds: though, among the clans that use the Gaelic tongue, M'Kenzie claims to be a branch of the great Norman family of Windsor, Chisholm and M'Leod to be of royal Norwegian blood. To Norway also, rather than to France, the island earldom of the St. Clairs, and the galley in their coat-of-arms, would point as their probable birth-place; whilst the

contrary evidence afforded by their name can be met by the supposition that it was adopted in honour of the saint on their embracing Christianity.

The population of the Lowlands has been since then chiefly composed of Scots. From their sturdy sons issued the septa of Stuart, Græme, Douglas, Erskine, Scott, Hay, and most of those Caledonian families whose surnames are local. But the distant position of Scotland on the map of Europe, and the fact that it could never be thoroughly conquered, made it at all times a favorite refuge for those who had incurred the displeasure of the ruling powers in England or on the continent; and who, from superior civilization or political motives, were often richly provided for out of the royal domains. When the heiress of the Saxon monarchs of England became the wife of Malcolm III., Lindsay, Gordon, Dunbar, and Dundas, Maxwell, Cunningham, and others of her countrymen obtained a position among the nobles of the land: whilst her relationship to the Kings of Hungary accounts for the traditional descent of the Drummonds, Leslie, Ramsays, and Elphinstones, and probably also of the Murrays, whose ancient surname, "De Moravia," is thus better explained than by their more usually received genealogy. Whilst, either from the causes mentioned above, or from the feudal connexion which occasionally existed between England and Scotland, and the rule the former at times exercised over all the lands south of the Forth, we see sufficient reasons for the settlement of such Normans as the Bruces, Montgomeries, Frasers, Melvilles, Kerrs, Hamiltons, and Comyns.

In Ireland, as in its sister kingdoms, the population, when authentic history commences, was Celtic. Here too, as in England, the Danes effected a settlement, and when once denizens of the country, embraced with success the same life adopted by their brethren at the other side of the Channel, giving wealth and importance to the towns of Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, where they almost exclusively dwelt, and where mercantile renown long attended their descendants among the tribes of Galway, the Arthurs and Creaghs of Limerick, and the M'Aulliffes of Cork: whilst the great family of Plunket has always held a position in the Irish peerage creditable to its Danish ancestry.

But Celt and Dane were alike overwhelmed by that invasion which, led by the celebrated Strongbow, second Earl of Pembroke, speedily overran a divided country, and parcelled out its lands among the greedy cadets of England and Normandy. Among their still existing descendants, the great houses of Fitzgerald, Butler, and De Burgh, have filled to our day a place in the history of their country: and amid accumulated forfeitures, some of their ancient wealth and power yet clings to the names of Aylmer, Barnewall, Barry, De Courey, De Montmorency, Fitzmaurice, Grace, Nugent, Power, Prendergast, Preston, and St. Lawrence. All of these intermarried with the original Irish to such an extent as to incur the constant displeasure of the English Government; and it is to these alliances we must trace the Celtic blood which still largely pervades the older families in Ireland, as, of the original lords of the country, only the two royal lines of O'Brien and O'Neil have uniformly remained in the first rank since the Conquest, though there are many who continued powerful among the lesser aristocracy, and some of whom, like Meade, Quin, O'Callaghan, O'Grady, and O'Byrne (now Warren), are found in our existing peerage. But the vast majority, both

of the Anglo-Norman and of the Irish nobles, were ruined by their turbulent attachment to their ancient religion. The forfeiture of the princely Desmonds enabled Elizabeth to settle the Courtenays, Dennys, and St. Legers, all of noble Norman blood, in Munster, whilst the Saxon Binghamms acquired renown and estates in Connaught. Her successor made a far more complete revolution in the social condition of the country. In his reign, besides granting large estates to Boyles, Brabazons, Chichesters, Fortescues, Gores, Percevals, natives of his new dominions, he distributed the province of Ulster so completely among the Hamiltons, Stuarts, Montgomeries, and others of his more ancient subjects, that the description we have given of the Lowland proprietors of Scotland will be literally correct, if applied not only to the upper, but to the middle ranks in the north of Ireland.

The wars of Cromwell and William III. changed the owners of the soil in Leinster and Munster almost as uniformly as the forfeitures of James I. had done in Ulster; and most of the titles and estates in those provinces are now held by the progeny of the officers who filled commands in the successful armies which then ruled Ireland, and of which the wide-spread names of Coote, Evans, and Massy, will be sufficient examples. Belonging rather to the country gentlemen of England and Wales, than to the nobler families, they are probably chiefly of Saxon and British descent; and they may be said to form nearly half the proprietors in the ever-divided land of their adoption, the Caledonians of Ulster being one-fourth, and the remaining fourth consisting partly of those Connaught Squires whose estates are still mingled with the conquered acres of the Eyres, Binghamms, Knoxes, or Brownes, partly of the old families of the Pale, yet spared in the other provinces, and partly also of such families as the Trenches and Latouches, which have sought in Ireland that shelter which was denied them in France.

In bringing this article to a conclusion, it is right to mention, that the proper names given are merely intended as eminent examples of the classes they illustrate; the numbers of extant families belonging to each of which subdivisions much exceed, in most instances, those inserted in the text.

V.

THE LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS.*

THERE is a wonderful fascination in these volumes, which must be felt, we should think, by every one, even by those who may not altogether share in the noble author's enthusiasm for genealogical pursuits. We have here materials enough for a score or two of romances, nor do we know any school wherein a poet might study to more advantage the workings of the wilder and darker passions. When Scotland was at peace with her neighbours, a thing which did not often happen, her stalwart barons generally contrived to fill up the vacant time by hatching plots against the throne, or by petty feuds amongst themselves, or by the enacting of some terrible domestic tragedies, while superstition occupied the back-ground with many of her broadest and deepest shadows. We are of course speaking of the time when chivalry was superseded by feudalism, two things which are often confounded, but which, though they have some elements in common, yet differ widely from each other upon the whole. So long as chivalry continued, the world resembled a sunny landscape; but no sooner had feudalism succeeded, than it flung over society all the gloom and turbulence of winter. Men gave unbridled license to their passions, and as these were no longer qualified by the ennobling, though somewhat fantastic, influence of chivalry, there was an energy of crime to which other ages afford no parallel. This continued till the advance of civilization elevated the people and broke the feudal power of their masters, and three different epochs may be distinctly traced in the lives of the various Lindsays.

No one could have been better calculated for the chronickling of such men and scenes than the learned and eloquent author of the volumes before us. His passionate love for his clan, his enthusiastic admiration of high and noble birth, his delight in warlike reputation, render him one of the fittest advocates that could have been chosen for such a task, and the rather as his devotion to every one bearing the name of Lindsay is never clouded by prejudice or partiality. Our suspicions in this respect were at first, we must acknowledge, fully awoke, and, like watchful sentinels, continually on the look-out for the ambushed enemy; but all our vigilance has not enabled us to detect a single instance wherein these feelings have led him to conceal or colour the worse characteristics which have from time to time shewn themselves in his race as in all others. On the contrary, he would seem to feel a noble confidence in his name, as if it stood too high and was too firmly established to be shaken or tarnished by the sins of individuals. Accordingly he is no less frank when speaking of the faults, and even crimes of his ancestors, than he is enthusiastic in describing their daring spirits, their profuse generosity, and the wisdom as well as courage, which they evinced in building up and maintaining one of the proudest names in Scotland. With all this there is mingled an immense fund of antiquarian

* *Lives of the Lindsays*; or, a *Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres*, by Lord Lindsay. 3 Vols. 8vo.: London, 1849.

lore, and an intimate acquaintance with genealogy, that will be sure to interest those lovers of matter-of-fact details, who would be little captivated by the deeds, or the retributive fate of the Tiger Earl.

The origin of the Lindsays has been traced to various sources, but we hardly arrive at anything certain, prior to the age of Walter de Lindsay, an Anglo-Norman, who figures as a great baron under David I., Prince of Strath Clyde or Cumbria. At all events he is the first of the name who appears in Scotland, and there is every reason for believing that the Scottish Lindsays are a branch of the Norman house of Limesay, the names Lindsay and Limesay being identical; they alike imply the "Isle of Lindens, or Lime-trees," for the two words, *lime* and *linden*, though somewhat different in sound, have precisely the same meaning. But before entering farther into the details of this illustrious family, it will be requisite to give our attention to another matter intimately connected with the subject, and essential to its right understanding. We allude to the origin of the various European nations. In some respects our own opinions on this very intricate topic do not exactly correspond with those of our author; but as it is of much more importance to the reader that he should be made acquainted with what Lord Lindsay has thought and written than with the doctrines of his reviewers, we shall postpone all criticism to the necessity of quoting largely from the work before us.

"Four great waves of population," says his lordship, "have in succession overflowed Europe,—the Aborigines, a race proved by their language to have been akin to those of India, Northern Asia, and America, and whom I consider to have been of Hamite origin,—the Celts, the earliest branch of the Indo-European or Japhetan race, who occupied the whole of Central and Western Europe, reducing the Aborigines to servitude, but adopting, as I should surmise, not a few of their superstitions,—the Classic nations and the Slavonians, closely akin; the former occupying the peninsulas of Italy and Greece, the latter the districts which they still retain in the East of Europe,—and, last of all, the Teutonic race, fresh from their Persian mountains, who, piercing through the Slavonians and thundering at the rear of the Celts, the Greeks, and the Romans, pressed continually forward till they had occupied, either as colonists or conquerors, the whole of the soil that those nations had previously ruled over, regenerating them by intermixture, and re-creating out of the broken fragments of empire the kingdoms and polities of modern Europe.

"You must not however misunderstand me as asserting that the whole of the Celtic, the Slavonian, or the Teutonic race was at once discharged on the plains below them—on the contrary, each of the waves I speak of represents a succession of migrations, Celtic, Slavonian, or Teutonic, continuing till the fountain which supplied the race ceased to flow. The Celtic race thus consists of two great collective branches of earlier and later migration, the earlier represented by the Gael, the later by the Welsh or Cymry; and the Teutonic, in like manner, of three—the Upper German tribes, the Lower German, which may otherwise be styled the Saxon race, and the Scandinavian, from which sprang the Normans.

"Restricting our view to our own country, its earliest historical inhabitants were the Albiones, who occupied the whole of the island. They were driven Northwards by the Britanni, a colony from Belgium, who occupied England and gave it the name of Britain. Both these nations were Celtic, the Albiones belonging to the earlier or Gaelic, the Britanni to the Welsh or Cymraic branch of the race. The Britanni were conquered, civilized, and corrupted by the Romans—the Albiones, more distant, escaped the yoke. Both became Christians in the course of the early ages. The Britanni retain their name in the writings of Cesar and the Romans, their conquerors—the Albiones exchange

theirs for that of Caledonians or Picts, by which they are subsequently known in history. But the original name was never forgotten, and is still perpetuated in that of 'Albanich,' the Gaelic designation of the Highlanders of Scotland, their direct representatives.

"The Picts or Albiones gradually acquired union and power, and became a kingdom of considerable eminence during the early ages. It consisted of a confederacy of fourteen clans, inhabiting seven provinces, ruled over by seven hereditary chiefs, or 'maormors,' who elected the sovereign. The nation was divided into two great tribes, the Picts and Pictardach, the former inhabiting the mountains, the latter the Lowlands of Scotland—a distinction arising apparently from local causes, not from any diversity of race or manners.

"Ireland, in the mean while, had undergone a revolution resembling that which had befallen the sister island. The earliest inhabitants were the Hiberni, but their power was overthrown by the Scoti, an invading race, from whose supremacy the island receives the name of Scotia in the early mediæval writers. Early in the sixth century a colony of the Scoti settled in the province of Argyle, and are known in history by the name of the Dalriads. They dwelt there, apparently in fraternity with the Picts, and exercising their arms in conjunction with them against the Saxons, then in possession of England, for two hundred years, without any extension of territory. But in the ninth century the imprisoned waters broke loose, and the result of a long and bloody contest was the subjugation of the Picts by the Scottish race, whose name from henceforward became that of Northern Britain. The actual conquest was confined to the Lowlands, the patrimony of the Pictardach, but the Picts or Highlanders were compelled to acknowledge the general superiority of the Scottish kings.

"The Scots made no alteration in the laws or polity of the country—the tribes were still ruled by their hereditary maormors, and the transfer of authority was effected upon the whole so peaceably, and the name of the conquerors so rapidly supplanted that of the conquered, that it has been supposed in later times that the whole Pictish race was exterminated; and their disappearance has been the fertile theme of wonder for many centuries. The fact was, that the two nations, being akin in race, language, and manners, naturally coalesced.

"It is to this period—to the exercise of 'guid counsel and sovereign manhood' in the 'overthrowing of the Pyghtis,' and to the gratitude of Kenneth MacAlpine, the hero of the conquest, that the tradition, above alluded to, of the fifteenth century, attributes the rise of the Lindsays in Scotland."

The Picts being thus subdued, the Scottish kingdom flourished for some time upon their ruins, till in turn it was rudely shaken by the Scandinavian pirates, and only saved from destruction by the arms of Edward the Confessor. Up to that period the country had been eminently Celtic in all its laws and customs, but a change was now about to take place. It was long since the Celtic race in England, first enervated, and then abandoned, by the Romans, had been compelled to succumb after a brief struggle to the more hardy Saxons, when they fled on all sides from the land of their fathers; some found a refuge in France, where the Bretons still preserve their ancient name and language, while their memory still lingers in many an old ruin, and their religion still shews itself in the superstitions of the peasantry; others retreated to the mountains and fastnesses of Wales; and others again retreated into Cornwall and Cumberland, where Celtic states subsisted till late in the middle ages. A free and open field was thus left to the Saxons, who pushed on their conquests till checked by the Picts and Scots. By the latter the Teutonic conquerors were opposed with the most determined courage, but after many fluctuations these wars ended in the political subjection of the Scoto-Pictish kingdom to the Saxon monarchs

until the time of Edward Plantagenet. Upon this part of the subject Lord Lindsay observes with his usual candour and good sense:—"It may be unpalatable to our national pride, but it is a fact established by incontrovertible historical evidence, that the Saxon 'Basileus,' or Emperor, held this superiority—not, as may be supposed, over provinces feudally held of England, but over the whole of the Scottish dominions of the Scottish kings—a superiority, it is to be remembered, purely political, and implying neither right to the soil nor interference with the national laws, liberties, and manners,—while the protection thus accorded to the Scottish kings, in acknowledgement of this dependence, saved those laws and liberties in instances innumerable from annihilation. Such close intercourse, however, with the royal race of England, the frequent visits paid to the Saxon court, and their share in the deliberations of the Wittenagemot, where they ranked first in place and honour, after the Basileus, could have but one effect, that of Anglicizing, in other words, civilizing the Celtic sovereigns."

But the Saxons themselves declined when the necessity for exertion had ceased; they became effeminate and corrupt without growing more refined, and lost the hardness of their ancestors without attaining any of the graces of civilization. It would seem, however, in the moral as in the physical world, that when the atmosphere becomes too foul and sickly for longer endurance, a storm is sure to rise from some quarter and purify the loaded air, though not without doing a great deal of preliminary mischief. Upon this occasion the hurricane blew from the snow-lands of Scandinavia. The fierce North-men—the Vikings, or sea-kings, as they were called—bursting from their narrow confines, fell like an avalanche upon Russia, propped up the falling towers of Byzantium, colonized the coasts of England and Scotland, peopled Ireland, discovered, as many think, America, and then with the flower of their hosts under the Dane, Rollo, threw themselves upon the devoted Neustria. So fierce and overwhelming was the attack that the French king was glad to purchase peace with these terrible warriors, by conceding to them in full right the land of which they had thus taken forcible possession, and from them it was henceforth called Normandy, a name that seems to have given much trouble to historians. With such neighbours on the opposite shore it was not likely that the degenerate Saxons would be long allowed to remain in quiet. Reports of invasion arose that were soon followed by the stern reality, and under a chief too who never fought but to conquer. In a single battle the redoubted William shattered the Saxon sceptre into a thousand pieces, never again to be united; the effect of this great victory being at once felt throughout all Scotland. At first this influence shewed itself by destroying all existing antipathies, and much of the distinctions that prevailed between a large part of the Celtic race and the Saxons; in finding a common enemy they had also found a common bond of union; but in time the feeling of amalgamation assumed a broader basis; the feudal law, the monastic system, and the Norman element, were gradually naturalized on the Scottish soil, and at length completed the work of barbaric civilization, if one may be allowed such a phrase to mark that first and ruder sort of improvement which precedes the more refined time when art, science, and literature become predominant and universal. Of course these great advantages were not obtained at once, nor without many a hard struggle on the part of the people to maintain their old customs. The Celtic population broke out into frequent rebellion against the feudal law, and though as often sub-

duced by the superior knowledge and power of the predominant races, they for a long time kept proudly aloof from them, considering themselves as the only genuine Scots, and the legitimate heirs to all the ancient traditions of the country. In the meanwhile the two principal races of the island, the Saxons and Normans, began to assimilate more and more, and as this fusion between them went on increasing, it almost annihilated that idle spirit of nationality which afterwards prevailed to so great an extent in Scotland, and occasioned such destructive wars between that country and England. A constant and friendly intercourse was kept up between the two kingdoms; many barons held lands on either side of the Tweed; and intermarriages were far from being uncommon. In fact the nobles, whether of England or Scotland, were as yet neither English nor Scottish, but Norman, and, in a much less degree, Saxon. The ambition of our own monarchs could alone have changed this state of things; but when they attempted to subjugate Scotland, a bond of union was at once created between the hitherto jarring elements, and Normans, Saxons, and Celts, alike merged their individuality in the cherished name of Scotchmen. From that moment the two countries had separate interests, which they took care to fence in with rancours and prejudices of every kind, and the great object now was which should do the other the greatest injury; theirs was not the enmity, which divides stranger from stranger, and which a battle lost or won may appease, but the savage, uncompromising antipathy that fills the hearts of brethren when once natural affection has been allowed to sour into hatred.

We have now, for the sake of convenience, and to save all necessity of future repetitions, brought down this hasty sketch even beyond the time when Walter de Lindsay settled in Scotland, as we have already mentioned, under the banner of David I., a monarch of so much ability and virtue that Buchanan delights in his praises. In a short time his name disappears from the living page, and we find his descendants residing at Ercildun, so familiar to all our readers as having been in after days the home of Thomas the Rhymer, one of the many—both men and places—that owe no small portion of their celebrity to the recording pen of Sir Walter Scott. Is it necessary to add that Ercildun is in Roxburghshire, upon the banks of the Leader, not very far from Dryburgh Abbey?

To follow the progress of this distinguished family through all its subsequent ramifications would be manifestly foreign to the purpose in hand; it would in fact be turning a light sketch into something very like a churchyard collection of tombstones and epitaphs. We shall therefore do no more than halt from time to time as we come across any more important character or event that may seem to have a present interest, and thus it is that we must notice William de Lindsay of Ercildun, whose career lay between 1161 and 1200. The great feature in his life, so far at least as regards the modern reader, and that for which we especially notice him, is the fact of his having been the first of his name associated with the territory of Crawford in Clydesdale, a title that henceforth became distinctive in the family.

In due time came the war for what was called, and believed to be, the independence of Scotland, a fatal error on both sides, which materially weakened both countries, and retarded civilization for ages. As usual the gallant Lindsays were amongst the foremost in field and in council, he who then was the chief of that name being especially excepted by Edward I. from the general pardon offered to his countrymen. At a later period we

find another Lindsay, Sir James, playing a distinguished part in the tragedy of the Red Cumyn. "The circumstances," says our author, "which led to the decisive act, which flung Bruce upon his fortunes and led to the independence of Scotland, are unknown. All that can be ascertained is, that Cumyn of Badenoch, popularly named the Red Cumyn, his personal rival, and the leader of the Baliol interest, was at Dumfries at the same time with Bruce, that they held a secret conference in the church of the Minorites, or Franciscans, that a quarrel arose between them, and that Bruce, in a paroxysm of rage, stabbed him on the steps of the high altar. Rushing to the door, he met Sir James Lindsay and Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who demanded what had disturbed him? 'I doubt,' replied Bruce, 'I have slain Cumyn.'—'Have you left it doubtful?' replied Lindsay.—'I make sicker,' or 'sure,' rejoined Kirkpatrick,—wherewith they rushed into the church, and Kirkpatrick, asking the wounded baron whether he deemed he might recover, and hearing from him that he thought he might if he had proper leech-craft, stabbed him to the heart,—a deed for which Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated as soon as the news reached the Holy See."

In the long wars that followed the Lindsays had their full share of loss and glory. At the battle of Duplin, where Baliol for once proved decidedly victorious, no less than eighty Lindsays fell, if we may credit the statements of Boethius; and at the fatal battle of Halidon Hill, the chief himself, his brother, and another of the name, though more remotely allied, were made prisoners. Even when adorned with the peaceful mitre the spirit of the race was no less sure to evince itself than under the helmet and the breast-plate, as was abundantly proved by the fate of John Lindsay, Bishop of Glasgow, who was mortally wounded in a sea fight while returning from France to Scotland with two ships that conveyed a large treasure and the instruments of a treaty between the two kingdoms. They were met and captured by the English admiral, John de Ross, after an obstinate fight, in which the men-at-arms were all either killed or drowned. Notwithstanding this, however, the star of the house of Crawford was upon the whole decidedly in the ascendant.

Few points loom out more grandly from the twilight of remote times than the battle of Otterburn. The Percies and Nevilles having quarrelled amongst themselves, the Scotch barons thought this an excellent opportunity to make a foray on England. Meetings were held to concert the most fitting plan of attack, yet not so secretly but that the English got notice of it by means of the minstrels, who, admitted every where, seem often to have played the part of spies. Thus warned, the English nobles "despatched one of their squires to attend the third conference at Yetholm, and discover the intentions of the Scots. In the disguise of a groom he entered the church where the Scottish chiefs were in council, and heard the whole proceedings, but, when he returned to the place where he had left his horse tied, he found it had been stolen, and fearful of exciting suspicion by inquiring after it, set off on foot, booted and spurred as he was, homewards.

"This very caution occasioned his detection. 'I have witnessed many wonderful things,' said a Scots knight to his friend, as they stood near the church-door, 'but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet makes no inquiry after it; on my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him, and see whether I am right or not.'

"They soon overtook him, and on their approach, says the historian, with simplicity, 'he was alarmed, and wished himself anywhere else.' His contradictory answers confirmed their suspicions; they brought him back to the church, and threatened him with death if he did not truly answer all their questions. Love of life prevailed, and he told them all he knew concerning the force and disposition of the English."

The Scots took their measures accordingly, marched to the gates of Durham, and had several skirmishes with their enemy, in one of which Douglas had the good fortune to capture Hotspur's pennon, when he swore he would take it with him to Scotland, and set it upon his castle. Earl Percy swore as loudly that he should never carry it out of Northumberland, whereupon Douglas returned again, "then you must come this night, and take it from before my tent"—so difficult does it often seem in reading our old chronicles to distinguish between a mimic tourney and war in earnest; in either case hard blows were given with the same good will, while the parties engaged had to all appearance no wiser or more useful object in view than the mere pleasure of fighting, or to see which had the stronger arm and the stouter heart.

"Il faisoit," says old Froissart, "assez clair, car la lune luisoit; et si estoit au mois d'Août, et faisoit bel et sery; et si estoit l'air coi, pur, et net"—it was light enough, for the moon shone; and it was the month of August, and it was beautiful and serene; and the air was calm, pure, and clear—when Hotspur fell upon the Scots, taking them by surprise; but his attack was met with the most determined courage, and the battle continued for many hours by moonlight, when, in the words of the old ballad,

"The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till all the fray was done."

At last Douglas, pressing too forward, received several severe thrusts from the English lances, and fell mortally wounded. The tide of battle setting at the time against the Scots, it was not for a while known who had fallen, but after a sharp struggle, the English gave way, and the ground about him was cleared, when "Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair were the first to discover him as he lay bleeding to death. 'How fares it with you, cousin?' asked Sir John. 'But poorly,' he said, 'yet, God be thanked! few of my fathers have died in bed! There has long been a prophecy that a dead Douglas should win a field; I trust it will now be fulfilled. My heart sinks—I am dying—do you, Walter, and you, John Sinclair, raise my banner, and cry, 'Douglas!' and tell neither friend nor foe I am lying here.'"

The victory, however, remained with the Scots, notwithstanding the loss of their gallant leader, and nearly all the northern chivalry of England were slain or made captives, Hotspur and his brother being amongst the number of the latter.

Some exceedingly amusing anecdotes are related by the noble author in connection with this battle; but, tempting as they are, we dare not pause upon them with so much important matter before us. Quitting then these scenes, we turn to a picture of the usual life of the Lindsays in the fifteenth century, and, indeed, generally throughout the time of feudalism. Their principal abode was in a castle, upon a hill, overhanging the Lemno, called Finhaven, that is, *Fion-abhain*, or the *White River*,

from the foam cast up by the confluence of the stream with the South Esk, close beneath the walls. To the west, in those days, stretched out a primeval forest for many miles, its extent being such that, in the imaginative language of popular tradition, a wild cat might leap from tree to tree from the castle of Finhaven to the hill of Kerriemuir. Here the Crawfords might be truly said to reign as petty monarchs.

"The inner life of the family was of an uniform but enjoyable character; martial exercise, the chase, and the baronial banquet, enlivened by the songs of the minstrel and the quips of the jester, occupied the day, and the evening was wiled away in 'the playing of the chess, at the tables, in reading of romances, in singing and piping, in harping, and in other honest solaces of great pleasure and disport,' the ladies mingling in the scene throughout, whether in the sports and festivities of the morning, or the pastimes of the evening—though a portion of the day was always spent in their 'bowers,' with their attendant maidens, spinning or weaving tapestry. Occasionally indeed a higher responsibility devolved upon them,—during the absence of the Earl, whether in attendance on the Parliament, or in warfare public or private, his wife became the châtelaine, or keeper of his castle, with full authority to rule his vassals, guide his affairs, and defend his stronghold if attacked at disadvantage during his absence.

"The society of the castle consisted of the Earl and his immediate family—any guest that might be resident with him—the ladies attendant upon his wife and daughters—the pages, of noble or gentle birth, trained up in the castle under his eye as aspirants for chivalry—his own domestic officers—most of them gentlemen of quality, the chaplains, the secretary, chamberlain, chief marischal, 'familiar squire,' armour-bearer, the last of which offices were hereditary, besides numerous attendant gentlemen, cadets generally of the younger branches of the family, who had attached themselves to him as 'servitors,' or feudal followers.

"The property that supported this hospitality was extensive. The Earls of Crawford possessed above twenty great baronies and lordships, besides other lands of minor importance, in Forfarshire, Angus, Perthshire, the Mearns, Fife, Aberdeenshire, and the more distant sheriffdoms of Inverness, Banff, Lanark, Wigton, Dumfries, and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—those in Forfarshire alone extending over two-thirds of the county—besides hereditary revenues from the Great Customs of Dundee, Montrose, Forfar, Crail, Aberdeen, and Banff, amounting to above three hundred marks annually, equivalent to two thousand pounds sterling in the present day. Of these baronies, some were held in their own hands, others by the immediate cadets of the family, or by families of alien blood, not unfrequently of much older standing in the district, holding as vassals of the Earldom; all or most of them were fortified by strong castles,—and over those included in the family entails, as the 'Comitatus,' or 'Earldom,' of Crawford, the Earl possessed rights of regality. His courts were competent to try all questions, civil or criminal, that of high treason against the sovereign alone excepted. He appointed judges and executive officers, who had no responsibility to the imperial authority. He had within his territory a series of municipal systems, corporations with their municipal officers, privileged markets, harbours and mills, with internally administered regulations of police, applicable to weights and measures, fishing privileges, and other like useful institutions. He could build prisons and coin money. When any of his subjects were put on trial before the King's courts, he could 'repledge' the accused to his own court, only finding recognisances to execute justice in the matter. He was thus a governor under the sovereign, and not a mere judge, like the sheriff,—while, that nothing should be wanting to the feudal power of the family, the Earls of Crawford acquired, early in the fifteenth century, the sheriffdom of Aberdeenshire in hereditary right, and soon after the middle of the century that of Forfarshire,—as the Lindsays of the

Byres, the most powerful cadet of the house, did that of Fifeshire, after a long struggle with the Leslies, in the following century.

"The Earldom of Crawford, therefore, like those of Douglas, of Moray, Ross, March, and others of the earlier times of feudalism, formed a petty principality, an '*imperium in imperio*,'—the Earls affected a royal state, held their courts, had their heralds or pursuivants, and occasionally assumed the style of princes in the numeration of their ancestors and themselves, as David I., David II., Alexander I., Alexander II., of the name, Earls of Crawford, after a fashion more frequent on the continent than in Britain. They had also a '*Concilium*,' or petty parliament, consisting of the great vassals of the Earldom, with whose advice they acted on great and important occasions,—these vassals were for the most part steadily attached to their chieftains or '*overlords*,' but it required a firm will and strong hand to keep them in order; and more than once a family catastrophe was the signal of rebellion, and of an attempt to transfer their allegiance to the Crown."

In the winter, and occasionally at other seasons, this castle life was exchanged for a residence in the *Earl's palace* (*Palatium comitis*) or *great lodgings*, a vast antique edifice in Dundee, the provincial capital.

One of the most remarkable inheritors of these regal domains and well nigh unhounded power was the Tiger Earl, or, as he is yet more generally called, Earl Beattie, either from the exuberance of his beard, or from his being ready to hear any one. Such names certainly promise little good; but, if we are to believe his chroniclers, Octavius did not more completely differ from Augustus Cæsar, nor our own prince Harry from Henry the Fifth, than did the earl differ from himself in the early and latter periods of his life. On the death of King David, he entered into a private league, offensive and defensive, with Douglas, and Macdonald of the Isles, titular Earl of Ross, against all men, not excepting the King himself. When this compact was betrayed to James, who, like his father, but with more prudence, had set about reducing the feudal power of his nobles, he sent for Douglas, and finding he could not persuade him to renounce the league, he stabbed him to the heart. To avenge the murder of his confederate, Crawford rose in open rebellion, and in a pitched battle would have defeated the king but for the treachery of a discontented adherent. In his castle of Finhaven he then found a present refuge, though the king's wrath did not fail to pursue him thither. The decree of forfeiture, both as to life and lands, which had been passed before, was now renewed, and after having gallantly struggled for a long time against all odds—even after the total defeat and submission of his ally, Douglas—he found himself compelled, for the sake of his house and followers, to sue for mercy. In this last extremity it is that all the better parts of his character stand out in full relief; there is neither fear, nor meanness, nor self-seeking, in his frank and manly prayers for mercy: but, mingled with the courage, that we might reasonably look for, is a tenderness for others that we certainly did not expect to find in such a character. For himself, as he boldly tells the king, he was willing to underlie any fate, "either to be hangit, to be riven with wild beasts, to be drowned, or cassen over ane Craig;" it was not even the sufferings of his dear wife, nor the weeping of his hairns, nor the lamentable sobbings of his friends, that moved him so much "as the decay and falling of our House, and lamentable chance and fortune of the noblemen of Angus, with the rest of my adherents, whose lives, lands, and guidis stands in danger for my cause and surname of Lindsay. Have compassion on the noble-

men that concordit to my faction, that they, at the least, be not spoilzied (spoiled) of their lives and heritages for my offence."

Huntley and Kennedy, who had been previously reconciled to him, now flung their powerful mediation into the scale, and joined in soliciting the royal clemency, which in the end was granted to his adherents as well as to himself. James even paid him a visit in his castle of Finhaven, a strong proof of personal courage in the king, as well as of confidence in the earl's honour and new-born loyalty, when we reflect how many Scottish monarchs perished by the hand of secret murder. With this frankness so honourable to both parties was mingled a whimsical instance of superstitious feeling. The king had sworn a solemn oath that he would make the highest stone of Finhaven the lowest. To satisfy this vow and yet observe his promise of grace to the offender, he went up to the castle roof and hurled down a loose stone from one of the battlements, and this after the lapse of two hundred years might still be seen where it had fallen, being secured to the spot by a strong chain of iron.

From this time the Earl would seem to have undergone a total change in all his thoughts and habits. He became a gentle master, a loyal subject, and a pious friend to Church and churchmen, fortunate, it may be, in dying about six months afterwards, so that his young conversion was not subjected to any trials that might have shaken it. The popular tradition, however, has remembered only the earlier and worse part of his career, and he is still believed to be "playing at the *devil's buiks* in a mysterious chamber in Glamis Castle, of which no one now knows the entrance—doomed to play there till the end of time. He was constantly losing, it is said, when, one of his companions advising him to give up the game—'Never,' cried he, 'till the day of judgment!' The Evil One instantly appeared, and both chamber and company vanished. No one has since discovered them, but in the stormy nights, when the winds howl drearily around the old castle, the stamps and curses of the doomed gamesters may still, it is said, be heard mingling with the blast." We cannot, however, help suspecting that Earl Beardie has been grievously misunderstood from first to last. His was no common, every-day character, which he who runs may read, but rather one of those wonderful compounds, which from time to time cross the sameness of life, as inexplicable to the multitude as the fiery meteors that we see occasionally disturbing the usual order of nature. Like the famous Goetz of Berlichingen, the last of the robber-knights, and to whom he bears many close points of resemblance, Beardie flourished at a period which was pre-eminently one of transition; he was in truth the last representative of expiring feudalism, as his good, if not great opponent, Kennedy, was the type of a new spirit of civilization; he lived in one age, and belonged to another, bending all the energies of a powerful mind to support a system which the king and people were alike intent upon demolishing, and they succeeded; they pulled down about his ears the great mass of the feudal building, and compelled him to ask that mercy for others which he evidently would never have solicited for himself. It was granted; and then in all the warmth of a grateful though rude nature, he became at once filled with zeal and affection for the power that spared when it might have crushed him. Such, at least, appears to us to be the real character of the mis-called Tiger Earl, though we give this opinion with some diffidence, as it does not altogether accord with that of our noble author, who must be much more conversant with the matter than we can pretend to be.

In Ingelram, Bishop of Aberdeen, we have a Lindsay, whose goodness and natural tendencies are liable to no mistake or doubtings. Learned, pious, and charitable, he was beloved in life, while his tomb was graced by the tears of all who had been subject to his episcopal rule. The citizens and matrons of Aberdeen, who dearly loved him, shed tears of sorrow as they kissed his dead body, and afterwards bore him to the grave,—“such reverence,” says Boethius, “attended Ingelram both living and dead.”

But one of the most brilliant individuals of this brilliant race, and whose name sounds more familiar to English ears, is Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King at Arms under James V., the poet and satirist of his day, as his scarcely less celebrated kinsman, Lindsay of Pitscottie, was its historian. The reputation of the latter chiefly rests upon his history of Scotland, commencing with the reign of James IV., and ending shortly after the accession of Queen Mary. But this is surely fame enough for one man, and though not so familiar as he ought to be to readers on this side of the Tweed, he is deservedly a great favourite with his countrymen, who are better able to appreciate his merits. His quaint style and Scottish phraseology are likely enough to make many a Southern turn from his work, who else might have dwelt with unmingled delight upon his humour, his minute individualizing touches, and the glow of chivalrous feeling that kindles in every page of his graphic and picturesque sketches. Sir Walter Scott has been largely indebted to him, and none can have failed to remark with what warmth and what endearing terms he always speaks of “honest Pitscottie.”

Respecting Sir David, the poet and satirist, we have much more ample information. He, indeed, though after another fashion, realized Shakspeare's idea of man's playing many parts in the course of his life. He was soldier, statesman, author, the Prince's tutor, the King's friend, and the decided enemy of all abuses, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Thus we find him, while yet very young, serving a campaign in Italy at the time Pope Julius took the field against the French king. Subsequently he was appointed *Keeper of the King's Grace*, and the very next day he was present at a strange scene, which cannot be so well given as in the very words of Pitscottie. “At this time”—that is, a little before the battle of Flodden Field—“the king came to Lithgow, where he was at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. And there came ane man clad in ane blue gown, in at the kirk-door; beltit about him with ane roll of linen cloth, and ane pair of bootikins on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head but side hair, and on his haffets (temples), which wan (reached) down to his shoulders, but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemit to be ane man of fifty years, with ane great pike-staff in his hand, and came fast forward among the lords, crying fast and specially for the King, saying that he desirit to speak with him, while (till) at the last he came to the desk where the king was at his prayers. But, when he saw the King, he made little reverence or salutation, but leaned him doun gruffings (lowly) on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner:—‘Sir King, my mother hath sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go where thou art purposit; for, if thou do, thou shalt not fare well in thy journey, nor nane that are with thee. Further, she bade thee converse with no woman, nor

use their counsel ; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.' By this man had spoken thir words to the King, the even-song was near done, and the King pausit on thir words, studying to give him ane answer ; but in the mean time, before the King's face, and in presence of all the hail lords that were about him for the time, this man evanishit away, and could no-ways be seen or comprehendit, but vanishit away as he had been ane blink of the sun or ane whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say Sir David Lindsay, Lion herald, and John Inglis, the marshal, wha were at that time young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King,—wha thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him, but all for nought ; they could not touch him, for he vanishit away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

The secret of this apparition must, we should imagine, be sufficiently obvious to every one ; but, if not, it would be pity to dull a good story by explanation. It would be no whit better than the final unriddling in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, where the authoress, after having kept her readers in a constant state of alarm through four long volumes, coolly turns round upon them, and explains that they had been terrified by "a painted devil"—a mere wax figure. Of a truth we never could bring ourselves to be thankful to Mrs. Radcliffe for thus shewing how easily she could dupe us, but rather feel, as Master Slender did towards his tormentors when they palmed upon him "a lubberly postmaster's boy" in place of his lady-love. Eschewing, therefore, all such evil examples, we shall imitate the wisdom of the showman, who, when his play is over, secretly stows away his puppets, and only thinks of hiding the strings and wires by which they were put in motion.

Upon the birth of the young prince, Sir David was appointed his *servitor*, an office the precise nature of which we should have been at a loss to comprehend, had not the poet himself supplied us with a key to it in his poem "The Complaynt."

"How as ane chapman* beris his pack,
I bare thy grace upon my back,
And sauntymes stridlingis on my neck,
Dansand with mony bend and beck ;†
The first syllabis that thou did mute.‡
Was "Pa-da-lyn,"§ upon the lute ;
Then play I twenty springs|| perqueir,¶
Quhilk was great pleasure for to heir ;

* *Chapman*, a pedlar.

† *Beck*, a nod, the motion of the head made by nurses to amuse children.

‡ *Mute*. Perhaps from the Latin *mutare*, to change or exchange discourse, for though used here, as it frequently was, in the simple sense of "to speak," "to articulate," yet its original meaning was to "plead in answer to a challenge in a court of law." Sometimes, also, it signified "to complain."

§ *Pa-da-Lyn*. This has been variously explained "Papa Davie Lyndsay,"—"Where's Davie Lyndsay?" (Sir Walter Scott), and "Play Davie Lyndsay," which last is preferred by his lordship. It is scarcely, however, worth discussion.

|| *Springs*, lively airs.

¶ *Perqueir*. Jamieson explains this to mean "accurately ;" but it rather seems to signify, "by heart,"—*par cœur*,—and we have never yet met with a passage to which this interpretation would not apply.

Fra play thou leit me never rest,
 But gynkertoun* thou luffst† ay best;
 And ay quhen thou come from the scule,
 Then I behufft to play the fule."—*The Complaynt*.

The education of the future James V. was entrusted to Gawyn Dunbar, an ecclesiastic of great learning, who afterwards rose to eminence in the Church; but it cannot be doubted that as the child advanced to manhood, the constant attendance of so accomplished a companion as Sir David must have exercised the most beneficial influence upon the tastes and habits of the prince.

It would lead us far beyond our utmost limits should we attempt anything like a sufficient inquiry into the merits of the Lion King, and the share he undoubtedly bore in ripening the popular mind, and preparing it for the reformation that had been for some time threatening, and was now close at hand. This is the less necessary, as the matter has been so ably investigated by our noble author, as well as by Mr. Tytler. Resisting, therefore, the strong temptation of breaking a lance in all love and honour with these redoubted champions, who do not always agree with each other, we hasten to bring our remarks to a conclusion.

Briefly as we have noticed the first volume,—briefly, that is, in comparison with the value and number of the topics it embraces,—we have yet so far outstretched our narrow limits as to make it necessary to pass over the remaining portions with little more than a glance at their contents. And yet, what a mass of interesting matter lies before us, which we should find it a labour of love to discuss at length. Two-thirds of the second volume are occupied with details connected with the Great Civil War, wherein, as may be supposed, the various branches of the Lindsays played a most conspicuous part, and not always on the same side. If they differed from each other in their political views, they also differed from themselves, nor do we think that any charge of inconstancy can be brought against them on this score; men might go great lengths with the Parliament, who yet conscientiously fell from them as their plans more completely unfolded themselves. On the other hand, there were no doubt wise and good men who really loved the monarch, and yet shrunk from the arbitrary schemes of Strafford, and drew their swords on the opposite side without any suspicion of self-seeking. Thus, in going through these pages, the reader will at one time find a Lindsay assisting with heart and hand the loyalists, or enacting the part of a bishop, and being greeted with popular cries of, "False Antichristian, Wolf, Beastly Belly-God, Crafty Fox, and Ill-hanged Thief," besides receiving a stool at his head while in the very act of officiating at the altar. At others, he will see a Lindsay and a Balcarres fighting with all the desperate courage of their race to uphold the Covenant. The whole scene, however, is one mass of confusion, and nothing but the most patient attention will enable any one to find his way through it, for the family having by this time branched off into various ramifications, it is often difficult to distinguish the precise individual amongst a throng of similar names.

Amidst all this wild hurly-burly,—for no other word in the English language will sufficiently express it,—some beautiful trait of devotion, or

* *Gynkertoun*, the name of an old Scotch tune, now lost to us.

† *Luffet*, lovedst, as in the next line behufft for behaved.

some interesting family anecdote, or some story of superstition, is ever recurring, when least expected. But out of these abundant stores the most we can do is to give one interesting little story—or rather incident, for it amounts to no more—before we close this volume.

Colin, third Earl of Balcarres, was about to be married to Mauritia de Nassau, a kinswoman of William, Prince of Orange, who subsequently became king of England.—“The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his nightgown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast! Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case; a friend in the company gave him one,—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride. It was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones,—on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared that she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.”

The third and last volume is of a very miscellaneous nature, and, though by no means deficient in interest, yet the articles composing it have no further relation to the body of the work than as being written by various members of the same family. They are upon the Maroon War, in Jamaica, upon the Cape of Good Hope, upon the attack of Gibraltar, in 1782, and upon China. Though well written, they do not appear to much advantage after the strong excitement of the preceding volumes as they would otherwise do, for, as every experienced gastronomer knows, no less depends upon the judicious ordering of the dishes at a grand banquet than upon the cooking of them. But where the host has spread before us a board at once so plenteous and so elegant, we ought not, perhaps, to indulge in petty cavils, which, after all, may only serve to remind our readers of Momus, who, when he could find no other fault with Venus, bitterly objected to the noise made by her slippers. At the same time, too, we must enter a caveat against any one's supposing our censures to extend to a “Brief residence at the Cape of Good Hope” by Lady Anne Barnard,* and this we say, not in the spirit of gallantry—for reviewers

* Lady Anne Barnard, sister of the late earl of Balcarres, wrote the beautiful ballad of Robin Gray, but kept the secret so well that a controversy arose as to the probable date of the production, some asserting that it was of considerable antiquity, and had been composed by David Rizzio. “I was persecuted,” says the lady herself in a very interesting letter, dated 1823, to avow whether I had written it or not, or where I had got it. However, I kept my counsel in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr Jerritingham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. I must also mention,” continues Lady Anne, “the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who in a tête-à-tête afterwards, said, ‘My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, *to make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea, say, to make it twenty merks*; for a Scotch pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was no such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line,’ whispered he, ‘that tells me that sang was written by some bonny lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an anld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.’”

are much too flinty-hearted for such sentiment—but in the beaten way of truth. It is a delightful paper, and a most delightful woman must the writer of it have been, or she must have such a power of assuming character as never before was given to human being. The poet, Crabbe, has beautifully described how different the same landscape appeared to the lover, when going to his mistress under a sense of neglect, and when returning from her after their quarrel had been made up. Now the same thing obtains in other cases, the physical and moral world being pretty nearly good or evil according to the perceptions of the observer; some can see beauty in a moor, while others can find little to admire in the banks of the Thames—as witness the French traveller, who scornfully asked, “take away the hill and water, and what is Richmond?”—But Lady Anne Barnard was “a spirit of another kind;” hers was one of those happily-constituted minds which can discover a source of gratification in the most unpromising objects; everything absolutely glows and brightens under her pen, till the reader cannot help feeling in good humour with himself, and with all that she is describing. We are not quite sure, but we can verily believe that she would reconcile us to the fens of Essex, and make us find something to admire in a toad or a rattlesnake.

THE DIARY OF CAMDEN VAVASOUR, LL.D.

COMPREHENSIVE as Dr. Johnson's definition of man may be, it has always seemed to me to want something to make it quite satisfactory. According to my notions, man is not only, as the doctor defines him, "a cooking animal," but he is also in the broadest sense of the word, a *gossiping animal*; and, although it is usual to confine this epithet to the ladies, I must take upon me to deny the justice of any such limitation. Let the most taciturn man be freed from the cares and occupations of life which kept him silent, and from that moment he becomes a gossip; the thing is inevitable, as must be plain to any one of common experience. I know it by others, I know it by myself; and hence it is, that I have taken the fancy of recording whatever I see or hear in the course of the day. There is a pleasure in keeping a diary that can be imagined by none, save those who have long indulged in such a recreation; it is an actual relief to the mind, which has, as it were, sucked itself full, and is thus made, like an overloaded sponge, to disgorge what it has imbibed; and this I have ever considered to be the true explanation of the myth or fable of King Midas' tonsor; not being able, says the legend, to keep to himself the secret of the Lydian's having asses' ears, he forthwith went and whispered the same to the reeds or rushes. Now, as everybody knows, the papyrus, on which the ancients wrote, was a peculiar species of rush, and the plain meaning of the figment, thus symbolically wrapt up and concealed from vulgar view, is, that the honest barber made a memorandum in his rush-diary of the length and breadth of the royal ears, just as he might have noted down any other curious occurrence. In short, he was a Lydian Mr. Pepys.

Hoc jocosè—for some how, as years steals upon us, we grow more and more apt to see everything on the ridiculous side, except indeed where age happens to sour into cynicism and utter discontent, so vile an alternative, that, I trust, the reader will not feel very angry if he finds me sometimes laughing when he is disposed to be sentimental. It is a pleasant laugh that spares us a heart-burning.

Here then I shall set down all my crude thoughts and idle fancies as they are suggested by what I see, hear, and read. A looker-on is proverbially said to understand more of the game than those who are actually engaged in it; and, if so, I am in the best of all possible situations for observing how things go on. To me

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players—"

and oftentimes very sorry players—but that is hy-the-bye.

No one, of course, will expect to find either order or connection in this diary, nor will feel much surprise if I wander from grave to gay, from

antiquarian gossip to royal progresses, with now and then a hasty glance at some new work of art that stands out more prominent in worldly regard than its fellows, or a criticism, of some half-dozen lines upon a work that may have cost the author as many years—all in the hope of immortality—immortality! *proh deum atque hominum fidem!* why, unless our posterity makes haste to bury in oblivion nine-tenths of what we write they will most assuredly be overwhelmed. Our modern publications darken the air like a swarm of locusts, and stand quite as much in need of a hurricane to sweep them off into the Red Sea, or the Black Sea, or the White Sea, or into some pit that is absolutely bottomless. If authors ever did calculate, though that is hardly to be hoped for, they would see they are doomed by the inevitable laws of arithmetic. Every day produces, at least, two volumes, allowing England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, each to furnish its contingent; now, carry on that fruitful process through twenty years only, and we have the enormous result of fourteen thousand volumes, to say nothing of the works that have established their claims to be read by every one. How in the name of fortune is any man to get through such a mass, even if he should give up all other occupations, sleeping and eating included, and do nothing but read? The only hope of the world—certainly the only chance for modern authors—seems to be, that another Aboubekir may arise and commission a second Khaled to burn all the books he can lay his hands upon.

And now to the business of the month, which many will, no doubt, think has been too long delayed by this proëmium.

All London, I find, is in a state of unusual bustle, being moved thereby by the Queen's setting out for Ireland. Well, as I never choose to be wiser than my neighbours, I will incontinently take ship also to witness the raree-show—but at a convenient distance though; "*Odi profanum vulgus*," which may be vernacularly rendered, I have no mind to have my toes trod upon, or my ribs stoved in, by coming in too close contact with the many-handed gentleman, *vulgo dictum*, the mob.

Thursday, August 2nd.—It is now about six o'clock in the evening, when the appearance of the Victoria and Albert, off Cove lighthouse, is communicated by telegraph, and in an hour afterwards the Vivid, steamer, enters the harbour with intelligence that the Royal Squadron is fast approaching. At nine, accordingly, Her Majesty's yacht nears the land. In an instant, the generous, warm-hearted Irishman forgets his rags and his hunger, and, probably a harder task, his hatred for the name of the Saxon, and thinks only of welcoming his Sovereign. Every light on the sudden seems to be a-blaze with bonfires, and thousands of rockets shoot up into the air, whizzing, sparkling, and bursting, while fireworks of every description fly about in such quantities as actually to illuminate the town below.

Cork was the first place in Ireland that the Queen visited, an honour which the inhabitants proposed to commemorate by calling Cove for the future Queen's Town. The compliment was, no doubt, well intended, and, of course, was well received, but I hardly know whether to praise this removal of ancient landmarks, even while approving most highly of the motives which gave rise to it.

Friday, August 3rd.—At an early hour in the forenoon, a deputation

waited on the Queen aboard the Royal yacht, when it was intimated to them that Her Majesty would land at Cove and visit the pavilion, which she accordingly did at about four o'clock in the afternoon, somewhat to the discomfiture of the civic authorities, who had not yet made the necessary arrangements for the Royal reception. The worthy mayor was much in the state of a lady-hostess, caught by some premature visitor in all the horror of curl-papers and fires not half burnt up. A delicate hint on this unready state of affairs was conveyed to the proper quarters; but the Queen seemed to make marvellously little of the poor gentleman's dilemma, and having graciously knighted him, in requital of his civic address, as well as received the other addresses presented to her from various quarters, set out in grand procession. It was now that her Majesty met with many of those little attentions, which used to please "good Queen Bess" beyond all speeches, for, sooth to say, she was apt to get *pertusa barbara lopuela*—sick, that is, of addresses—and, like Master Justice in the old play, had an eye to the substantial. I know not how the present Majesty of England—and never did the crown rest upon a fairer brow—might feel upon the occasion, but there is something to my taste inexpressibly delightful in the simple testimonies of good will that were offered to her by the humbler classes. Thus, the Blackrock fishermen, twenty in number, made an offering of a fine salmon, ornamented with shamrocks and green ribbons; and the children of the Cork Embroidery School testified their love and duty by the present of a pocket handkerchief, with figures worked in three corners, V. R. surmounted by a crown in the fourth, and the whole trimmed with British lace. A frock also, for one of the young princesses, was presented by the young workwomen, and a worked shirt-front for Prince Albert.

Saturday, August 3rd.—"A change came o'er the spirit of the weather." A raw wind blew from the east, while the haze drifted along the hill tops that environed the beautiful waters of Cove. A still more intelligible sign of Neptune's being disposed to rebel against Britannia's claim to rule the waves might be found in the merry dance that now began among the small craft which had collected about the Royal squadron, their lug-sails plunging deep into the sea as the waters dashed over their gunwales. The Vivid, however, which had been ordered outside to report on the state of the weather, returned in about an hour with so favourable a report, that the Royal squadron soon began to move down the channel towards the sea. This was the moment for a poet or a painter. The heavy guns of the citadel on Spike Island, answered by those of Carlisle Fort, commenced a Royal salute, which was taken up by the Ganges, 74, and La Hogue, a steam guard-ship, the sixty-eight pounders of the latter emulating the thunder when at the loudest. As the squadron passed on, the soldiers drawn up on the ramparts of the citadel and Fort Carlisle gave those tremendous cheers, which the enemy had so often good cause to remember in the Peninsular War, for never was that cry heard but the fatal charge of the British bayonet as surely followed, sweeping everything before it. Now the same sounds expressed the same height of enthusiasm, but animated by a very different object—the enthusiasm of devoted loyalty instead of warlike defiance; and, rough as they were, must have made a right pleasant music to the ears for which they were intended.

The passage out to sea was, and of course is, exceedingly beautiful, for rocks and rivers are not so mutable in their fashions as the rest of the world; the green or grey vesture they wore a hundred years ago, they wear to-day, and their shapes remain unaltered. In the present case, no one could have wished it to be otherwise, for what change could have improved the landscape? Fine undulating hills, which now advanced, glassing themselves in the tide below, and now again receded, seemed to shape the water into a succession of lakes; at one moment the eye was caught by the beauty of some woody knoll; at another, as the vessel flew on, and the shore rolled away, there started into sight the beetling headland, covered with some ancient castle, or crested with waving trees; and anon this, in turn, would give way to some new and no less beautiful feature of the ever-changing landscape. But all this was past in an incredibly short space of time, and the lively little craft rode like a bird upon the blue waters, though the wind was freshening every moment. Certain mysterious signals now flew out from her masts, when a race began among some of the attendant vessels, greatly to the amusement of the Royal voyagers.

The Queen is said to be a good sailor. I am heartily glad to hear it, for the wind begins to freshen in no lady-like fashion. The yacht, too, hugs the land, and about three o'clock is fain to make for Tramore Bay, a little creek close by Waterford. A pretty little place is this same Tramore, being to Waterford what Gaeta was to Rome—*litus amenum jucundi recessus*—with its fairy villas and neat rows of houses drawn up above the bay. On went the Royal yacht with her companions. First she passed Brownstone-head, a formidable bluff, up the sides of which the waves broke in masses of white foam; then, on the left, appeared the light-house of Dunmore; then, rounding their course to the opposite side of the channel, whereon stands the Hook-light, the flotilla passed up the broad estuary in which the Suir loses itself, and at the head of which stands Waterford; finally, at about half-past four o'clock, the voyagers dropt anchor for the night between Passage and Ballyhook, two small fishing stations, but having, as usual, the accompaniment of a ruined castle and a new chapel.

Sunday, August 4th.—At an early hour the Vivid, as usual, left the harbour and went out a few miles to inquire what mood Father Ocean might be in, and whether he seemed inclined to behave with civility to the Royal visitors. The answer being favourable, in spite of cloudy skies and a strong east breeze, the squadron weighed anchor a little after nine o'clock, and stood down the river. In a short time, Her Majesty's yacht had opened the Hook-light, and passed the fatal

“Creek of Baggenhun,
Where Ireland was lost and won;”

the explanation of which traditional rhyme is, that just 700 years ago, Strongbow landed here with his knights and archers, and mingling fraud with force, after the most approved fashion of all great conquerors, he contrived to appropriate to himself sundry parts and parcels of Irish land, to which he had about as just a claim as he would have had to the mountains in the moon, could he have made his way up to that planet. Thence their course—the Queen's that is, and Prince Albert's, not Strongbow's and his stout companions—lay by the Saltees, a cluster of

rocks which have proved fatal to many a gallant bark, and many a brave seaman, who has here found a grave without an epitaph. Next came Tuscar, the Irish Eddystone, erected upon a huge mass of half-sunken granite, in a stormy though shallow sea, some miles from any land.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

says the poet, but a faint haze obscuring the outlines of the coast, answered the same purpose as well, if not better, since the occasional glimpses it let in of bluff and promontory, that might be rock or cloud—you could not make out which—added a singular charm to the loneliness of the wide and turbid waters.

Passing between the Acklow banks and the mainland, but too far off to see anything distinctly through the mist, the little fleet now began to near the shore, and the purple mountains of Wicklow, interchanged with green hills and undulating corn-fields, gradually came into sight. On rounding the high promontory of Bray, Killiney Bay presented itself, its ample range overcrowded—in military phrase—by the Wicklow and Dublin mountains. From this point the bay, taking a semicircular form, sweeps inland till it is terminated by a corresponding promontory, which, with the little Island of Dalkey, shuts out Kingston harbour, and no small part of Dublin Bay.

It was a little past seven when the Victoria and Albert dropped anchor in Kingston harbour, amidst the shouts of an assemblage that seemed to darken the land for miles around. The reception of the Queen by her good people of Dublin was such as to baffle all description, and which, if it could be described, would hardly be believed by those who have not witnessed it. More enthusiastic it could not have proved had she been the mightiest of conquerors returning from some hard-won battle-field. Ladies, forgetting the old decorum which confined their jubulations to the silent waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, cheered as heartily, if not as loudly, as the men themselves, and so wild was the joyous uproar, that the Queen, who had commenced a speech of thanks to the Mayor of Dublin upon being presented with the city-keys, found it requisite to break off before she had uttered a dozen words. And yet there are hundreds of sour democrats—philosophers without philosophy, and reasoners without reason—who would fain persuade us that titles and ancestry are mere nothings. How absurd is all this! Whatever can exercise such influence over the minds of millions must be something,—something, at all events, to man, who is the subject of it. But it is the great error of your pseudo-philosophers to argue on man as if he were a mere automaton, whose movements can be as surely calculated as the movements of a piece of clock-work.

A volume would hardly suffice to give all the details of the Queen's landing and progress through the city,—how one flag went down, and another went up,—how cannons roared, and the people roared yet louder,—how soldiers saluted,—how corporators speechified,—how one old lady, in her admiration of the Royal children, screamed out, "Oh, Queen, dear! make one of them Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!"—how every hedge was festooned with flags, and the poorest cottage had its wreaths of flowers and evergreens,—how banners waved from every house, with mottoes of all sorts and kinds, the most frequent of which was the warm-hearted,

old Irish hail of *Cead mille failtha!*—(A Hundred Thousand Welcomes!)—how, at night, the beautiful city of Dublin was as light as noon-day with the blaze of illuminations—and how—and how—and how—but we must really take breath, and leave the rest to the reader's imagination, assuring him that when he has done his best it will fall far short of the reality.

It is needless, I apprehend, to pursue the theme of this Irish visit much further. At Belfast the Queen was received with the same enthusiasm as at Dublin; but when she would fain have pushed across the Channel and visited Scotland, both sea and air made a tolerably strong demonstration to the contrary. Many of the papers, I see, have grown quite poetical and descriptive on the subject, but they can hardly be accused of exaggeration. Certes, the wind did howl, and the water writhed and coiled like an angry serpent, and the poor little squadron seemed to be flying in all directions. It was what a landsman would have called an awful sight so long as he was afloat, and described as being prodigiously grand the moment he found himself safe ashore. After all, though I am no advocate for drowning, there is something—what shall I call it?—delightful?—no, that's not the word; but something exhilarating—maddening, almost—in being tossed about in a well-found craft, with a small spice of danger; not too much, but just enough to rouse the energies—to give a man the pride and consciousness of daring. Try it, my friends; try it, aboard a fine Deal or Dover pilot-boat, and my life for it you will say all the pleasures of the Opera—though Sontag warbled, and Tolbecque fiddled—are tame, flat, and unprofitable in the comparison.

After many unsuccessful attempts to land at Arrochar, the Queen made the best of her way to Glasgow. Congratulations as usual. Sight-seeing as usual. The weather moderating a little, the sun looks out, and off we go to Perth. N.B. Very few soldiers to be seen, and their absence, I must allow, though by no means troubled with the scarlet fever, did somewhat take from the usual splendour of such scenes. Thence to Balmoral, about sixty miles from Perth, where for the present I must leave the Queen to repose from her late fatigues.

SINGULAR EXPERIMENT.—M. P. H. Boutigny has long been known to the world as an able philosopher, more particularly for his experiments on the spheroidal condition of water; but he has now shown himself to be a hero; nay, I doubt much if many a brave soldier would not shrink from repeating his late experiment on melted metals, even now that he has shewn they may be handled with perfect safety. The whole affair is so curious, that I here transcribe it for the benefit of my readers:—"I have made," he says, "the following experiments:—I divided, or cut with my hand, a jet of melted metal of five centimetres which escaped by the tap. I immediately plunged the other hand into a pot filled with incandescent metal, which was truly fearful to look at. I involuntarily shuddered, but both hands came out of the ordeal victorious. . . . I shall of course be asked what are the precautions necessary to prevent the disorganizing action of the incandescent mass. I answer—none. Have no fear; make the experiment with confidence; pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, in the metal in full fusion. The experiment succeeds perfectly when the skin is moist, and the dread usually felt at facing masses of fire supplies the necessary moisture,"—I should think

so!—"but by taking some precaution we may become truly invulnerable. The following succeeds best with me:—I rub my hands with soap, so as to give them a polished surface; then, at the instant of trying the experiment, I dip my hands into a cold solution of sal ammonia, saturated with sulphurous acid." I certainly will try the experiment—when I have leisure. In the meanwhile, "it is earnestly recommended," as advertisers say, "to the nobility, gentry, and public in general."

THE LUTTRELL COLLECTION.—So! this splendid collection, in two huge folio volumes, of ballads, elegies, satires, and broadsides, has at length been brought to the hammer. Strange to say, the rich prize, instead of being pounced upon by the British Museum, has been allowed to glide, as it were, into the hands of Mr. Pickering, the bookseller, and for the small sum of sixty pounds. Not having had the good fortune to be present at the sale, I betake myself to the shop of the lucky purchaser, who, with prompt and liberal courtesy, allows me to inspect his new acquisition, and even to take such notes as I think proper. Many a private collector would have shewn himself more jealous of such a treasure, for many of the ballads are undeniably unique, and nearly all are highly curious. One large series relates to the so-called Popish Plot, abounding in encomiastic song and epitaph on Beddoes, Titus Oates, Scroggs, and a set of worthies who by some unaccountable mistake escaped the gallows to which they might plead so just a title. Truth to say, these excellent individuals cut a very different figure in popular ballad from what they do in history. But there are two handles to everything, and lucky is he who catches hold of the right one. As a counterpart to the praises of Oates and Judge Scroggs, we have more than one satirical essay on Russell and Algernon Sydney. Charles the First and Charles the Second are more fortunate, being highly lauded both living and dead, in song no less than in elegy.

But what is this? "An Elegy upon Mr. Clun, on Comedean of the Theator Royal, who was roh'd and most inhumanely murdered on Tuesday Night, being the 2nd of August, 1664, near Totnam Court, as he was riding to his Country-house at Kentish Town."

Another hallad, or elegy, gives us the death of Hart, the actor, and shewing in what characters he was principally thought to excel. Lilly, also, the notorious astrologer, of "a curious and piercing judgment in the casting of nativities," comes in for sundry panegyrics, as well as for a decent share of satire, the latter, as every one knows, being by far the best deserved by the learned philomath. Also certain "minions of the night," as Falstaff would have his friends styled, are placed upon honourable record; as, for instance,—“On the Suspension of that Famous Thief, Thomas Sadler, fifteen times student in that renowned Colledge,”—*videlicet*, Newgate—"who, to the great regret of his associates, was transferred to Tyburn, March 16th, 1677." Now, if this be not immortality, I should like to know what is. How many an honest simpleton strives to make a name for himself, and, with all his pains, is forgotten before the first shower has fallen upon his grave! Certes, the inscription over Newgate doorway should be "Sic itur ad astra,"—through this porch lies the way to immortality.

One large series—for these volumes are divided into several—relates to the time of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth. Another is devoted to elegies and panegyrics in Latin, and this to me is the great mystery of

the volume; many of them, according to the manuscript memoranda upon their respective margins, were first published for a penny, and not a few for a halfpenny; now where, in the name of fortune, could buyers of Latin verse be found in sufficient numbers to remunerate the vendor for his outlay in print and paper? Surely they never could have been mercantile speculations, but must have been sent forth to the world at the private cost of the writers, or of the persons eulogised.

The last part to be mentioned is a collection of prose broadsides, proclamations, &c., all sufficiently curious, though copies of them may be found elsewhere. And now, query? will the Trustees of that noble institution, the British Museum, step in and purchase these treasures before some private individual of taste and fortune steps in and snaps up the prize? As Stephano dolefully observes upon the loss of his bottle,—"There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, but an infinite loss." Second thoughts are generally supposed to be the best. Query then—after all is Mr. Pickering any thing more than a mere agent in this matter for the British Museum? Of a verity I do suspect him grievously.

LITERATURE.—As one who has been guilty of divers offences in prose and verse, I must honestly confess that in general I bear little love or respect for reviewers. Still, it must be admitted that these same reviewers do every now and then strike out some extraordinary things. Here, for instance, Mr. Pettigrew, the surgeon, and celebrated unroller of Egyptian mummies, indites a *Life of Lord Nelson*, which, though "too high for a low praise, is somewhat too low for a high praise," when up starts a writer in the *Times* (August 17th, *et seq.*), and, in a few brilliant columns, pours the electric spark into the not very animate mass, and fills it with life and intelligence. The work, however, is valuable, as supplying that view of the domestic life of Nelson which is wanting in the otherwise excellent biography of the great Admiral by Sir Harris Nicholas. The two should stand together on the same shelf in every library that has a place at all for such matters.

It is no fault of the booksellers if we do not become intimately acquainted with the sayings and doings of our forefathers. Every letter of theirs, or worm-eaten manuscript, that can be dragged to light, is sure to find a ready publisher among the trade (as the bibliopologists designate themselves *par excellence*); and, I should imagine, for this very obvious reason,—they can better rely upon the curiosity than upon the taste of the public. Well, if there be some evil, there is also some good in this total abandonment by the booksellers of the right of judging for themselves, and in place thereof trusting implicitly to the stamp of other times. Many excellent works do we owe to this self-denying ordinance on their part, in illustration of which I may quote "Upwards of One Thousand Original letters from the Leading Cavaliers." This treasure, it would seem, with various other papers connected with the life of Prince Rupert, was transmitted through several generations from a Colonel Bennett,* Prince Rupert's secretary, to his collateral descendant, Mr. Benett, of Pyt House, in Wiltshire, M.P. for the southern division of that county. The whole was purchased by Bentley, the publisher, who entrusted the editing of it to Mr. Eliot Warburton, already well known to the public

* Mrs. Patencia Bish op, sister and sole heir of Colonel Thomas Bennett of Pyt House, Secretary to Prince Rupert, married William Bennett, Esq. of Norton Bavant, Recorder of Shaftesbury, and had a son, Thomas Bennett, Esq. of Norton Bavant, grandfather of the present JOHN BENETT, Esq. of Pyt House, Wilts.—*Ed. St. James's Magazine.*

by his "Crescent and the Cross." And ably has he fulfilled his allotted task; he has brought to it zeal, knowledge, and fidelity; nor are his prejudices more than might have been expected from one who enters heart and soul into any topic. I question, though, if he has done altogether wisely in making the letters the basis of a continuous narrative; it would, perhaps, have been better had he confined himself to such occasional notes and illustrations as might have been necessary to make the letters intelligible to the general reader. But this, after all, is mere matter of taste and opinion.

To call a new cause—and a very strange one, for the book lying before me, namely, the "Worthies of Westmoreland," by George Atkinson, Esq., is as singular as it is clever, with abundance of information raked up out of odd holes and corners. It is plain that the author has read much and well, and the zeal he brings to his task can hardly fail of exciting a similar feeling amongst his readers. But why tantalize us with a single volume only, and that chiefly confined to the worthies of the Church? Westmoreland has illustrious names in other walks, which equally deserve a record, and it will be a thing much to be regretted if the learned counsel should leave his work incomplete—*Incumbite remis*.*

BRITISH MUSEUM.—It would seem as if all the readers at this institution had sworn a crusade against the heads thereof as heartily and conscientiously as ever did the knights of old against the Mahomedan possessors of the Holy Land. Signor Panizzi is to them a second Sultan Saladin,

"Who plays the rake in Palestine;"

and the catalogue he has in hand is the false Koran, which they hold unfit for reading by any orthodox Christian. But even for that very reason, because so many have entered the lists, do I forbear putting spur in rest, albeit, my conscience will not deny that these gallant crusaders have done the state some service; they have plunged their spurs, rowel deep, into the flanks of the Museum authorities from highest to lowest, but, as every one knows, a good horse may need the spur now and then, and yet be a good horse notwithstanding. Instead of entering into this keen encounter of angry spirits, be it mine to record what has been done, or is proposed to be done, *in re* British public *versus* British Museum, always protesting against being made responsible for any sentiments that I may have to record on one side or the other, "*ni pongo rey, ni quito rey*," as honest Sancho says; I neither make king nor mar king—neither side with plaintiff nor defendant in the case—and so, *laissez aller preux chevaliers*, and Heaven defend the right.

Before, however, proceeding to shew what the commissioners propose in the way of amendments, it may be as well to say a few words on the origin, progress, and existing state of the Museum. This will enable the reader, as from a commanding point of view, to see and estimate the changes that are suggested.

No idea of establishing a national library and museum seems to have occurred to the English government before the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was first proposed by Sir Hans Sloane, who had made a large collection of books, manuscripts, works of art, and objects of natural history. They had cost him not less than £50,000, and, unwill-

* We purpose on an early occasion entering more at large on Mr. Atkinson's curious and interesting work.—*Ed. St. James's Magazine*.

ling to leave his heirs destitute, while he yet desired to found an establishment so much needed, the kind-hearted physieian directed by his will that the collection should be offered to the public for £20,000. Upon his death, which took place in 1753, the offer was accordingly made and accepted, an act being passed to that effect, as also for the purchase of the Harleian manuscripts. By the same act it was also directed that the Cottonian MSS., given to the public in the time of William III., together with the library of Major Edwards, should form a part of the general collection. By means of a lottery, more than £100,000 were raised; but when all contingent expenses had been discharged, the commissioners did not receive more than £95,000, out of which they paid the executors of Sir Hans Sloane, gave £10,000 to the Earl and Countess of Oxford for the Harleian MSS., and to Lord Halifax, £10,250 for Montague House, and £12,873 for its repairs, being £7,000 beyond the estimated cost; the rest, after sundry minor demands had been defrayed, was invested in the funds to meet future contingencies. From that period, various individuals of rank and eminence have contributed largely to the national establishment. George I., II., III., and IV., have all been most munificent benefactors to the Museum, by the same token that the latter got as much abuse as thanks for his liberality. In addition to these splendid contributions, the trustees have obtained for the public, either by gift or purchase, many other valuable collections, such as that of Sir John Hawkins, Dr. C. Burney, Garriek, Thomas Tyrwhitt, Sir W. Musgrave, Dr. Bentley, Mrs. S. S. Banks, Sir R. C. Hoare, Cracherode, Francis Hargrave, M. Ginguene, and many others that would swell the list beyond all reasonable limits. These and similar accumulations in the several departments of antiquity, mineralogy, &c., long since made the Museum in the plight of a youth who has outgrown his clothes; the general collection had grown too large for the building, and it was found necessary, from time to time, to make large additions, till the result has been, the enormous pile we have now, and which must of necessity go on increasing. And yet, I can remember the time when two old-fashioned rooms, of very moderate dimensions, were reckoned quite enough for all useful purposes, and two books at the time were all that were allowed to any reader. But in September, 1838, the new reading rooms were thrown open, and the ideas of the librarians having expanded with the building, the supply of works began to be unlimited.

The management of this noble institution is vested under various acts in forty-eight trustees, including twenty-three who are official, nine family trustees, one Royal trustee, and fifteen elected by the other thirty-three. The official trustees are, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the three principal Secretaries of State, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, and the President of the Royal Academy. Of the family trustees, two represent the Sloane, two the Cottonian, two the Harleian, one the Townley, one the Elgin, and one the Knight families, by whom they are respectively appointed.

Although such an arrangement might have suited the Museum in its infant state, it has been long obvious that it was not so well calculated for the present gigantic establishment. Accordingly, after some years of grumbling on the part of the public, on the 17th of June, 1848, her Majesty issued a Commission for an inquiry into the actual state of the institution, the result of which shews that, since 1823, the building itself has cost £700,000, and that the purchases since 1755 have exceeded £1,100,000, large sums certainly, but not larger, perhaps not so large as ought to have been laid out upon so useful as well as honourable an establishment. How far the money may have been well or ill expended is a question into which I do not enter; indeed, the data afforded by the report are hardly sufficient to enable any one to give a just opinion. That the commissioners are not altogether satisfied would appear from their making the following propositions for the future government and regulation of the British Museum:—

I.—In the establishment, or revival, of an executive government, vested in one person solely responsible for the due execution of his duty, but assisted by a council, to whom he might readily and on all occasions resort for advice and assistance.

II.—In the establishment of a committee of trustees—a standing committee—elected and undertaking personally to perform all those duties of superintendence, investigation, and control, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of the trustees as distinguished from the duties of practical management and executive government, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of a governor or director.

III.—In providing better for the patronage or power of appointing all officers and servants.

The details of a scheme of management cannot be finally settled or recommended without further investigation, and a fuller and clearer statement than has yet been made of the objects which are intended to be secured by means of the institution.

But in the meantime it may be of some use to state for the purpose of consideration and discussion, the general outlines of a scheme, the applicability of which may be inquired into and tested in the progress of the investigations which are now taking place.

In the following suggestions minute details have been purposely avoided. They are not proposed, or in any way recommended for adoption, but stated only as aids to consideration and discussion in a matter of some complication, and with a view to mark the distinction between the powers and duties of the trustees, and the powers and duties of the officers.

I. (1).—The principal librarian might be governor and director of the Museum, the head of the executive department responsible to the trustees, but authorised to enforce the observance of all general rules established by the trustees for the regulation of the establishment, and of every department therein.

I. (2).—He might be enabled to ask the advice and assistance of the heads of departments in all matters relating to the execution of any part of his duty.

I. (3).—He might keep a journal of his proceedings, and enter therein a note of all such matters as might be directed by the standing committee of trustees.

I. (4).—He might have under him, and subject to his order, a secre-

tary, or clerk, who might also act as clerk to the standing committee of trustees.

I. (5.)—The heads of departments might be councillors of the principal librarian, and bound (either together or severally) to give him such assistance as he might ask at their hands in any matters relating to the execution of any part of his duty.

I. (6.)—They might be subject to the orders and directions of the principal librarian in all matters which relate to the execution or performance of the general rules and orders established by the trustees.

I. (7.)—Each head of a department might (subject to such general rules and orders) have the general management of his own department, and be responsible for it.

II. (1.)—A general meeting of the trustees might be held annually, for the purpose of electing a standing committee of trustees for the ensuing year.

II. (2.)—The members of the standing committee might be chosen from among the elected trustees.

II. (3.)—The standing committee might consist of (four or five) trustees, three of whom might be a quorum.

II. (4.)—It might be provided that no trustee should be chosen a member of the standing committee unless he would first undertake to attend regularly to the business, unless hindered by some sufficient lawful occasion.

II. (5.)—The standing committee might meet at the Museum at least once in every fortnight.

II. (6.)—Any trustee might be at liberty to be present at the meetings of the standing committee, but no trustee (not a member of the committee) need be allowed to have any vote in the transaction of the business of such committee.

II. (7.)—The principal librarian might attend the meetings of the standing committee, and have a seat at the board, unless the members of the committee should, on some special occasions, and for special reasons, request him to withdraw during their deliberations.

II. (8.)—The standing committee might have authority to call general meetings of the trustees on any occasion which might seem to require greater authority than had been committed to them.

II. (9.)—Query, if it might not be expedient to enable the trustees to elect from among themselves a certain number of trustees, to be called by some such name as Consulting or Advising Trustees, consisting of trustees distinguished for special or superior attainments in particular branches of knowledge, and for that reason capable of occasionally giving most valuable assistance to the standing committee.

II. (10.)—And at the same time enabling and recommending the standing committee to ask the advice of, and consult with, such trustees whenever it should be thought expedient to do so.

II. (11.)—The advice, when given, to be always entered in the minute-book, and reported to the general meeting of trustees, but the standing committee not bound to act upon it.

I. II. (1.)—Free communication, without form or ceremony, should be established between the principal librarian and the heads of departments, and also between the principal librarian and the heads of departments on the one hand, and the standing committee on the other.

Reports to be made verbally or in writing, according to the nature and circumstances of each case, but always in writing when required by the standing committee or the principal librarian.

I. II. (2.)—Whenever the business of a particular department is under the consideration of the standing committee, and in the absence of any special reason to the contrary, the head of the department should be present, and allowed to state his opinion and advice before the adoption of any resolution on the subject.

III. (1.)—The principal librarian and the heads of departments might be appointed by her Majesty, subject to suspension by the standing committee, and to removal by the trustees at a general meeting.

III. (2.)—The subordinate officers in each department might be appointed by the head of the department with the approbation of the standing committee, subject to suspension by the principal librarian, and to removal by the standing committee.

III. (3.)—The servants, workmen, &c., employed exclusively in any department, might be appointed by the head of the department, subject to suspension by himself, and to removal by the principal librarian.

III. (4.)—The principal librarian might appoint or remove the clerk or secretary with the approbation of the standing committee, and might have the appointment and removal of all other servants, workmen, &c., employed in the establishment.

Upon some future occasion, I may be tempted, like Launcelot, "briefly to let loose mine opinion" as to these matters. They open a wide field for argument, and the question is one of no slight importance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

FAMILY OF BONAPARTE.

Sir,—Will not the annexed particulars, which may be relied upon, with reference to the family of the President of the French Republic, be of present interest to your readers, and correct much inaccuracy which is abroad?

Napoleon affected to repudiate any nobility beyond that which he had achieved himself, and replied to the Austrian Ambassador who inquired as to his ancestry, that he dated his nobility from his first victory, the battle of Monte Notte; certain it is that the house of Bonaparte was of distinction so early as the twelfth century. The Emperor's father, Carlo Bonaparte, was an eminent advocate, and afterwards one of the most patriotic defenders of Corsican independence against French aggression; his mother was Letitia Ramolini, (half sister of Cardinal Fesch) one of the most beautiful of the maidens of Corsica, and a woman of great strength of mind; she lived to the age of 82, well known as *Madame Mere*, and died at Rome in 1832. Her Family by Carlo Bonaparte consisted of

Joseph, King of Spain.

NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French

Lucien, Prince of Canino.

Louis, King of Holland.
and Jerome, King of Westphalia.

Eliza, m. to Paschal de Bacchiochi, Grand Duke of Lucca.

Pauline, m. first to General Le Clerc, and 2dly to Prince Camillo de Borghese.

and Caroline to Joachim Murat, King of Naples.

Of these the only survivor is the youngest son Jerome, of Lonis. The fourth son, the present President of the French Republic, is the only remaining child; he was born in Paris, 20th April, 1808, and is unmarried. His mother, Hortense, Duchess of St. Len, was dau. of the Viscount Alexander de Beauharnois, and step-daughter of NAPOLEON; she survived until 1837.

AJACCIO.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—The Laura of Sade and the Laura of Petrarch are now known to have been distinct personages—Sade's heroine was Laura *de Baux*, who died at Vancluse, *anno* 1357. Have you the means, from your foreign genealogical research, of informing me from what family Laura de Baux derived, whether of a French or Italian house, and what were the armorial bearings?

PETRA SANCTA.

* * In our next number, we will supply the required particulars: and we shall at all times be most happy to render our correspondents every assistance in our power in historic and genealogical research.—*Ed. St. James's Magazine.*

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I should be obliged by any of your readers informing me, through the medium of the "St. James's Magazine," if any connexion existed between the families of Att-Sea or de la Mere of the districts of Holderness, co. York, temp. Edw. IV. and the Att-Sea's of Herne, co. Kent (now I believe extinct), as well as by reference to records where such identity can be verified.

G. C. H.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—The announcement of your Heraldic Journal pleases me much. As a repository of Genealogical and Historic information it may be made highly valuable and interesting, and I trust you will not object to impart heraldic knowledge to those of your correspondents who stand in need thereof. I wish particularly to have a copy of the pedigree of the family of Dickinson, of Bradley, and to ascertain the proper spelling and correct Arms of the Name. Perhaps you would refer me to the collection you think may contain the former, and give me your opinion of the latter,

I am Sir, your obedient Servant,

ARMIGER.



THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

A NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

CAPTAIN John Smith is little known, we suspect, to most readers of the present day except as he figures in a page or so of the *Percy Anecdotes*, or as he may be found in conjunction with the name of the celebrated Indian princess, Pocahontas. Yet he was one of those extraordinary beings, who contrive to meet with more wonderful adventures than any hero of romance. To have been slave to a pacha, twice a captive among Indians, engaged in some score of battles, and to have resided at different times in all four quarters of the globe, are no every-day occurrences, and would certainly seem to entitle the adventurer to a lasting epitaph in the memories of men. But as the characters of our captain's record were never very deeply traced, and have much decayed by time, we propose to sharpen and revive them as Old Mortality used to freshen up with his chisel the mouldering tombstones of his departed friends, the Covenanters. The groundwork of this attempt will be the various accounts which it has pleased the captain to give of himself and others, and if now and then he should be found relating things not very credible, we can only say that he wrote at the desire of Sir Robert Cotton, and was patronized by Lord Pembroke.

John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579, this date being sufficiently attested by the inscription on his portrait "*Ætat. 37. A.D. 1616.*" The portrait, which exhibits a capacious forehead, and a rough but good-humoured face, is placed in a corner of the map prefixed to his "*Description of New England,*" occupying the waste ground, or terra incognita, that in old charts is usually assigned to an elephant. On the father's side he was descended from the Smiths of Cradley, in Lancashire; on the mother's side from the Richands, at Great Heck, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and his education was probably equal to his sphere of life, since he was brought up at the two free schools of Alford and Louth. Unfortunately, when he was scarcely thirteen years old both his parents died, and he fell into the hands of guardians who paid less attention to himself than to his property, taking such especial care of the latter that very little of it ever came into his hands. In the meanwhile, however, to restrain his roving disposition, of which he had already given strong indications in his father's lifetime, they bound him ap-

prentice, when he had reached his fifteenth year, to a Mr. Thomas Sendall, of Lynn, one of the greatest merchants in that part of the country. The hope of being sent to sea in his master's service enabled him for awhile to repress his roving inclinations, but when month after month passed without such expectations being realized, he privately quitted the merchant, though with only ten shillings in his pocket, and had soon the good fortune to be received into the train of the young, but in after times so celebrated, Lord Willoughby, who was about to visit France. From some cause which does not appear, this connection was not of long continuance; at Orleans he either received his discharge, or else dismissed himself from that love of echange and restlessness of disposition which were at all times his ruling passions. Whichever was the case, the young nobleman supplied him liberally with the means of returning to England, had he so chosen. Nothing however could be more remote from his thoughts; instead of going home he determined to see Paris, and there he became acquainted with a Mr. David Hume, who, in requital of certain loans, gave him commendatory letters to some friends in Scotland, that were to be the means of obtaining for him the patronage of King James. For the present he had no opportunity of testing the virtue of these talismans, for by the time he got to Rouen his purse had run so low that he was fain to drop down the river to Havre de Grace, and take service with the French monarch. Upon the termination of the civil wars, not having had enough yet of dry blows, he joined the Dutch armies for four years, when he again tired of his condition and resolved to visit Scotland. In the passage thither, with his usual destiny for adventures, he was shipwrecked on the Holy Isle, off the coast of Northumberland, but having the good luck to escape with life he followed out his original intention, and went on to the Scottish capital. Here, as might have been expected, his commendatory letters proved of no avail, though he would seem to have met with much kindness and hospitality, feelings indeed which his unceasing restlessness was not likely to allow of his exhausting. The most curious part is how he found the means for carrying out one-half of his vagrant fancies; whence came the funds for travel, or for maintenance when he was no longer at the hospitable board of others? on this subject both he and his biographers maintain a dignified silence, imitating therein the laudable example of the old romancers, who exhibit their heroes constantly in battle-field or lady's bower, and never descended to any vulgar particularities.

We next find our adventurer at his native place, Willoughby, when tiring, as usual, of his condition, and, in a sudden fit of dislike to all society, he retires to a secluded spot in the midst of a forest, where "by a faire brook he built a pavillion of houghes where only in his cloaths he lay." To pass away the time he studied Marcus Aurelius, and Machiavel's "Art of War," and rode at the ring with his lance, living chiefly on venison; what else he wanted was brought to him by his servant, from the mention of whom it would seem that he must have recovered at least some portion of his property from his guardians. The country around wondered mightily, as was natural, at this new hermit; at length his friends interfered, and by employing the agency of an Italian, who was rider to the Earl of Lincoln, they persuaded him to abandon his retreat, and once more mix with the great world. For a time he now resided with his Italian friend, at Tattershall, in Yorkshire, but, as

a matter of course, it was not long before he grew weary of this also, when he repaired once more to the Low Countries. There it was his mishap to meet with four French impostors,—a lord and his three companions, as they pretended—who persuaded him to go with them to Paris, under a promise of introducing him to the Duchess of Mercœur, “from whom they should not only have means, but also letters of favour to her noble Duke, then Generale for the Emperour Rodolphus in Hungary.” On arriving off the coast of Picardy, the three sharpers, by the connivance of the master of the barque, disappeared with his boxes, much to the indignation of the other passengers, who had like to have slain the master; yet with some inconsistency he was allowed to sell his cloak to pay the fare demanded, though one of them liberally supplied him with the means of prosecuting his journey.

He now went on to Caen, from which place he travelled to Mortain, and there he stumbled upon the four sharpers, but, from some causes that are not explained, was unable to get redress. This is the more surprising, as the noise of his loss helped him to the acquaintance of “divers honourable persons,” all prompt in shewing him hospitality, and assisting him with their purses. But “such pleasant pleasures suited little with his restless spirit.” On he wanders again from place to place, is found by a farmer “in a forest, neere dead with griefe and cold, by a faire fontaine under a tree,” is relieved by him, and journeys continually forward till, in Brittany, he meets the pseudo lord, and immediately falls upon him, sword in hand. After a short combat the latter is severely wounded, and, in a becoming fit of penitence, confesses his villainy, thereby satisfying the doubts of several Bretons who had witnessed the affair from “an old ruined tower.” As no further good was to be expected from such a subject, our adventurer resumes his journey, and embarks at Marseilles with a cargo of pilgrims bound for Rome.

It would have been strange, indeed, if one so fated to adventures had reached his destined port without an accident. In a short time so furious a storm arose that the ship was forced to anchor under the little Isle of St. Mary, where not a living creature was to be seen except kine and goats. Exasperated by this unpleasant state of affairs, the devout pilgrims turned all their wrath upon the Englishman, whose presence aboard they considered as the undoubted cause of the tempest, and, what was worse, they began to talk scandal of Queen Elizabeth. The abuse of himself he might possibly have digested in quiet, but their attack upon “the fair virgin throned in the west” was more than his loyalty could brook, and he retorted with equal vehemence. Words begat words, and oaths begat oaths, till the pilgrims ended the dispute by flinging their opponent overboard. To a man, however, of Smith’s habits, with a shore close at hand, this was a trifling inconvenience. Acustomed as he was, to the opposite elements of fire and water, he easily made his way to land, and the next day a ship from St. Malo being driven there by stress of weather, he again embarked, though the vessel had another destination from what he had originally proposed to himself.

When the storm had somewhat abated, the captain set sail for Alexandria in Egypt, and after a lengthened voyage, during which he touched at many places, the good ship passed into the Adriatic, where, “meeting with an argosie of Venice, it seemed the captain desired to speak with them.” But the Venetians had no mind to be spoken to, evidently

thinking, with Shylock, that "there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves," and gave them what our historian calls "an untoward answer." The nature of it may be guessed from the fact of its having killed a man, whereupon he of St. Malo replied in the same *untoward* fashion, and so hot did the argument grow, that the Venetian at last was obliged to strike his flag. As it is nowhere hinted that our valiant captain was a pirate, we must suppose it was merely to punish the Italians for their *ontrecuidance* that he now took possession of their goods and chattels. Smith also came in for some handsome pickings, his share in the booty amounting to five hundred sequins, "and a little box God sent him worth neere as much more,"—though this is the first time we ever heard of piracy being a virtue, or likely to deserve the especial grace of Providence.

Our adventurer is now landed at Antibes, and journeys on in much content until he sets up his pilgrim-staff in Rome, "where it was his chance to see Pope Clement the Eighth, with many cardinals, creepe up the holy stayres, which they say are those our Saviour Christ went up to Pontius Pilate, where bloud falling from his head, being pricked with his crowne of thornes, the drops are marked with nailes of steele, upon them none dare goe but in that manner, saying so many Ave Marias and Pater-nosters as is their devotion, and to kisse the nailes of steele: But on each side is a paire of such like stayres, up which you may goe, stand, or kneele, but divided from the holy staires by two walls; right against them is a chappell where hangs a great silver lampe, which burneth continually, yet they say the oyle neither increaseth nor diminisheth."

The scene changes, and after much more travelling though Albania, through Dalmatia, through Slavonia, through many known as well as unknown lands, Smith—an awkward name for a hero—drops the character of a tourist, and appears once again as a gallant soldier. This time he wears the Austrian uniform, and makes his appearance full of zeal against the Turks, who have laid siege to the town of Olympach with twenty thousand men, besetting it so closely that the garrison is cut off from all intelligence and hope of succour. By an extraordinary chance the besieged governor had been well known of old to Smith, who had taught him a mode of telegraphing with lighted torches, and he now requested the Austrian general to allow his trying if his former lessons were recollected. This scheme being assented to, he by his lighted torch signified to the governor that the Austrians at a given day and hour would fall upon the Turks, and required him at the time proposed to make a simultaneous sally. The governor reading the signals rightly answered in the same way that—he would; whereupon the inventor of this ingenious telegraph further suggested, "that two or three thousand pieces of match fastened to divers small lines of an hundred fathome in length being armed with powder, might all be fired and stretched at an instant before the alarm upon the plaine of Hysnaburg, supported by two staves at each line's end; in that manner (they) would seeme like so many musketeers." This notable scheme was accordingly put in practice, and the simple Turks hurrying on to attack these false fires, the besieged in the meanwhile stormed their camp, and having loaded themselves with booty and provisions, got safely back again into their stronghold, where they were no longer in any danger from want of food.

Other battles and other victories follow this happy commencement, in all of which our adventurer plays a distinguished part. He is the very

Use, like Roland of the army, always in the battle-front and performing the duties of a good and true knight, with as much grace as could be expected in the seventeenth century, when we must needs confess the finer portions of chivalry like some ethereal essence had evaporated under the influence of gunpowder, that most prosaic, as it seems, of all inventions. At the siege of Alba Regalis (Schul-Weissenburgh) he is in particular good fortune. The advances of the Christians against the town going on very slowly, the Turks, notwithstanding their general habits of inertness, grew weary of looking on, while week after week trenches were being dug, and cannons mounted; and "to delight the ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, the Lord Turbashaw did defie any capitaine that had the command of a company, who dost combate with him for his head." This defiance being accepted, lots were cast to decide who among the Christians should be their champion to meet my Lord Turbashaw, a name, we suppose, ingeniously concocted by some strange process to represent a pacha of three tails, for our old writers allowed themselves no little license in the use of foreign names and titles. The lot—we had almost said as a matter of course—falls upon Smith, and the combat is thus graphically described.

"Truce being made for that time, the rampiers all beset with faire dames and men-in-arms, the Christians in battalia; Turbashaw with a noise of howboys entered the fields well mounted and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a paire of great wings, compacted of eagles' feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones, a janizary before him bearing his lance, on each side another leading his horse; where long hee stayed not, ere Smith, with a noise of trumpets, only a page bearing his lance, passing by him with a courteous salute, tooke his ground with such good successe, that at the sound of the charge he passed the Turke thorow the sight of his beaver, face, head, and all, that he fell dead to the ground, where alighting and unbracing his helmet he cut off his head, and the Turkes tooke his body; and so returned without any hurt at all."

The success of the Englishman excited so much choler in a certain friend of the defunct, cyceleped Gualgo—a marvellous name by the bye for a Turk—that he challenges him, "to regaine his friend's head, or lose his own." This gracious offer is as graciously entertained; a second combat ensues, and the Christian knight again proves victorious.

Two such perilous encounters might, one would suppose, have satisfied any reasonable appetite for fighting; but Smith, as he is represented,—with what truth is another question—had a perfect mania for these matters. The siege proceeded far too slowly for his active spirit; he longed to be up and doing, and as the Austrian general saw no occasion for thwarting him in so laudable a fancy, he easily "obtained leave that the (Turkish) ladies might know he was not so much enamoured of their servants' heads, but if any Turke of their ranke would come to the place of combate to redeeme them, (he) should have his also on the like conditions, if he could winne it." This challenge was accepted by a certain Bonny Mulgro—improved by other writers into Bonamolgro—who appears to have been a very desperate fellow, and the very last man that any prudent person would have wished to encounter, being to the full as strong as he was valiant. So mighty were the blows of his battle-axe, and dealt with such dexterity, that the Englishman let fall his weapon, and was well nigh falling after it. The Turks shouted with anticipated triumph at the turn the battle

was evidently taking, and the Austrians began to think there was small hope for their champion, who, in every sense of the word, it was plain to see had caught a tartar. But Smith had abundance of that bull-dog courage which is supposed peculiar to most Englishmen, and rallying for a last effort he beat down his adversary, cut off his head, and pouched it as he had pouched the heads of his two predecessors. The joy of the Christians at this good fortune in the very moment of expected defeat was unbounded. Six thousand of them marched about the successful combatant escorting him to the presence of their general, while to give greater dignity to the affair he was preceded by three led horses, before each of which was borne upon a lance the head of a vanquished Turk. If perchance any reader should find either his helief or his delicacy too hardly taxed by such an ovation, we must remind him that, however opposed to modern nations, it was yet in the very essence of Christianity as the religion of the Bible was then understood and practised; we need go no farther than that right valiant and pious knight Richard Cœur de Lion, who devoured a soup made of Infidel's flesh, not only without harm or damage, but greatly to the comfort of his stomach, and the abatement of a fever that would yield to no other treatment. On the present occasion, the victor's merits were so little lessened in the general eye by the manner of his triumph, that Prince Sigismund "gave him three Turkes' heads in a shield for his armes, by patent under his hand and seale, with an oath ever to wear them in his colours, his picture in gould, and three hundred ducats yearly for a pension."

It could not in reason be expected that, stout as our hero was, he should always prove successful; even the best and the holdest of the knight-errants do now and then get a rebuff in the pursuit of their vocation, without which, indeed, it would hardly be possible for us to take any interest in them, for how can we be concerned for adventures, the result of which we know beforehand? This long career of success met a sudden and tolerably decisive check in the battle of Rottenton, when he fell so severely wounded as to be unable to rise again, and in that state he was found by the conquerors. Judging from his dress and armour that his ransom would be more profitable to them than his death, they dispensed for once with the ceremony of decapitation, which, but for this lucky consideration, he would most certainly have undergone, and carrying him from the field supplied him with such surgical assistance as the times afforded. Indifferent as this was, it sufficed to heal his wounds and restore him to health, when his new masters sold him publicly in the slave-market to "Bashaw Bogal." By this potent chief he was despatched to Constantinople as a gift to his mistress, "the young Charatza Tragahizzanda," with a message importing him to be a "Bohemian lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests." It would have been better, as it turned out, if the valiant pacha had forborne this glorifying of himself, for it led to consequences that he little dreamed of. "The young Charatza," somewhat doubting the prowess of her liege lord, or wishing to have it confirmed by less suspicious authority than his own, thought fit, through the medium of Italian, which both herself and Smith could speak, to institute a close perquisition into the truth of these averments, when our captain at once repudiated the Bohemian lordship thus unceremoniously thrust upon him, and with equal hardihood denied the pacha's assumed victory. But

neither did this account altogether satisfy the lady, who had probably in her time sufficient experience of heroes to know that little faith could be placed in the stories they told of their own doings; she therefore made inquiries amongst sundry French, Dutch, and English slaves, when, finding them all in the same tale, "she tooke much compassion on him; but *having no use for him*, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the Tymor, Bashaw of Nalbritz, in the country of Cambia, a province in Tartaria."

The naiveté of this account is delightful. But though for the present the lady "had no use for him," it seems she had a provident eye to the future, and thought she might some day need him, wherefore in sending him upon this journey, she meant "he should but sojourn to learne the language, and what it was to be a Turk, 'till time made her master of herselfe."

The journey consequent upon this resolution is described with much minuteness, though oftentimes not very intelligibly, the names of many places being too much disfigured for recognition. Thus he passed "the Blacke Sea water till he came to the two capes of Taur and Pergilos, where hee passed the straight of Niger, which is some ten leagues long and three broad, betwixt two low lands; the channell is deepe, but at the entrance of the sea Dissabacca,* their (there) are many great osie-shoulds (sboals), and many great blacke rockes, which the Turkes said were trees, weeds, and mud, thrown from the in-land countryes by the inundations and violence of the current, and cast there by the eddy. They sayled by many low isles, and saw many more of those muddy rockes, and nothing else but salt water till they came betwixt Susax and Caruske, only two white townes at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared. In six or seven dayes' saile he saw foure or five seeming strong castles of stone, with flat tops, and battlements about them, but arriving at Cambia he was (according to their custome) well used. The river was there more than halfe a mile broad. The castle was of a large circumference, foureteene or fiftene foot thicke; in the foundation from six foot from the wall is a pallizado, and then a ditch of about fortie foot broad, full of water. On the west side of it is a towne all of low, flat houses."

After having abided here for about three days, "it was two dayes more before his guides brought him to Nalbriz where the Tymor then was resident," and it now appeared that he must have taken this long journey under very evil auspices. So far was the Tymor from sympathizing with his sister's designs, that "he caused his Drubman to strip him naked, and shave his head and beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neck, and a coat made of ulgries† haire, guarded‡ about with a peece of an undrest

* This "sea Dissabacca" is the Lake Maotis. The Black sea-water mentioned a little above is the Black Sea.

† Ulgrie I imagine to mean a buffalo. In Arabic, *gries* signifies beef, *al* being the corrupted article; and in Turkish we have *sighiri*, a buffalo which, when spoken, comes very nearly to the sound of grie; and Smith, who seems to have been unacquainted with the written language of the countries in which he sojourned, always spelt as the words sounded to his ears. Drubman would seem to be an officer of some kind, and, strange to say, drub is a pure Arabic word, signifying precisely what it does with us in English. Tymor is evidently used here as synonymous with Chau, or Cham, and it may well make us doubt whether Europeans have not been wrong in considering Tymor a proper name.

‡ Guarded, i.e., trimmed, or bordered.

skinne. There were many more Christian slaves, and neere an hundred forsados* of Turkes and Moores, and he being the last was slave of slaves to all."

Unpleasant as this situation must have been, he never seems to have lost heart, nor was he the less observant of the manners and customs of the demi-savages amongst whom his evil stars—evil now for the first time—had chanced to throw him. The result, which is not a little curious, would lose half its interest if given in any other than his own homely, yet peculiar language.

The Tymor and his friends fed upon pillaw, which is boiled rice and garbances,† with little bits of mutton or buckones, which is roasted peeces of horse, bull, ulgrie, or any beasts. Samboyses and muselbit are great dainties, and yet but round pies, full of all sorts of flesh they can get, chopped, with varietie of herbs. Their best drink is *coffa*, of a graine they call *coava*, boiled with water; and sherbecke, which is only honey and water; mare's milke, or the milke of any beast, they hold restorative; but all the comminallie drinke pure water. Their bread is made of this *coava*, which is a kind of blacke wheat, and euskus, a small white seed like millya (millet) in Biskay; but our common victuall, the entrailes of horse and algries; of this cut in small peeces they will fill a great cauldron, and being boiled with euskus, and put in great bowles in the forme of chaffing-dishes, they sit round about it on the ground; after they have raket it thorow so oft as they please with their foule fists, the remainder was for the Christian slaves. Some of this broth they would peecer with euskus pounded, and putting the fire off from the hearth, ponre there a bowle full, then cover it with coales till it be baked, which, stewed with the remainder of the broth, and some small peeces of flesh, was an extraordinarie daintie.

The better sort are attired like Turkes, but the plaine Tartar hath a blacke sheepe-skinne over his backe, and two of the legs tied about his necke; the other two about his middle, with another over his belly, and the legs tied in the like manner behinde him; then two more made like a paire of bases, serveth him for breeches; with a little close cap to his skull of blacke felt; and they use exceeding much of this felt for carpets, for bedding, for coats, and idols. Their houses are much worse than your Irish, but the inland countreyes have none but carts and tents, which they ever remove from countrey to countrey as they see occasion, driving with them infinite troopes of blacke sheepe, cattell, and ulgries, eating all up before them as they goe.

For the Tartars of Nagi, they have neither towne, nor house, corne, nor drinke, but flesh and millet. The milke they keepe in great skinnes like *burachos*,‡ which though it be never so sowre, it agreeth well with their strong stomaches. They live all in hordias, as doth the Crim-Tartars, three or foure hundred in company, in great carts fiftene or sixtene foot broad, which is covered with small rods, wattled together in the forme of a bird's nest turned upwards; and with the ashes of bones tempered with oile, camel's haire, and a clay they have, they lome them so well that no weather will pierce them, and yet verie light. Each hordia hath a murse which they obey as their king. Their gods are infinite. One or two thousand of those glittering white carts drawn with camels, deere, buls, and ulgries, they bring round in a ring,

* Forsado, or, rather, forzado, means a galley-slave. But Smith was truly a phonetic writer, and spelt everything from sound alone. Had the English word "knee" been Turkish or Tartarian, he would infallibly have written it down "ne," to the sore perplexing of his readers.

† Probably some kind of pulse or herb, but it is impossible to detect at all times the real word under these phonetic disguises.

‡ It should be *borrachos*, (Spanish) and signifies a bottle, generally of pig-skin, with the hair inwards.

where they pitch their campe, and the murse with his chiefe alliances are placed in the midst. They doe much hurt when they can get any *stroggs*, which are great boats used upon the river Volga (which they call Edle) to them that dwell in the cuntry of Perolog.*

We are next informed by the captain that Tartary and Scythia are all one, that the Crim Tartars are much more *regular*, that is more civilized, than those inhabiting the interior of Scythia; that the carts are eighteen or twenty feet wide, but the houses overhang each side about four or five feet, being drawn by ten or twelve, or for more state twenty, camels and oxen; that the chiefs will have, each to his own share, as many as a hundred or more of these travelling houses; that the Chan (Cham) has a cart for each of his wives, who by-the-hye seem to be pretty numerous; that when the houses are ranged, and the cattle withdrawn, the door is always placed towards the south; and that the carts stand in two rows from east to west, about forty feet asunder, looking exceedingly like two long white walls. The chapter is then wound up with these curious details.

They place the master always towards the north; over whose head is always an image like a puppet, made of felt, which they call his brother; the woman on his left hand, and over the chiefe mistress her head, such another brother, and between them a little one, which is the keeper of the house; at the good wives' bedsfeet is a kid's skinne, stuffed with wooll, and neere it a puppet looking towards the maids; next the doore another, with a dried cowe's udder for the women that milke the kine, because only the men milke mares. Every morning those images in their order they besprinkle with that they drinke, bee it *cosmos*,† or whatsoever, but all the white mares' milke is reserved for the prince. Then without the doore, thrice to the south, every one bowing his knee in honour of the fire; then the like to the east in honour of the aire; then to the west in honour of the water; and lastly to the north in behalfe of the dead. After the servant hath done this duty to the foure quarters of the world, he returns into the bouse where his fellowes stand waiting, ready with two cups and two basons to give their master, and his wife that lay with him that night, to washe and drinke, who must keep him company all the day following; and all his other wives come thither to drinke where bee keeps his house that day; and all the gifts presented him till night are laid up in her chests; and at the doore a bench full of cups and drinke for any of them to make merry, and by it a fidler; when the master of the house beginneth to drinke, they all cry, ha! ha! and the fidler playes; then they all clap their hands and dance, the men before their masters, the women before their mistresses; and ever when he drinks they cry as before; then the fidler stayeth till they drinke all round; sometimes they will drinke for the victory; and to provoke one to drinke they will pull him by the ears, and lugge and draw him, to stretch and heat him, clapping their hands, stamping with their feet, and dancing before the champions, offering them cnps, then draw them backe againe to increase their appetite; and thus continue till they be drunke, or their drinke done, which they hold an honour and no infirmity.

But we have suffered ourselves to be detained too long from the captain himself by his quaint and strange descriptions. To him therefore we return at the moment when he found the yoke of slavery beginning to be

* "The True Travels and Adventures, &c., of Captaine John Smith." Folio. London: 1630.

† *Cosmos* is "mare's milk," and is so explained by the author in the margin.

intolerable. The hopes of assistance from the fair Tragabizzanda being by this time considerably on the wane, he was anxious to discover some other means of escape, an expectation which all his fellow slaves pronounced utterly futile. And so for a long while it proved to be, till one day the Tymour chanced to visit in a worse mood than usual the grange where Smith was occupied in the task of threshing with a wooden bat, flails not being employed among them for that purpose. To be reviled and beaten was so common an occurrence that the captain must have been by this time too well seasoned to allow words or blows administered in the ordinary way to overcome his prudence; but it would seem that the Tymour upon the present occasion used both tongue and cudgel more freely than was his wont, or that the patience of his slave, worn threadbare by over exercise, was unable to hold out any longer. Without more ado Smith knocked the tyrant on the head with his bat, after which deed it was plain there was no abiding for him in the Tartar horde. He dressed himself therefore in the clothes of the defunct, concealed the body beneath a heap of straw, filled his knapsack with corn, and not having either means or leisure for filing the iron collar from his neck rode off at once into the desert. His way he was compelled to leave to chance, for he knew nothing of the country, and might deem himself fortunate that he met with no one of whom he could ask the road, for this must infallibly have ended in his being recognised for a slave by his collar, in which case the lucky finder would have conveyed him back again like any other stray animal that had escaped from the encampment. On therefore he went, and his favourable star being again in the ascendant he reached in safety, unmet and unquestioned, the Castragan, or great way. At this sight his hopes revived, for "in every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs (pendants) with broad ends as there be ways, and every bob the figure painted on it that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth; as that which pointeth towards the Crym's country is marked with a half moone; if towards the Georgians and Persia, a blacke man full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the sunne; if towards Muscovia, the signe of a crosse; if towards the habitation of any other prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne."

Availing himself of the clue thus fortunately afforded, he travelled on, till in sixteen days he arrived at Æcopolis, a Muscovite garrison, where, when they found he was a Christian escaped from the Tartars, he was welcomed with the utmost hospitality, and his neck freed from the galling iron collar. In the same way he travels through a greater part of Russia, being every where received with kindness, and dismissed with presents, on the score of his sufferings and wonderful achievements, amongst which the beating out a Tymor's brains seems not to have been the least favourably regarded. In fact he may henceforth be said to have realized that most delightful of all modes of travelling, though in the present day it is no longer practicable—that is to say, he ate and drank his way through the land free of all expense, and even made a handsome profit by his journey. In Transylvania, more particularly, he found so many good friends and such excellent cheer that he could hardly bring himself to leave the place. It was nearly the same in Hungary, and certainly not worse amongst his old acquaintance in Austria. But in the end his restlessness is sure to outbalance all temptations to quiet and enjoyment, and on through Europe he flies like a wildfire, when happily learning that

there are wars in Barbary, thither he speeds—to join the fray, one may suppose, though upon this head he is silent, taking it perhaps as a matter of course. He does not fail, however, to tell us all he can pick up in regard to the country or the people, and where his own information falls short he levies contributions on the Portuguese writers—the “*Portingalls*,” as he terms them.

It certainly will not be set down amongst the marvels of our captain's history, that he found the Moors as faithless as they were barbarous, a character they maintain unaltered amidst all the changes which the rest of the world is undergoing. Thoroughly disgusted with the Emperor and his subjects, he determines to quit Barbary, but fortune on her part had resolved that he should not do so in the ordinary and beaten way of other travellers, who leave port at a settled day and hour with the usual ceremonies. A certain friend of his, a Captain Mersham, whose ship was then lying in the roads, invites him to dinner, when he finds everything aboard so much to his taste that he continues enjoying himself till it is too late to think of going ashore for the night. About twelve o'clock, notwithstanding the fair promises of the evening, a storm comes on, and in a short time grows so furious that it is no longer safe for the ship to remain at anchor in so exposed a situation; she is therefore obliged to slip her cable, and put to sea, with no choice but to go which way the wind pleases; and on this occasion the wind pleases to blow them to the Canaries. Not that this did, or could, make the slightest difference to a man like our captain; he was, we may be quite sure, as well in the Canaries as in any other place, for go where he would he never failed to meet with stirring incidents of some kind, and, that essential condition granted, the mere *locus in quo* was a very secondary consideration. And even so it proves. In a short cruise they are fortunate enough to snap up several tolerable prizes, for they seem to have acted upon the convenient doctrine so common in those days,—that there was no peace with the Spaniard beyond the line. At least they shew no other commission for their warlike doings, nor does our captain even hint to what nation his friend's ship belonged, or what were the vessels they made prize of. The most material part is that they made good booty, and to the material part he confines himself.

It is now their fortune to spy a large ship with her consort, and this time we are told they are Spanish. Goodly looking vessels are these same strangers, and from their size, promising an ample lading; and yet Mersham, as wise as he is valiant, likes not their looks. The largest of the strangers invites him by courteous signals, and much talking through his trumpet, to come a little nearer. Still Mersham is suspicious, and shews some symptoms of wishing to increase the distance between them; whereupon the pretended merchantman throws off all disguise, unmasks a formidable row of iron teeth, and discharges a broadside at the honest picaroons that sends the sticks flying about their ears, and makes the ship reel like any drunkard. To this salutation Mersham of course gives as rough an answer. And now begins a stubborn fight, which lasts from twelve at noon till six in the evening, either party giving and taking with the same good-will. The buccaneer—for we are afraid Smith's friend deserves no other name—then begins to fancy he has made a slight mistake, and that the best thing he can do is to get away as fast as possible. The Spaniard, however, conscious of having the major vision his side, has no

notion of letting him off so easily, but keeps up a close pursuit through the night, and with morning resumes the attack in all the ardour of anticipated victory. As before, the struggle lasts till darkness sets in, naval battles in those days being much more tedious affairs than they are at present, when by the blessing of shells, rockets, steamers, and other such felicitous inventions of modern art, we can knock a ship to pieces at a very short notice ; then, indeed, when the world was in comparative ignorance, it took a vast deal of time and noise to kill a score of men, or bring a mast by the board ; every individual might fairly reckon his life at a dozen pounds of gunpowder, with the halls conformable.

The result of this second encounter was so far favourable to Mersham and his associates that the Spaniard was unable or unwilling to pursue them any longer. By day-break, the huge antagonist which had given them so much trouble was no more to be seen far or near ; and after some trifling adventures on the way our gallant captain once again lands in his native country. It was not, however, to rest, for, as we shall presently see, all that has been hitherto related is only the prologue as it were to the more important features of his life. It is in America that his real history begins, a land which, at the time he wrote, presented in every respect a virgin soil, and will therefore be more likely to interest the public than any adventures amongst the Tartarian hordes, or the Moors of Barbary.

It is to this part of the captain's history that we propose calling the attention of our readers in the next number. The materials for it are even more ample than those for his European adventures, as, independent of what may in truth be called his autobiography, though related in the third person, he has left us more than one account of America, which, distilled with proper care, may yield a spirit, if not above proof, at least strong enough to gratify any reasonable palate.

HISTORIC RHYMES.

No. II.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

STERN Cromwell sate in regal place,
 His eyes to earth were bent;
 He grasp'd no sceptre in his hand,
 But on his good sword leant.
 And all alone then Cromwell sate
 Save for his daughter dear,
 Who knelt, and wept, and pray'd the more
 The fatal hour drew near.
 "Oh father, father, spare his life!
 Your monarch spare to-day,
 And it shall bring you years of peace—
 Have mercy while you may.
 Though high your deeds, and told where'er
 Our England's name is known,
 This single grace shall pass them all,
 And be more widely blown."

He answered not; the heavy tread
 Of feet was on the ground;
 Came up at times the trumpet's wail,
 And death was in the sound.
 But still nor lip, nor glance of eye,
 His inward thought disclos'd;
 So marble calm, so fixed his look!
 So horribly repos'd!
 "Oh father, father, spare his life!
 Your monarch spare to-day,
 And it shall bring you years of peace—
 Have mercy while you may.
 Though high your deeds, and told where'er
 Our England's name is known,
 This single grace shall pass them all,
 And be more widely blown."

The Abbey bell began to toll,
 It peeled out deep and slow;
 And all within those halls was hushed—
 No voice came from below.
 But then a crash—a fearful crash!
 The heart it smote upon;
 Then came a many-voiced cry—
 She felt that hope was gone.
 "Oh father, father, 'tis too late!
 The deed you 've done to-day
 Shall fill your dying hour with dread,
 And make it vain to pray."

Though high your deeds, and heard where'er
 They tell of England's fame,
 This single act shall blot them all,
 And be your lasting shame."

* * * * *

'Twas night ; and by the regal dead
 No watcher sate to weep ;
 So dim the tapers burned, it seem'd
 As light itself would sleep.
 With step that fell like stone, there came
 A muffled figure near ;
 From out the cloak a hand then rais'd
 The pall from off the bier—
 "Oh father, father, 'tis too late !
 The deed you 've done to-day
 Shall fill your dying hour with dread,
 And make it vain to pray.
 Though high your deeds, and heard where'er
 They tell of England's fame,
 This single act shall blot them all,
 And be your lasting shame."

And now the figure darker loom'd,
 The lights more dimly shone ;
 Ah God ! it is an awful thing
 When life meets death alone.
 And hark ! that voice so deep, so full
 Of smother'd agony !
 As he to Heaven appealing cries,
 "I 've prayed this might not be."
 "Oh father, father, 'tis too late !
 The deed you 've done to-day
 Shall fill your latest hour with dread,
 And make it vain to pray.
 Though high your deeds, and heard where'er
 They tell of England's fame,
 This single act shall blot them all,
 And be your lasting shame."*

G. S.

* That Mrs. Claypole, Oliver Cromwell's daughter, endeavoured to dissuade him from the execution of King Charles is a well-known historical fact. The midnight visit of Cromwell to the dead body is a tradition that may or may not be true.

AUSTRIA, ITS DYNASTY AND ITS DOMINIONS.

MUCH interest is naturally felt at present by all parties in the British empire, at what is to be the future fate of the hitherto powerful family which from Vienna stretched its sceptre over so many kingdoms, divers in tongue, in race, in institutions, and in religion. When we find the Austrian possessions in Italy only held by force of arms, and the great kingdom of Hungary resisting its Emperor and King with an energy which he could only hope to conquer by the assistance of the Slavonian race; and when we remember it is but a few months since the most historical of the Slavonian capitals, the renowned Prague, had to be brought back to its duty through terrible carnage, by the stern Windischgrätz, we wonder what will be the end of the great house of Hapsburg, whose inheritance is thus in danger.

It will be, therefore, an interesting task, to trace the origin of the several states which are now subject, or supposed to be subject, to the Emperor of Austria.

In the first place, however, we must premise, that the present Imperial family has no more claim to be regarded as the "House of Hapsburg," than the Bourbon Kings of Spain. Indeed the latter derive from, and inherit the dominions of, the elder branch of Hapsburg. But the male ancestry of Francis Joseph is quite illustrious enough for even royal wishes. It descends from that talented and warlike family which reigned for some centuries in Lorraine, and whose offshoots, the Dukes of Guise, and the Mercœurs, were long of so much importance in France, where they were naturalized; and where also another scion of this race, the Prince de Lambese, at the head of his regiment of Royal Allemand, had the misfortune, from hot-headed military pride, to provoke the first spilling of blood in the Revolution of 1789.

Charles, brother of Lotbair, King of France, was the first Duke of Lorraine: and he is said to have adopted Godfrey, Count of Ardennes, as his successor, to whose son Gofalon succeeded Gerard of Alsatia, who obtained a confirmation of the Duchy in 1047: and from whose kinsman, Gontram the rich, the heir of a puisne branch, derived the Counts of Hapsburg; his descendant John, tenth Duke of Lorraine, who died in 1382, left two sons, the younger of whom, Frederick, was grandfather of Frederick, Count of Vaudemont, who became thirteenth Duke, and reunited both branches by his alliance with Violante, only child of Renè, Duke of Anjou, by Isabella, only child of Charles, eleventh Duke of Lorraine. Renè, fourteenth Duke, was ancestor of the present Imperial family through his eldest son, whilst the youngest was progenitor of that brilliant but factious race, whose titles of Guise, Mayenne, Joinville, Aumale, Elbœuf, Aiguillon, Chevreuse, Eu, Joyeuse and Alençon, all of them historical, and most of them received with pride, after the male line of their first possessions was extinct, by branches of the royal Bourbons, sufficiently prove the prominent part they filled in the public events of their century.

From Anthony, eldest son of Duke Renè, descended Charles, nineteenth Duke, whose territories were suddenly and most unjustifiably seized by Louis XIV. in 1670. He died in 1675. Four years afterwards these dominions were offered back to his nephew, Charles Leopold, at the peace of Nimeguen, but as he considered the conditions upon which they were to be restored unjust and dishonourable, he refused them, and preferred trusting to his sword as a soldier of fortune, in which career he was highly successful, commanding the Imperialists at the celebrated relief of Vienna in 1683. He died in 1690, and his son Leopold Joseph, who was restored to his dominions at the peace of Riswyck, was father of Francis Stephen, twenty-second Duke of Lorraine, who exchanged them for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, was elected Emperor of Germany in 1745, and was grandfather of Francis II., last Emperor of the West.

He had married Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, the heiress of the younger, or German line of Hapsburg, and who, by virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, was successor to Charles VI. in the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Naples, and Sicily, the Archduchy of Austria, the Duchies of Milan, Mantua, Styria, Corinthia, Carniola, Suabia, and Silesia, the Principality of Transylvania, the Margraviats of Moravia and Burgau, the Landgraviat of Nellenburg, the Counties of Tyrol, Hohenberg and Geralseck, the Barony of Montfort, the greater part of ancient Servia, and portions of the Low Countries.

We shall now examine into the origin of the Austrian dominions in these several countries, of which the greater number are still subject to the Emperor, but Naples and Sicily were exchanged in 1735 for Parma and Placentia; the Low Countries have been lost, but Venice and its Italian and Dalmatian provinces, the Archbishoprick of Saltzburg, and many minor districts in Germany, have been gained.

It will, however, be first necessary to give a slight sketch of those alliances through which the family we treat of obtained most of the states over which it reigns, referring the reader for a full and compact pedigree to the second volume of the "Patrician."

Gontram, surnamed the rich, was Count of Brisgau, and besides considerable estates in that district, extending from the Black Forest to the Rhine, he possessed much property in the counties then called Alemannia and Little Burgundy, which are now known as Switzerland. His son Landelin had three sons, of whom Werner, Bishop of Strasburg, the youngest, built the castle of Hapsburg on the Aar, and presented it to his brother Radboton, at the commencement of the eleventh century. His descendant, Albert III., was the first Landgrave of Alsatia, and grandfather to Rodolph, who, after distinguishing himself in peace by the prudent management of his paternal inheritance, and in war by his courage and ability as grand marshal to Ottocarus, King of Bohemia, was elected Emperor in 1273. Conradin, Duke of Suabia, the legitimate sovereign of Naples, was put to death, with his young friend Frederick, Duke of Austria, by Charles of Anjou, after the unfortunate battle of Celano in 1268, and these fiefs were legally vacant since then, as there had been no Emperor for many years. Rodolph obtained the investiture of Austria for his eldest son Alhert, and Suabia for Rodolph, the younger. Albert, first Duke of Austria, married Elizabeth, sister of Henry last Duke of Corinthia, of the House of Tyrol; and his children inheri-

ted his dominions and eventually Tyrol also, which latter became the appenage of his grandson Leopold; whose elder brother Albert V., married in 1422, Elizabeth, only child of the Emperor Sigismund, King of Hungary and Bobemia. All these crowns Albert obtained at the death of his father-in-law in 1438. But his line becoming extinct as far as males were concerned nineteen years afterwards, the Empire and Austria fell to Frederick V., grandson to Leopold, Count of Tyrol, already mentioned.

His son Maximilian, who succeeded him in 1493, restored to his family that importance of which the loss of Hungary and Bohemia had seemed to deprive it, by his marriage with Maria, the heiress of Charles the Bold, last Duke of Burgundy. He was the direct descendant of Robert of France, who, more than four centuries before, had been given Burgundy by his brother Henry I., whom he and his mother had unsuccessfully endeavoured to deprive of the throne of the Capets. Burgundy itself returned as a male fief to France: but Franche-Comté was inherited by Maximilian's wife, as were also the several Duchies and Counties afterwards known as the Low Countries. Philip of Austria, Maximilian's son, was as successful in matrimony as his father.

His alliance with Jane, heiress of Castille, Leon, and Arragon, made his eldest son, Charles Quint, the greatest monarch of his day: who, however, divided his vast dominions, giving the German portion of them, in 1521, to his younger brother Ferdinand, whilst his own son succeeded him in his mother's and grandmother's possessions.

Ferdinand (who became Emperor on his brother's celebrated resignation in 1556) married Anne, sister of Louis II., King of Hungary, and obtained that crown, and the united one of Bobemia, after his brother-in-law's death at the battle of Mohacz in 1526. He had issue three sons, of whom the eldest inherited Austria and the empire, and the second, Tyrol: but both of their male lines becoming extinct, the representation of the family finally came to Ferdinand II., Duke of Carinthia, son of his youngest son Charles. He was elected to the crown of Bohemia in 1617, of Hungary in 1618, and elected Emperor the following year. He was the great-grandfather of Charles VI., the last Emperor of the House of Hapsburg.

Austria, to which Styria was united in 1193, and Carniola, about the same time, was granted to Albert I. in 1283. It included the private possessions of the families of Trautomandorff, Stahrenberg, Windischgrätz, and Auersperg.

Carinthia was united in 1331, by marriage.

Tyrol, partly by marriage, and partly by a family arrangement made between Albert III. and his cousin Margaret of Tyrol in 1364.

Hungary became subject to the Austrian family in 1540; though its rights and constitution have been the cause of constant dissension between it and its Imperial masters ever since. Transylvania, anciently connected with, but for some time separated from, Hungary, was reunited to it by force of arms in 1699, as was Sclavonia, which includes much of what is often known as Servia, in 1718. Peterwaradin and Carlovitz belonged to the Servians. Croatia fell to the Austrians with Hungary. But the Turks had overrun so much of both that and Sclavonia, that

the true title of the Emperor to them is to be sought in the deeds of his armies.

Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, were obtained, like Hungary, by the marriage of the Emperor Ferdinand. But the greater part of Silesia, conquered by Frederick the Great, was ceded to him by Maria Theresa, at the treaty and peace of Breslau in 1742.

Galicja forms part of the unfortunate kingdom of Poland, to which injustice is the only right.

Hohenberg and Geralseek fell to Austria as vacant fiefs. Montfort was purchased from the counts of that name. These, the Landgraviat of Nellenburgh, the Margraviat of Burgau, and the Austrian possessions in Suabia, no longer belong to the Emperor. But he has obtained in addition to his ancient patrimony, the Archbishopsrick of Saltzburg, that portion of Lower Bavaria situated along the Inn, and several other minor districts necessary to consolidate his dominions.

Milan was erected into a Duchy by the Emperor Wenceslaus in 1392, and granted to the Viscontis.

Through them it came to the low-born Sforzas, in 1408. The last of them dying in 1535, Charles Quint gave it as an Imperial fief to his son, Philip, on the extinction of whose male line in 1700, the Emperor claimed it, and finally obtained it, and the Duchy of Mantua (whose Duke had been put at the Ban of the Empire), at the peace of Rastadt, in 1714.

Venice and its dominions at either side of the Adriatic were finally added to the Austrian Empire by the Congress of Vienna; and, with the abolished Republic of Ragusa, the Adriatic possessions have been formed into the kingdoms of Illyria and Dalmatia, the last of which had always held a place among the many titular realms of the Kings of Hungary, having, with Croatia and some others, been bequeathed in 1090, by Zelo-mir, their last King, to his sister, who had married Ladislas I., King of Hungary.

Truly Francis Joseph governs a most disjointed empire!

It may interest some of our readers if we add to this article a slight sketch of the origin of two or three families, whose present representatives have acted a prominent part in the exciting scenes which have been of late astonishing Germany and Europe:—

METTERNICH is the surname of a family founded in the year 1400, by Charles von Metternich, who, purchasing the estate of Zievel, left it to his second son. The eldest, inheritor of the Castle, from which the family took its name, left an only daughter, Sybilla, who, in 1440, brought that estate to the Barons of Wolff-Gutenberg. But John, Lord of Zievel, continued the family. His posterity spread into many branches, most of them now extinct. Edmund von Metternich founded that seated at Vettelhoven, and his son John left three sons, Bernard, whose only daughter brought the Lordship of Vettelhoven to her husband, John Harff; John-Dietrich, who was ancestor to the present Prince; and Lothaire, who died Archbishop and Elector of Treves in 1623.

To this Elector the house of Metternich owes its present consequence; for, besides assisting his brother, John-Dietrich, in minor ways, he granted him the rich vacant fiefs of Winneberg and Beilstein, which were in his gift as Archbishop, and which entitled their possessor to a seat at the Diet of the Empire. Charles Henry von Metternich, grandson of John-Die-

trich, was also an Elector, dying in 1676, Archbishop of Mayence: and Philip, brother to the latter, was raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1697, and the family obtained their present rank in 1803, when the County of Metternich-Winneburg was made a Principality. The present Prince succeeded his father in 1818, having been born May 15, 1773.

STADION was a name derived from an old castle near Augsburg, of which town Christopher Stadion died Bishop in 1543; and this family have held from time immemorial, the hereditary stewardship of that see.

John Philip Stadion was much employed in public business by the political prelates of his day. In 1669 the Bishop of Wurtzburg sent him on a private embassy to Paris, where he acquitted himself so well that he was soon after employed in a similar capacity by the Elector of Mayence, in whose dominions he filled several high situations. By the Elector's interest he was made a Baron in 1686, and raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Empire, in 1705. But he could not obtain a seat at the Diet until he had become possessor of a fief held "in capite" of the Empire; for which purpose he purchased from the Counts of Sintzendorff the County of Tanhausen. He married a daughter of the house of Schoenborn, which also owed its rise to ecclesiastical influence; and from his two married sons, Frederick and Hugh-Philip, spring all the Counts of Stadion of our day.

WINDISCHGRATZ, a small town and castle in Styria, on the frontiers of Carinthia, was the chief place in the county of the same name, whose present possessor has been much before the public for the last year. Claiming descent from the ancient Count of Weimar, his family had however no other hereditary rank than that of Master of the Horse of the Duchy of Styria, until the elder branch was granted the dignity of Barons of the Empire, in 1557.

The present Prince descended from the younger line, of which was Gottlieb, Baron of Windischgrätz, Vice Chancellor of the Empire. He was a great favourite with the Emperor Leopold, who gave him several seignories in Austria, to which country his great-grandfather, Pancraz, had removed from Styria; and finally, he gave him a seat at the Diet of the Empire, as a Count of the Bench of Franconia. His son, John Leopold, was the Emperor's Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Cambray, in 1722: and the grandson of the latter was placed in the College of Princes by the late Emperor Francis II.

DIETRICHSTEIN, the surname of the present Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is very ancient in his noble family, of which the chief, Otho II., is on record as one of the companions in arms of Ulrich, Duke of Carinthia, in 1164. In that Duchy, it holds the ancient hereditary office of Grand Cupbearer; and in the Duchy of Styria, that of Grand Huntsman, or "Grosvenor." To these olden dignities the Emperor Maximilian added, by erecting in 1514, all the estates of the family in Carinthia into a Barony, in favour of Sigismond Dietrichstein; whose eldest son formed the branch of Hollenburg.

The younger son, Adam, Baron of Dietrichstein-Niklasburg, had three sons, the second of whom was Francis, who embraced the church as a profession, obtained a Cardinal's hat in 1598, and was made a Prince of the Empire in 1622, with the singular favour of being allowed to adopt his successor from among his kinsmen. He selected his nephew, Maxi-

milian, son of his elder brother; to whom the rank of Prince was confirmed in 1631, on the condition that none but the eldest of his house should bear that title, all the other members being designated Counts; a rule approximating to the practice in this country, but very different from the custom in Germany.

SCHWARTZENBERG was a gloomy fortress in Tranconia, between Biber and Langenfeld: the property of a feudal chief called Seinsheim.

The younger branch of the family that derived from him took their name from the old castle: and they kept it when created Barons by the Emperor Sigismond in 1429, and it figures in their coat of arms still, a slender tower white with age standing on a grim-looking rock of heraldic sable. Their shield also points out one of the chief deeds to which they subsequently owed their further advance among the Princes of the Empire. It is in the fourth quarter, which bears, "Or., a Turk's head argent, the eyes being torn out by a crow, sable." A crow was called "raab," and this quarter was granted to Adolphus von Schwartzenberg for the valour he displayed at the taking of the fortress of Raab, in Hungary, from the Turks in 1600. He was killed the same year, but had been made a Count of the Empire the previous year. His son, Adam, was Grandmaster of the Order of St. John, and Governor-General of Brandenburg; and the son of the latter, John Adolphus, who succeeded him in 1641, was placed among the Princes of the Empire in 1671. The wealth and importance of the family was further increased by Ferdinand, the second Prince, whose wife brought him the rich inheritance of the ancient Counts of Sultz; and the Duchy of Krumlau, in Bohemia, was a grant from the Emperor Charles VI. to Joseph Adam, the third Prince. The present is the seventh Prince, and the Princess Windischgrätz, shot during the troubles at Prague, was his sister.

GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

BY WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS," &c.

"*There be the fathers right worthy an empire,
Of whose men counted gay saples by the tree:
Some men with saples, and otherwiche with nonge,
So dryngge away the mightier myghten longe.*"

Citizen and Uplondysman.

"It is the observation of Vitruvius," says the amusing Fuller, "alleged and approved by Master Camden, that northern men advancing southward cannot endure the heat, but their strength melteth away and is dissolved, whilst southern people removing northward, are not only not subject to sickness through the change of place, but are the more confirmed in their strength and health. Sure I am that northern gentry transplanted into the south by marriage, purchase, or otherwise, do languish and fade away within few generations; whereas southern men on the like occasions, removing northward, acquire a settlement in their estates with long continuance. Some peevish natures (delighting to comment all things in the worst sense) impute this to the position of their country, as secured from sale by their distance from London (the staple place of pleasure), whilst I would willingly behold it as the effect and reward of their discreet thrift and moderate expense." This is a curious subject, and I may be pardoned for giving another extract from the same delightful old author. "The fable is sufficiently known of the contest betwixt the wind and the sun, which first should force the traveller to put off his clothes. The wind made him wrap them the closer about him; whilst the heat of the sun soon made him to part with them. This is moralized in our English gentry. Such who live southward near London (which, for the lustre thereof, I may fitly call the sun of our nation) in the warmth of wealth, and plenty of pleasures, quickly strip and disrobe themselves of their estates and inheritance; whilst the gentry living in this county (Northumberland, but the character is fully applicable to Durham also) in the confines of Scotland, in the wind of war (daily alarmed with their blustering enemies) buckle their estates (as their armour) the closer unto them; and since have no less thriftily defended their patrimony in peace than formerly they valiantly maintained it in war."

The county of Durham was an anomaly in the north. The prudent gentlemen of "lang pedigree" just mentioned were mostly peers of the

Bishoprick* (as the "patrimony of Saint Cuthbert" was and in fact is, *par excellence* entitled) rather than of the realm, and sat in solemn conclave at Durham, where they assisted the Prince Palatine, the Earl of Durham and Sadberge, their Bishop, in his affairs, authorised taxes, and checked his extortions. I do not here profess to enter in any way upon the solemn history of the Palatinate. For that, my readers may consult the splendid folios of Surtees, or the careful quartos of Hutchinson. My papers are devoted to the lighter illustrations of private biography, and the legends, proverbs, popular poetry, and heraldic curiosities of my native county. They will be partially developed in batches relating to one subject, but a stimulating variety will be aimed at. The massive church, the ornate castle, the comfortable manor house, the old fashioned farmstead and rude cottage, the gliding stream, its grassy leas, the golden fields, the soft woods, the rugged rock, and sable pit, all will afford me matter. The soil of the Palatinate is drowned in story.† We cannot move a mile without coming on some new legend or association. Let me then open my budget.

1. THE SACRED GRIFFIN'S HORN.

In the British Museum is a horn of the Egyptian Ibex (*Capra Nubiana*) more than two feet in length, on a silver rim is engraved in letters not older than the 16th century; †GRYPHI VNGVIS DIVO CUTHBERTO DYNELMENSI SACER ‡ There were a goodly assemblage of such curiosities in Durham relic collection, viz., 2 claws of a griffin, and no less than 11 griffins' eggs, one being ornamented and cut in two. To the incredulous, one might say in the language of a drinking horn in the British Museum—

Drinke you this and think no scorne
All though the Cup *be much like a horne*.

2. THE SOCKBURN WORM.

Once upon a time, the Bishoprick seems to have been "much troubled with worms." But how are the mighty fallen! What insignificant creatures now own the name of worm! Far different was it in our older writers. A worm with them was of no small consequence. It is the *Wurm* of the Germans, the Teutonic *Worm*, Suedo-Gothic and Danish *orm*, meaning in all these instances a serpent, and in this sense is most frequent in older writers. Not to mention that awful worm of the Scripture translators which dieth not, we have the word used with great latitude. "*Cerberus il gran vermo*" (Dante), "*del vermo reo* (lb.), "*gran vermo infernal*" (Ariosto),—"wild *wormes* in wodes" (Piers Plowman). Shakespere makes slander's tongue outvenom "all the

* There was a family of this name, which was corrupted into Bishopbrigg. In process of time that form became vulgar, and it now stands as Bishopbridge.

† "Nor rough, nor barren are the winding paths
Of hoare antiquitie—but strewn with flowers."

‡ Casley mentions a cup as being in the Bodleian Library, four feet in length, with the same inscription.

worms of Nile," and Milton's Adam reproaches Eve with giving ear to "that false worm," while again Cowper sings—

No foe to man
Lurks in the Serpent now; the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm.

In a play mentioned by Brand as performed by plowboys or morris-dancers (in fact *our* sword-dancers), on October 20, 1779, at Revesby Abbey, in Lincolnshire, the seat of Sir Joseph Banks, we read—

"We are come over the mire and moss :
We dance an Hobby-horse;
A *Dragon* you shall see,
And a wild worm for to flee.
Still we are all brave jovial boys,
And take delight in *Christmas* toys."

I need scarcely allude to the general use of mock dragons in May, midsummer, and other countries. In the Coventry mysteries, we have among the payments to the actors in these strange performances, "Paid to ij *wormes of conscience* 16d." It would be rather difficult to comprehend the shape the poor men assumed as *worms of conscience*,* or when there was "paid to 3 white souls 18d. Item, paid to 3 blakke soules 2s." At all events the black or doomed souls seem to have been the best paid of the two.

The word *worm* still remains with us in the names Hag-worm and Slow or Blind worm, as applied to the common snake, which is popularly believed to be actually blind, and still retains the character which Shakspeare memorializes of "the eyeless *venom'd worm*."

The hag-worm said to the ether (adder)
If I had ane ee, as thou has twae,
There should never a bairn on the gait gae,
But the wee step-bairn that dress a' the wae.

Hag alludes to the hags, i.e. bogs or woods where the animal is generally found. We also find adders described as *worms* :—

—"Bute byt tho more wonder be
Selde we schal in the lond eny *foule wormes* se
For *nedres* ny *other wormes* ne mow there be nogt."

R. Gloucester.

Mrs. Anne Wilson, in her very wretched poem "Teisa," 1778, adopts all the ideas of the old dragon romances in her description of the Worm of Sockburn, which, she says, was thought to have fallen from the lunar circle! She makes him slain in his only vulnerable part under his wing, drawn into a pit, a heap of massive stones raised over him, the manors of Sockburn and Dinsdale given in reward, and finally, a monument raised over the hero in Sockburn church, with

* "The *Worm of Conscience* still begnaw thy soul.—*Shakspeare*."

His body at full length, in sculpture fine,
A female on each side all rare design;
 With his large trusty dog beneath his feet,
 That with his master did the serpent meet.

Mrs. Wilson, in her assertion that the worm-slaying knight lies between two female effigies at Sockburn, uses the words "*ue rieur*," yet for many, many years past, only a knight's effigy has been visible. It is, in sober truth, a fine specimen of a warrior of the commencement of the thirteenth century; he is cross-legged, with the feet resting on a lion in mortal conflict with a winged serpent, or "*ask*,"* and is now placed in the modern hall. The foot device is common enough in effigies, and is said to typify the Christian warrior's triumph over sin.

At the entrance of Sockburn Hall are placed some remarkable Saxon fragments, taken from the church in pulling it down. Two are elaborately sculptured with monsters and intricate knot-work: another has two figures with spears, seated on horses, whose tails are most neatly tied in knots. Here also is the famous falchion of Conyers. This formidable weapon consists of a huge broad blade, two feet five and a half inches long, fixed in a handle covered partly with ash. On the pommel are two shields:—1. The three lions of England. 2. An eagle displayed. The cross is engraved with the stiff, crisp foliage of the thirteenth century, in which dragons, with long leafy tails, form very prominent features. This sword is the title-deed to the estate. On the first entrance of every new Bishop of Durham into his diocese, the lord of Sockburn, meeting him in the middle of Neasham ford, or Croft bridge, presents him with the falchion, addressing him with these words:—"My lord bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." Whereupon the bishop takes the sword, and returns it to the presenting party, wishing the lord of Sockburn health and long enjoyment of the manor.†

* This word is generic in the North, and is applied to the lizard tribe. There is a rich effigy in Egglescliffe Church, Durham, to one of the Asklahies of Asklaby, Aslakhy or Aislabic, the base of his shield being hit by an ask-laid-by. Wilfrid Holme, in his "*Fall and evill successe of Rebellion*," published the year after the Pilgrimage of Grace, led by Robert *Aske*, says that the following rhymes were often recited in the host as an ambiguous prophecy of their expedition. They may be part of the absurd, but very ancient prophecies of Merlin, which were revived in every popular movement—

Forth shall come a *seorne*, an *Aske* with one eye,
 He shall be the chiefe of the mainye;
 He shall gather of chivalrie a full faire flocke
 Half capon and halfe cocke,
 The chicken shall the capon slay,
 And after that shall be no May.

† "It is time to acquaint you with a petty triumph at the river Tees, at my Lord's first approach to his County Palatine, which I believe exceeded not only the entries of all the present Bishops of England into their Bishopricks, but all their predecessors. My Lord having notice that the High Sheriff, accompanied with the whole of the gentry of the county and the militia-horse, expected his approach, took horse a little before his coming to the river side. As soone as he came in sight of the banks the trumpets sounded, and the gentry, with the troops of horse, all in one body, judged

This singular custom is mentioned as early as 1396, when John Conyers, chivaler, died, seized of Sockburn manor held of the bishop by the service of shewing *one farchon*. The weapon is exactly similar to the broad-bladed swords called falchions, used in the 13th century, and it is very probable that it actually did belong to the person commemorated in the effigy. It was formerly represented in a window of the church, but has long disappeared.

The legendary tale is simply this, as described in Bowes' MSS.:—"In an ould manuscript which I have sene of the descent of Connyers, there is writ as followeth: Sir John Conyers, knight, slew that monstrous and poysonous vermine or wyverne, and aske or werme, which overthrew and devoured many people in fight, for that the sent of that poison was so strong that no person might abyde it, and by the providence of Almighty God this John Connyers, knight, overthrew the saide monster and slew it. But, before he made this enterprise, having but one sonne, he went to the church of Sockburn in compleate armour, and offered up that his onely sonne to the Holy Ghost. That place where this great serpent laye was called Graystanc;* and, as it is written in the same manuscript, this John lieth buried in Sockburn church, in compleate armour *before the Conquest*."

The grey stone is duly pointed out in a field near the church, as well as a trough, where like the Laidley worm, the worm drank its milk, bathed itself, and returned to the river.

The name of Conyers is Norman, though, as we have seen above, the family claim having slain the dragon in Saxon times. In the time of Stephen, Wm. Cumyn usurped the see of Durham, and sacked the city, to the great prejudice of the lawful bishop William, when to the latter, Roger Conyers was "faithful found—among the faithless faithful only he."

The Bishop found a safe retreat in his liegeman's fortress at Bishopton; and Cumyn, after a vain attempt to surprise the place, was repulsed and finally compelled to submit. Surtees, after relating this gallant exploit of Conyers, remarks:—"To bring about this most wished-for conclusion implies as much courage, and certainly more address, than if the constable had finished the contest in the usual manner with bloody hand. The constable's staff and the wardenship of Durham Castle, which he had recovered from Cumyn, seems a most appropriate reward: and, if the green acres of Sockburn were added to the gift, he was still not overpaid. It would be no difficult matter, perhaps with less of theory than is admitted

to be about 1000, moved into the midst of the river, where, when my Lord came, the usual ceremony of delivering a great drawne faulehion was performed, after which the trumpets sounded again, and great acclamations of the people followed, which ended, they proceeded in order to Durlington."—*Miles Stapleton, Esq. to Sancreft (afterwards archbp. of Canterbury), Aug. 23, 1661, on Bishop Cosin's accession.*

"The confluence and alacritie of the gentry, elergy, and other people, was very great, and on my first entrance through the river Tease, there was scarce any water to be seene for the multitude of horse and men that filled it, when the sword that killed the dragon was delivered to me with all the formality of trumpets, and gunshots, and acclamations that might be made. I am not much affected with such shew; but, however, the cheerfulness of the county in the reception of their Bishop, is a good earnest given for better matters, which, by the grace and blessing of God, may in good time follow them."—*Cosin to Sancreft, Aug. 22, 1661.*

* In the neighbourhood it is stated that the dragon was buried under this grey stone, and that Conyers was yelad in razored mail like the Knight of Lambton.

into very grave works, to connect the faulchion-legend of Sockburn with the real exploits of the constable at Bishopton, Cumyn playing the part of dragon."

In the Addenda, however, to this volume, Surtees gives evidence that Sockburn, Bishopton, &c., were given to Roger Conyers by a previous bishop, Ranulph Flambard (1099-1133). Hutchinson supposes the dragon to be a Danish rover; Pennant an incursion of Scots "to suck our princely eggs;" Anne Wilson a robber or tyrannic baron.

The castle hill at Bishopton is one of the most remarkable specimens of ancient modes of defence extant. It is now about 43½ feet high, and its top 50 feet wide by 30; but it was formerly 60 feet high, with a top so small that only half-a-dozen people could stand on it. "Vermicular traces" are said to be remembered round its base, and were probably its entrenchments.

And thus much for

Sockburn, where Coupers so trusty
A huge serpent did bish up,
That had eise cal the Bish-up.
But now his old faulchion's groins rusty, grown rusty.*

3. THE POLLARD WORM.

The crest of Pollard, of the parish of St. Andrew Auckland, was an arm holding a faulchion, one of the family estates was called *Pollard's Den*, or *Deen*, and in 1402, the tenure is distinctly named, when Dionisia Pollard died, seized of Westfield and the Hekes, held of the bishop in soccage by rendering a faulchion.

The Pollards also held, "by shewing one faulchion" to the bishop, 50 acres of land in Coundon Moor, the Eland, the Halgh, together with Britley, Pollarden, or Newfield, Innstallalley, Moreflatt, Gawnesflatt, Langfield, Hyrnflatt Chapel, Thornflatt, Qwynnyng Meadow, *Edirley*, and tenements in Bishop Auckland.

In 1771, Dr. Johnson, of Newcastle, met Bishop Egerton on his

* The name of Conyers or Coigners, according to Camden's "Remaines," signifies *Quince*, and is placed among those families who had names from trees near their habitations. A Spanish chesnut in the extremity of decay, at Sockburn, was a peculiar favourite with Surtees, and, as he himself says of Leland, "he seemed to gaze with that deep feeling of natural beauty, which often unintentionally betrays itself amidst his severer pursuits on the green inheritance of the Conyers—the lovely lawn, the circling trees, and the wear for fish." I cannot omit his dirge on this gallant race. "From John, the son of Galfred, descended, in a long lineal procession, gallant knights and esquires, who held Sockburn till the reign of Charles I., whilst the younger branches of this ancient stately cedar shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire. All are now fallen; and not a foot of land is held by Conyers in either county. Of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left on another. The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls of its ancient patrons. Deep traces of foundations of gardens and orchards, a little to the south, point out the site of the mansion, and one old decaying chesnut, spared by the axe, and whose hulk and indurated bark have protected it from other injury, seems alone to connect the deserted spot with some recollection of its ancient owners." A still more melancholy feeling of desolation now attacks the tourist at Sockburn. A hall has arisen, but the church is in ruins; the Conyers aisle is a toolhouse, the worm-slaying knight is removed to the hall. The green peninsula of the trees is only approached by a narrow carriage road, at the entrance of which is the uninviting announcement that it is no public road save to the hall. The consecrated ground is forgotten.

arrival, and presented a faulchion with the old form:—"My Lord, in behalf of myself, as well as of the several other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present your Lordship with this faulchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew of old a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast; and by the performance of this service, these lands are holden." The same form occurs in one of Cosin's old books. The faulchion was shewn to Glover, in 1589, "of the forme in the margin," where it appears very like the faulchions as they are shaped in heraldry, of a curved contour.

The more common tradition, however, is that Pollard, a champion knight, for slaying a *wild boar*, had as much land granted him by one of the bishops, as he could ride round while his reverence dined; and when I was in St. Andrew's Church, an old oak effigy cross-legged, in the chancel, was pointed out as his monument. His feet rest on what I, in my ignorance, conceived to be the usual lion, but which I was duly informed was a brawn.

4. THE HYLTON WORM.

On the centre battlements of the West front of Hylton Castle, are two colossal representations of a knight in combat with a monster furnished with fearful claws and wings, which coils a foul tail of very broad articulations round the hero, probably hinting at some long forgotten legend of the family.

5. THE DURHAM WORM.

In S. Nicholas' register, Durham, is the entry:—
1568., Mdm., that a certain Italian brought into the cittie of Durham, the 11th day of June, in the yeare above sayd, a very great strange and monstrous serpent, in lengthe sixteene feete, in quantitie and dimensions greater than a great horse; which was taken and killed by speciall policie in Æthiopia, within the Turkes dominions. But before it was killed, it had devoured (as it is credihly thought) more than 1000 p'sons, and destroyed a whole countrey.

This "uncouth sighte" must have called up all the old tales, anent the Lamhton and other worms of Durham, wonderfully into the recollection of the Durham hurgesses.

6. THE GAINFORD WORM.

Mr. Walbran, in describing two Saxon crosses, built into Gainford Tower, one carved with a somewhat stumpy coiled serpent, or rather an animal resembling an eel having the appearance of gills, the other, much mutilated, remarks that "if the figure of the serpent on one, and something similar on the other stone, have no reference to the deceased's worship of the God Woden;* we could almost be induced to believe that they were 'monuments of some notable man hurried there,' who had

* This is unlikely. The crosses seem to be of too Christian a cut.

performed the feat of slaying a serpent or monster, that might issue occasionally, like the famous Sockburn and Lambton *worms*, from the adjoining river, to the terror and alarm of the surrounding country;—for it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose, that in these and other similar cases, some creatures *did* really exist; though their powers and appearance, like many by-gone circumstances, of the authenticity of which we are perfectly assured, were magnified and misrepresented in their transmission through centuries, by the ignorance of the narrators, and we may be assured that a man who had rendered such a service to his neighbours, would in accordance with the practice of antiquity—induced, indeed, by feelings natural to men in all ages and nations—have some memorial inscribed on his tomb.”

7. THE BRADLEY DEVICE.

The Winged Dragon is the dragon of romance and symbolism. In the Surtees Society's Finchale Records is engraved a curious seal of William de Bradeleya, who gave land to Finchale Priory, displaying a furious lion trampling on a winged dragon with two feet:—**SIGILL' WILLELMI DE BRADELEHE.**

8. THE HART DEVICE.

On Hart chancel, a knight with a cross on his shield, triumphs over a dragon, probably St. George.*

9. THE LAMBTON WORM.

There is something imposing in the legend of the Worm of Lambton. The plot is finished and good, and very different from the majority of such tales. The hero receives no King's daughter, no broad lands and livings as his guerdon, his family was of good and valorous repute long before the date of the worm's existence; and it does not appear that he received *any* reward, save the honour of the achievement and a very undesirable curse on his descendants to the ninth generation. Hutchinson treats the legend very lightly:—"We thought to have found intrenchments round this mount, and that the fable had reference to some Danish troop, who kept the place as a station, from whence they could commit depredations on the country, and that the story of the hero imported some chief personage's victory over a public enemy; but there is not the least trace of any such matter, and the whole miraculous tale has no other evidence than the memories of old women."

Surtees gives a very pleasant narration of the matter, as might have been expected from his refined feelings, and appreciation of popular tra-

* There are two remarkable sculptures of the twelfth century at Brinsop, in Herefordshire, and Ruardean, in Gloucestershire, of St. George, in which the knight thrusts a spear into the mouth of a huge scaly serpent (*without wings*) which is recumbent under the horse's feet, and whose head is *extraordinarily large in proportion to the body and is curved upwards at the extremity.*

ditions;* and a most capital history, drawn from the stories related by the seniors of the Wear, and well seasoned with their dialectic expressions, occurs in Sharp's Bishopric Garland, and Richardson's Table Book. From these and some minor resources, the following edition of a tale, current for generations, and still implicitly believed in, is carefully compiled.

The Lambtons, at the period the legend refers to, "were so brave, that they feared neither man nor God," wherefore this judgment befel them. The wicked heir of Lambton was fishing one Sunday, according to his profane custom, in the Wear, and after toiling in vain for some time, vented his dissatisfaction in curses loud and deep, to the great scandal of all who heard him, on their way to Holy Mass. At length he felt an extraordinary tugging at his line, and in the hope of catching a large fish, he drew it up with the utmost care; yet it required all his strength to bring the expected fish to land. It proved to be only a worm of most unseemly appearance, which he hastily tore from his hook, and threw it in a passion, into a well, hard by. He again threw in his line, when a venerable looking stranger passing by, asked him "what sport?" He replied, "Why, truly I think I've caught the Devil," and directed the enquirer to look into the well, which he did, and remarked that he had never seen "the like of it" before—that it was like an eft, but that it had nine holes on each side of its mouth, and "tokened no good."

The well is known as the *Worm Well*, but has been drained into the river—it had formerly a cover and an iron ladle—was in repute as a *Wishing Well*, and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer Eve. A crooked pin (the usual tribute of the wishers) might, says Surtees, sometimes be still discovered, sparkling amongst the clear gravel at the bottom of its basin. This was a common rite. Thousands of pins may be collected near holy and wishing wells. Grose, from a MS. in the Cotton Library, marked Julius F. VI., tells us "Between the towns of Alten (Ayton) and Newton, near the foot of Rosberry Toppinge, there is a well dedicated to St. Oswald. The neighbours have an opinion that a shirt or shift taken off a sick person, and thrown into that well, will shew whether the person will recover or die; for if it floated, it denoted the recovery of the party; if it sunk, there remained no hope of their life; and to reward the saint for his intelligence, they tear off a rag of the shirt, and leave it hanging on the briars thereabouts, where," says the writer, "I have seen such numbers as might have made a *foyre rheme* in a paper-myll." The same custom prevailed at *Rag-well*, near Newcastle, and Brand, in his History of Newcastle, says, "About a mile to the west of Jarrow,† there is a well still called *Bede's Well*, to which, as late as the year 1740, it was a prevailing custom to bring children troubled with any disease or infirmity; a *crooked pin* was put in, and the well laved dry between each dipping. My informant has seen

* He derived the story principally from Elizabeth Cockburn, and other authorities. Elizabeth was an old wife of Offerton in this county, and by her dull neighbours was supposed to be occasionally insane, but by herself to be, at those times, endowed with the faculty of seeing visions and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken. Her credit therefore in a legend or ghost story will be unimpeachable.

† It is said that it was never dark in Jarrow Church, and that the windows were of horn and not of glass; the latter, perhaps, relating to some almost forgotten tradition concerning the introduction of glass by Benedict.

twenty children brought together on a Sunday to be dipped in this well, at which also, on *Midsummer Eve*, there was a great resort of neighbouring people, with bonfires, musick, &c."

The Worm, neglected in the well, soon grew so large that it became necessary to seek another abode. It usually lay in the day time coiled round a rock in the middle of the river, and at night frequented a neighbouring hill, twining itself around the base, and increased until it could lap itself nine (or according to Sharp three) times round this green mound, leaving on it *vermicular* traces, which remained within man's memory. The Worm Hill, near Fatfield, is a considerable oval-shaped and artificial hill, formed of common earth and river-gravel, 345 yards in circumference, and 52 feet in height, on the north bank of the river, and about a mile and a half from old Lambton Hall. The Worm Well lies betwixt the hill and the Wear; from the hill to the well, is about 26 yards, and from the well to the river, about 48.

The Worm was now the terror of the neighbourhood, devouring lambs, sucking the cow's milk, and committing every injury on the cattle of the affrighted peasantry. The north side of the river soon afforded no further support, so it crossed the stream towards Lambton Hall, where the old Lord was then living in grief and sorrow; the sinner having repented of his wickednesses, bathed in bath of holy water, and gone to the wars in a far distant land, or as some express it, *to wage war against the Infidels*. The terrified household assembled, and it was proposed by the steward, *far advanced in years, and of great experience*, that the large trough which stood in the court-yard should be filled with milk. The monster approached, eagerly drank the milk, and returned, without further ravage, to repose around his favourite hill.* It came again next morning at the same hour, and the milk to be provided was found to be the produce of nine kye; and if any portion was neglected, the worm lashed its tail round the trees in the park, and tore them up by the roots in its rage. "The worm wor a terrible hugeous cretur" (said a woman to W. Howitt), "it drank every day nine cows' milk; and even if th' family took a little sup out for their tea (!) it wor fain to rive a' doon!" Many a gallant knight had in vain sought to slay this *terror of the whole country side* but always suffered loss of life or limb, for though the Worm had been frequently cut asunder, yet the severed parts had immediately re-united, and it reigned undisturbed on its hill.

At length after seven long years, the Knight of the Cross returned, and found the broad lands of his ancestors desolate. He heard the wailings of the people, and hastened to his father's hall and received the embrace of the old man, who was worn out with sorrow and grief, both for the knight's supposed death, and the dreadful waste of the Worm. He took no rest till he had crossed the river to examine the Worm as it lay coiled round the base of the hill, and hearing the fate of all who had fallen in the deadly strife, he consulted a witch or wise woman on the best means to be pursued. He was told that he himself had been the cause of all the misery which had been brought upon the country, which increased his grief and strengthened his resolution; that he must have his best suit

* Var. Elizabeth Cockburn's version was, that the milk of nine kye was placed for the worm on the stone in the river, or else at the green hill, in default of which deposit at its favourite haunts, it devoured man and beast.

of mail studded with spear (varia : razor) blades, and taking his stand on the island crag, commend himself to Providence and to the might of his sword, first making a solemn vow, if successful, to slay the first living thing he met, or if he failed to do so, *the Lords of Lambton for nine (varia : seven) generations would never die in their beds.* He made the solemn vow, and devoted himself to the Holy Ghost and the Virgin, in the chapel of his forefathers, and had his coat studded with the blades of the sharpest spears (varia : razors).

Something similar is mentioned of the armour of King Richard, in the Romance of Rycharde Cœur de Lyon :—

He was covered wondersley wele,
All with *splentes* of good stele.

At Lambton Castle are preserved two stone figures, of unknown date, in the garden-house. A Knight, armed cap-a-pee, his vizor raised, and the back part of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear or razor blades,* with his left hand holds the head of the Worm by its ear, and with his right appears to be drawing his sword out of its throat in which it has descended to the hilt. The animal is a very much elongated lizard, with ears and four legs, somewhat like those odd reptiles, the Protei of Germany,—Surtees, when a boy, saw at Old Lambton something like a piece of tough bull's hide, professing to be a portion of the Lambton Worm's skin, and I am informed that some years ago a part of the razored armour was also carefully preserved. The other figure is a female, wearing an ancient coronet, much mutilated, with bare breasts, &c., in the style of Charles II.'s beauties. It is singular that the upper part of her dress is carefully preserved, yet the lower part of her robe appears to be either unfinished, or perhaps agitated by the wind; and a part of her right foot is visible, without shoe or sandal. A wound on her bosom, and an accidental mutilation of her hand, are said to be the work of the worm. The shell of the little chapel of Brugeford (Bridgeford) within the Manor, where the vow was made, was standing in 1800, near the New-bridge, on the left of the road, immediately within the entrance of Lambton Park, adjoining a farm-house, having the tracery of the east window still perfect. The endowment is totally lost, but the Lamhtons were patrons from an early period. There was "in the front of the house in a circle, a figure of a man to the waist in relief, with elevated hands,—the inscription defaced."—(*Hutchinson.*) Popular tradition connects both the endowment and this figure with the romance of the Worm of Lambton.

The hero directed his father, that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle as a note of victory, he should release his favourite greyhound which would immediately fly to the sound and become the sacrifice, and then took his stand on the island rock, and unsheathing his trusty sword, commended himself to the will of Providence. At its wonted hour the Worm uncoiled its folds, and took its usual course towards Lambton Hall, approaching the rock where it sometimes reposed. The Knight, nothing dismayed thereat, struck the monster on

* Surtees denies this, which is on the authority of Sharp. I have not seen the figures in question, which are or were in the old garden-house at Lambton (Old Lambton, for the name is now usurped by the new house built across the river on the site of Harraton Hall).

the head with all his *might and main*, but without producing any other visible effect than by irritating and *reviving* the Worm, which closing on the Knight, clasped its frightful coils around him, and endeavoured to strangle him in its poisonous embrace—

“ The worm shot down the middle stream
Like a flash of living light,
And the waters kindled around his path
In rainbow colours bright.

“ But when he saw the armed Knight
He gathered all his pride,
And, coil'd in many a radiant spire,
Rode buoyant o'er the tide.

“ When he darted at length his dragon strength,
An earthquake shook the rock ;
And the fire-flakes bright fell around the Knight,
As unmoved he met the shock.

“ Tho' his heart was stout, it quiver'd no doubt,
His very life blood ran cold,
As around, and around, the wild worm wound,
In many a grappling fold.”

*Fragment of a Ballad quoted by Sharp.**

The more closely he was pressed by the Worm, the more deadly were the wounds inflicted by his coat of spear blades, until the river ran with a crimson *gore of blood*. Its strength diminished as its efforts increased to destroy the Knight, who seizing a favourable opportunity, made such good use of his sword that he cut the monster in two :—the severed part was immediately carried away by the force of the current, and the Worm being thus unable to reunite itself, was after a long and desperate conflict finally destroyed by the Knight of Lambton.

The afflicted household were devoutly engaged in prayer during the combat ; but on the fortunate issue, the Knight, according to promise, blew a blast on his bugle, to assure his father of his safety, and that he might let loose his favourite hound, destined for sacrifice. But he forgot everything save his parental feelings, and rushed forward to embrace his son. The Knight on the meeting was overwhelmed with grief ; he could not be a parricide, yet hoping that his vow might be accomplished, and the curse averted by destroying the next living thing he met, he blew another blast on his bugle ; his favourite hound broke loose, and bounded to receive his caresses ; when the gallant Knight, with grief and reluctance, once more drew his sword, still reeking with the gore of the monster, and plunged it into the heart of his faithful companion. But in vain—The prediction was fulfilled, and the Sibyl's curse pressed heavily on the house of Lambton for

* The subject is popular with modern poets, but I know of no *ancient* ballad on it. Mr. Frederick Sheldon, in his *Border Ballads*, gives one in which the Sybil is supplanted by a Pilgrim who accompanied the Knight from the East. He says “there are several modern effusions on the same subject ; but I believe this to be the ‘original’ one.” But he gives no authority, and the ballad is poor. A very pleasant legend was written by Mr. Joseph Watson, and may be seen in Richardson's *Local Historian's Table-Book*, *Legendary Division*, and a capital political song founded on the tale appeared in a local newspaper many years ago.

nine generations. Some say that this was not part of the original declaration of the Sibyl, and that the heir of Lambton had again to resort to the witch or wise woman, who pronounced the alternative, which, after all, had probably nothing very terrible to a martial spirit.

It is evident that the story may have been much modernized. The tradition is not constant as to young Lambton being the original fisherman; and the transgression is sometimes attributed to a wicked *quidam*, with many vulgar additions.* To be equal to the Pollard and Sockburn tales, a real good Andrea Ferrara, inscribed on the blade 1521, notwithstanding the date, has been pressed into the service, and is said to be the identical weapon by which the Worm perished. The Sunday's sinning has a parallel in Martin's Dragon, in Scotland, but at the time that the scene is laid, fishing on the Sabbath would have been thought nothing of among the many sports allowed on that day.

The legend is certainly one of the most finished romances in all its parts, that England boasts of, for its posthumous history is most extraordinary. Nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, the elder brother of the late General, in whom the curse was generally believed by the populace to expire, would exactly reach to that in which Robert Lambton, Esq., died without issue in 1442, leaving the Lambton honours to his brother Thomas, and bequeathing by his will to his "brother John Lambton, *Knight of Rhodes*, 100 marks." The hero of the legend will instantly suggest himself, and a curious entry in an old MS. pedigree lately in possession of the Middletons of Offerton, says "*Johan Lambeton, that sleve the worme, was Knight of Rhoddes, and Lorde of Lambeton, and Wod Apilton after the dethe of fower brothers, sans esshewe masle. His son Robert Lampton was drowned at Newebrigg.*" In 1421, Thomas Lambton, Esq., granted lands in Wood Appleton (Yorkshire) to John of Shipley, and there was perhaps a sort of second mansion-house, or residence for an heir or cadet, near the chapel of Bridgeford, for Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lambton, of *New Brigge*, Esq., occurs in the Claxton pedigree. The Knight of Rhodes, however, as appears from the proven pedigree in Surtees, did not succeed, as the above old statement says, to the Lordship of Lambton, for Thomas's sons inherit to this day.† The *Inquisitio post mortem* of the Knight's father occurs in 1432-3, and his mother makes her will in 1439, naming her "son John Lambton, Knight." The curse commenced in their grandchildren. We have already seen how the hero's son was drowned near that chapel where his father offered up his unkept vow, and tradition fills up every generation of the main line with a bedless death. Sir William, a royalist, was slain at Marston Moor, and his son William (who

* There is a ridiculous story about the Worm being put into the hero's *snuff-box* before it was thrown into the well. From the large MS. collection of northern proverbs gathered by my friend Mr. M. Aislaby Denham, of Piersebridge, I find that the saying "*Can sons (lap) as much milk as the Lambton Worm,*" is applied to the ploughman, who, after drinking his two pints of milk and the necessary quantum of household bread, assists himself to a third. There is also a proverb "*Ugly as the Laidly Worm*" (of Spindlestone Heugh).

† It must indeed be remembered that the traditions are not uniform as to the hero being the original fishing heir of Lambton. Some merely give him as "Young Lambton, who was the hero of the country," and omit the crusading part of the business, leaving the idea open that he was a brother of the sinner.

however was not his heir) received his death at Wakefield in 1643.* In the same year John Lambton of the Tribley branch, was killed at Bradford in the royal service. Great curiosity prevailed in the life-time of Henry, to know if the curse would "hold good to the end." He died in his chariot crossing the New Bridge, in 1761, thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial evidence connected with the history of the Worm of Lambton. His succeeding brother, the General, who lived to a great age, fearing that the prophecy might be possibly fulfilled by his servants under the idea that he could not die in his bed, kept a horse-whip beside him in his last illness, and thus eluded the prediction. Yet though the spell is said to be broken, yet neither his son nor his grandson have been longer lived, nor have they died at home; and this to the squires of ancient time, would have been sorer punishment† than dying in the battle field, for they loved to sleep in their own country, and with their fathers.

Say, when wilt thou cease to complain ?

Oh, Derwent ! thy destiny cries :

Far off, on the banks of the Seine,

Thy darling, thy Maddison dies !‡

Thus, in reverence to the dying request of John Fitz Marmaduke, of Horden and Ravensworth, who fell in Scotland, to be buried in Durham Abbey yard, it being impossible to transport his remains through the troublous Borders, his attendants boiled him in a huge cauldron till the flesh separated from his bones, which they carefully preserved till the Cardinal Berengarius interposed the church's authority to insure their quiet transportation. This custom was so prevalent that a German prince who was using a similar cauldron to blanch his brother's bones, promised it to a friend after it should be employed for himself!

Sharp adds the following note :—"The story has been preserved and repeated almost without variation for centuries; and whilst so many acts of higher importance and national interest have been suffered to fall into doubt and obscurity, this legend with all its thrilling terrors has survived the wreck of ages. No doubt it envelopes some allusion which is for ever concealed in the obscurity of family legend; yet if a conjecture might be hazarded, it may have arisen from the circumstance of an invasion from a foreign foe, some successful chieftain, with well disciplined bands arrayed in the bright colours of their leader, destroying and laying waste with fire and sword, and levying contributions on the ancient gentry. The advance in line of a well disciplined legion over unequal ground would convey to the fears of the peasantry the appearance of a rolling serpent; and the

* One of the Lambtons perished at Bangy with the Duke of Clarence. Richard Lambton of Stainton, godson to the old Earl of Salisbury, fell at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, and is, like others of the palatinate, said in the *Inq. p. m.* to have died *in die Dominica in ramis Palmarum*.

† Yet it is said that the elder Lambton thought the alternative adopted such a curse on his posterity, that he earnestly entreated his son to avoid it by complying with the oracular directions. Nor would it seem that Lambton associations brought luck to other families. Henry Haggerston, Esq., a younger son of Sir Thomas Haggerston of Haggerston, in North Durham, Bart., "was killed by a fall from his horse at Lambton-gates in Durham," and was buried 28th October, 1682, at Holy Island.

‡ George Maddison, Esq., younger son of John Maddison, of Hole House, near Alan's Ford, died at Paris in 1783, where he filled a diplomatic situation, under a suspicion of poison.

power of re-uniting is readily accounted for by the ordinary evolutions of military tactics. The invaders would naturally encamp on a hill for better security. That the Knight should have destroyed this legion by his single arm, however, is hardly to be received without qualification. He was no doubt the "head and chief" in the onslaught (the severed part might imply the cutting off a division from the main body), and by the happy union of valour and discretion, a decisive victory was obtained, and the invaders overthrown."

As Mr. Surtees, however, wisely remarks, (though he inclines to the allegorical meaning throughout) no certain deduction can be drawn from such legends, excepting that the families to which they relate are of ancient popular reputation, against whose gentle condition "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."*

* "I have been lately often near the supposed haunts of the Lambton Worm, and I really feel much inclined to adopt your idea, that animals of this description may have been formerly nourished to a much larger size in our woods and waters. Of four of these prodigies which our Bishopric is said to have produced, it is observable that all of them had their haunts on large rivers. The country around Lambton seems particularly favourable for the production of such a creature. The banks of the river have been, time immemorial, a thick tangled forest; and part of the adjoining flats are low and marshy, and full of willows and brushwood."—*Surtees to Sir W. Scott*, 1810.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTHWELL LETTERS—No. I.

WE of the nineteenth century are in every respect as different as can well be conceived from our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, worthy and venerable characters as they doubtless were. The facts the present generation live among are in themselves so very unlike those which surrounded our ancestors in the daily routine of life, that this alone would make us fully expect a great difference in the light with which morality, literature, and art, would be viewed. The child who from earliest infancy has been whirled about in the self-moving railway-train, has learnt that the trip across the Channel, which his mother has promised him, will take place quite independent of wind and weather, and that his father's absence two-hundred miles off will be no bar to his hearing of the intended tour in five minutes, if it be thought worthy of being announced by electric telegraph; this young creature, we say, when come to manhood's age, will hardly be likely to bring himself to adopt the slow, cautious, and pedantic modes, both of speech and thought, which seemed so natural to his ancestors, when they hung about the court of the First James, or mixed in the troubles of the great Civil War.

But, apart from the effects of material changes, the mind of the British, instead of the European public, has greatly altered; and we not only look at the present, but at the past, with views and objects very different from those once in vogue. How changed, for instance, is the study of history in modern times! Instead of being a painstaking and elaborate amount of sieges and battles, internal prosperity, or political dissension, with no variety except, perhaps, here and there an episode describing the career of some great man who stood far beyond his contemporaries, we all require a modern history to follow the examples set by Hume and Gibbon; tracing actions to their secret causes, and investigating, in order to lay before us, those private opinions, prejudices, and manners, which have often a wondrous effect upon public men, but which were once considered rather below the dignity of history: though Sallust thought otherwise, and his writings will consequently be immortal.

As guides to these private and personal opinions and acts, epistolary documents are of the highest value. By their study, we frequently find reason most materially to modify our previous views: we discover honesty where we only believed in falsehood, we find deceit where we had reposed implicit confidence. It is only necessary to refer to the letters of Barillon and others, for a proof of how completely an unexpected publication of the kind we speak of, has changed our opinion of all the persons concerned in the public affairs of England during the reign of James II. It is, therefore, with no small pleasure that we proceed to lay before our readers some extracts from letters referring to a period immediately succeeding the Revolution, and which, though they do not

claim the high historical value belonging to some documents of the same kind, are still precious to the student as affording evidence, hitherto unpublished, of the secret thoughts of men of honor and education, and eminent in their generation, Sir Robert Southwell of Kings-weston, and his son Edward, by whom they were addressed to John Waller, of Castletown, Esq., M.P., to the courtesy of whose descendant, the Rev. William Waller, of Castletown, we are indebted for permission to make extracts from them. We will first give a sketch of the families and position of the writers and recipient of the letters.

John Southwell, of Felix Hall, in Essex, M.P. for Lewes, in the 28th and 29th of Henry VI., left two sons: from the younger, the Viscounts Southwell are descended; whilst the eldest was father of Richard Southwell, who seated himself at Woodrising, in Norfolk, having obtained that seat on his marriage with Amy, heiress of Sir Edmund Wychingham, by Alice, heiress to Sir John Falstaff. His son, Francis, left this seat to his second son, Sir Robert, Master of the Rolls, whilst Sir Richard, the eldest, settled at Horsham, St. Faith's, in Norfolk, and his grandson, of the same name, marrying Alice, daughter to Sir Thomas Cornwallis, of Brome, in Suffolk, left two sons, who both obtained estates in Ireland. Sir Thomas, the eldest, was of Polylong, in the county of Cork. He died in 1626, leaving two daughters and coheirs; the eldest married, first, Sir Edward Dowdall, of Kilfinny, (of whom, hereafter, when we give an account of the Waller family,) and secondly, Donogh, eldest son of Sir Daniel O'Brien, of Carrigaholt, ancestor of the Viscounts Clare; whilst the youngest co-heir married William Lenthall, of Lachford, in Oxfordshire, and was mother of the celebrated Speaker of the Long Parliament.

Anthony Southwell, brother to Sir Thomas, left an only son, Robert, who was father of Catherine, wife of Sir John Perceval, and of a son, who succeeded him at Kinsale, and was afterwards eminent as Sir Robert Southwell. Educated at Oxford, he first filled the post of Clerk of the Privy Council; in 1665, being then thirty years of age, he was named Envoy to the King of Portugal; in 1671, he was Envoy Extraordinary to the Conde de Monterey, Viceroy of the Netherlands, and in 1680, he proceeded in a like important capacity to Berlin. He attended upon the Prince of Orange, at the Hague, on his way to Berlin; and whether owing to this or not, it is hard to say, but he was not again employed in public business until the Prince ascended the throne as William III., when he was named Principal Secretary of State for Ireland, and continued to fill this situation until his death in 1702.*

It is from his pen most of the letters we have to lay before our readers have come: and they are initialled R. S. Their writer, besides filling the offices we have mentioned, was a Privy Councillor, thrice Member of Parliament, and five times President of the Royal Society. The other letters, initialled E. S., are from his only son, (by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Dering, Bart.) the Right Hon. Edward Southwell, of Kings-weston, M.P., who filled with great credit the posts held by his father, of Secretary of State for Ireland, and first Clerk of the Privy Council; but did not succeed to the Vice-Admiralty of Munster, to which, and naval affairs, many of the earlier letters refer. Mr. Southwell, who

* Collins's Peerage, vol. vi., p. 366.

had married the sole heiress of the last Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass, died in 1730, leaving an only surviving son, whose union with Catherine, daughter and heiress of Edward, Viscount Sondes, by Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, Earl of Thanet, brought the ancient and historical harony of De Clifford into his family, by whom it is still possessed.

The Wallers derive from Henry Waller, of Heckerton, brother of David de Waller, Master of the Rolls, temp. Edward III. His descendant in the fifth degree, Sir Richard Waller of Groombridge, was "a gallant participator in the glories of Agincourt; who, in honour of having made prisoner the Duke of Orleans in that memorable conflict, obtained from Henry V. the addition to his crest of a shield of the arms of the Duke, pendant from a walnut tree, which his descendants have ever since borne."* His grandson, William, High Sheriff of Kent, in 1537, left two sons. The younger was ancestor of Edmund Waller, the celebrated poet, and Member of the Long Parliament, by which, however, he was imprisoned a year, and had to pay a fine of £10,000 to save his life. The elder son was father of Sir Walter, whose sons also divided the family into two branches. Sir Thomas, Lieut.-Governor of Dover, was ancestor to the well-known general of the Parliament in the west of England, Sir William Waller, M.P. for Andover, who, after many successes, and the defeat of Cropredy Bridge, was forced from his military position by the "self-denying ordinance;" whilst George was father of Sir Hardress, the first of the family that resided at Castletown, in the county of Limerick.

He married the proprietor of that estate, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress to Sir John Dowdall, of Kilfinny, in the county of Limerick, by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress to Sir Thomas Southwell, of Polylong, whom we have already spoken of. He was thus further connected with Lenthall the Speaker, and some other leaders of the violent party, and adopted their views, sitting as one of the judges at the trial of Charles I. In Ireland he was Major-General of the army, and a member of what was denominated the Cork House Committee of Government. He was also M.P. for the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, in Cromwell's mixed Parliament; and Governor of the Castle of Dublin, which, however, he surrendered to Lord Broghill and Sir Charles Coote, in January, 1652. When the Restoration took place, soon after, he was tried as a regicide, and pleaded guilty. He was accordingly deprived of the greater portion of his estates, as forfeited. Besides his successor, and a son who had no issue, he left three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, married Sir Maurice Fenton to her first husband. He was created a Baronet by Richard Cromwell, and inherited great estates from his mother, Margaret, sister and heiress to Maurice Oge Fitzmaurice Fitzgibbon, and cousin and heiress to the last of the White Knights: but his only son dying unmarried, the "White Knights' Country" was brought by his sister to the noble house of Kingston, whose splendid residence of Mitchelstown is now the "Caput Baroniarum." Elizabeth Waller wedded, secondly, the celebrated Sir William Petty, was created in her own right Baroness Shelburne, and was mother to the first Earl of that name. Bridget, the second daughter of Sir Hardress, married

* Dictionary of Landed Gentry, Vol. ii, p. 1497.

Henry Cadogan, Esq., and had, besides a daughter who married Sir Thomas Prendergast, of Gort, Bart., M.P., two sons, the eldest of whom was the first Earl Cadogan, and the youngest, who succeeded to the barony, was ancestor to the present Earl. Mary Waller, the youngest daughter, married Sir John Brookes, Bart.

It is to James Waller, the only surviving son, that the letters of Sir Robert and Mr. Southwell are addressed. He was deputy to the former in his office of Vice-Admiral, Lieutenant-Governor of the Fort of Kinsale, M.P. for that borough, and one of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded in Ireland. He was a man of high character and ability, and he lived to repurchase Castletown and those other estates of his family of which the confiscation above referred to had deprived them. This he accomplished as well by his own exertions as by the assistance of his wife, Dorothy, heiress to Colonel Randall Clayton, of Mayallœ, county Cork; who survived him many years, and managed her childrens' affairs with equal success. Mr. Waller was looked upon with so much regard by his relations, that he was left guardian to his children by Sir William Petty, and was also given the management of his nephews, the Cadogan's property. He died in 1702, the same year that Sir Robert Southwell and his patron, King William, left the busy stage of life. His only son, John, M.P. for Doneraile, was grandfather of the late John Waller, M.P. for the county of Limerick at the critical period of the union, and of Bolton Waller, now of Shannongrove, Esq., whose eldest son is the Rev. William Waller, of Castle-town.

Our extracts will commence with the year 1692, and continue over a period of ten years, when the death of the principles occurred, within but two or three months of one another. The spelling is modernized.

1692, Nov. 27. *E. S.*—There is much agitation in Parliament about advising and assisting his Majesty in a vigorous prosecution of the war. They have voted the latter, but no methods of raising yet agreed to. And as to the head of advice, many warm things have passed, and more seems intended. But what in particular is agreed to by the Committee is an address to his Majesty for such Commissioners of Admiralty as are acquainted with naval affairs. (This refers to the disputes between Lord Nottingham and Admiral Russell, about not following up the victory off Cape La Hogue.—*ED.*) There was given in a warm petition from some Merchants in London, of their losses at sea, Bristol has also followed this example, sending a list of more than 100 ships lost in this war, making about 11000 tons, whereof the customs would have been £80,000 to his Majesty; and all this as they set forth for want of a squadron on the coast of Ireland, where most of their ships have been intercepted.

Dec. 6. *R. S.*—What the displeasure of the Parliament will end in as to the Admiralty and others that are of the Council, I cannot tell you. But still you may be assured of this, that my Lord Nottingham has the fairest account to show of his diligence of any man that ever was in that post, and in particular as to the matter of the descent.

Dec. 24. *R. S.*—The struggle continues between Admiral Russell and Lord Nottingham. The first has by his friends in the Commons pro-

cured an advantageous vote. But the Lords being convinced of my Lord Nottingham's exemplary behaviour, are troubled to find the papers they sent down were not read: and they are now meditating how to come to a free conference.

1693, *May*, 28. *R. S.*—My Lord Capel will, I believe, be very soon passing to that side, for he has already writ for the frigate and the yacht to be on this. His Lordship goes over with very good intentions to serve the country, and as much as possible to put all things to right.

Oct. 3. *R. S.*—We have the good tidings of the East Indiaman arrived in your port. But the loss of the Diamond and her fire-ships, and seven others, make a very shameful entry in this place. Sir Thomas Clarges has taken a copy of your paper, and with great approbation thereof: save only that he reduces the six marine regiments into three, and contracts that part of the charge accordingly, and then adds these two lines after the 10,000 men—"and if it be provided that no man be listed in these regiments under eighteen or above twenty-two, and that after any of them have served four years at sea, they be listed as seamen, the number of seamen will be much augmented." What I shall gather from others on the same subject you shall not fail to be acquainted withal.

1694, *Jan.* 25. *R. S.*—I am very sorry for the ships we lose upon that coast. I hope it may be otherwise for the future, in virtue of the Bill which I saw passed this day by his Majesty's Royal assent, for 2,000,000 upon land, of which the greater part appropriated to the Fleet. But his Majesty refused that for the frequent calling of Parliaments, which though a bill not much minded in the passage, yet was the ground that when the members returned, Sir Thomas Clarges took there occasion to expostulate to so high a degree about mismanagement, &c., that to-morrow is appointed to enter into the state of the nation, and to postpone all other things till that be over. So that this savours of much displeasure and heat.

April 26. *R. S.*—Mr. Flood, your new agent, tells me that he every day expects to receive your levy money out of the Treasury. 'Twas promised yesterday, and they allow forty shillings per man. He advises, therefore, the going on with the raising with all speed. The clothes are ready made, and will be distributed on their joining the fleet: 'tis red lined with green, with caps, and my Lord's cypher and crown. Your second lieutenant is Henry Killigrew's son, a boy of twelve years of age, so that you can expect no help from him, nor is he fit to come over.

Aug. 28. *E. S.*—My aunt says her husband and she have staid in London these two months, from week to week, being promised the tallies for the Marine Service. That now the agents squabble, and cannot agree who shall have the fingering of the money. I never was promised anything more punctually than the state of your accounts from Backeridge, and I ordered one in London to tease him from time to time. But it has produced nothing but promises yet. Mr. Madox tells me he sent you your Commission from the Ordnance; but that the fees came to almost a quarter's salary.

Dec. 8. E. S.—My Lord Berkeley bid me tell you he had orders to turn out all Irish Papists, and that accordingly seven were turned out of yours, which he would have you recruit. I told his Lordship, that though it might be true of these being Papists, yet you chose none but such whose families you knew, and had a hand over by that means.

Dec. 27. R. S.—We are all of us here in the utmost sorrow for the Queen's sickness, and the little hopes left of her life. It was on Thursday the 20th she first complained, and then came on successively St. Anthony's fire, the measles, and the small-pox: these of the worst sort, being small and spreading. The King is in tears and distraction, and so indeed is everyone else.

Dec. 29. R. S.—I told you by the last post of the Queen's sickness, and how deplorable her condition then was. It pleased God yesterday morning at one of the clock to take her to a better life. The two houses meeting the same day, passed votes to the same effect, one of them I here enclose. The City of London are preparing an address, which will in all likelihood be followed by every city in England. The council are now sitting to consult the manner of her Majesty's interment, which will be done with solemnity. That which remains of evil is his Majesty's deep resentment. He hath been twice blooded, and is much out of order; so that misfortunes seldom come alone. There was a scruple made by some (Earls of Nottingham and Rochester,—*Ed.*) whether the Parliament for being called in both their Majesties names were now at an end. But the act made and consulted for their exaltation put that quite out of doubt, the whole power being in the King.

1693, *Jan. 29. E. S.*—The Queen will be buried in a fortnight in great pomp. The King now appears again in public. We have no news stirring, only Brigadier Hastings is troubled in Parliament for not paying his men as he ought. (He did not pay them at all, so they threatened the town of Royston with military execution.—*Ed.*)

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF BULGADEN HALL.

ON the once much frequented, though now almost forsaken coachroad between Limerick and Cork—for rails and locomotives have intruded themselves even upon the neglected land of Erin, the traveller may observe on his left hand on quitting the village of Bruff, the old Castle of Ballygrennane, which, though in ruins, still presents somewhat of its pristine grandeur. It was built by the De Lacys, and came subsequently into the possession of the great house of Desmond, whose territories spread far and wide around, where from many a castle these proud earls could say they were monarchs of all they surveyed; but as all earthly things must fade, so perished the power of the Desmonds, for not one sod of ground, save the narrow confines of the grave, now owns a Desmond as its master; finally the Castle of Ballygrennane and its broad acres devolved upon the family of Evans, afterwards called to the peerage as Barons of Carbery, in whom the property and title still vest. Colonel George Evans, M.P. for Askeaton in the reign of Charles the Second, who lived and died here, was the last of the name who made the castle his residence, but with them, we have nought to do at present, though it is said this gentleman had many a quaint adventure and mishap ere he lay down to die in peace as the Lord of Ballygrennane. We would, however, invite the traveller not to relax his gaze, especially as the march of science has deprived him of the society of the facetious *Mister O'Brien*, better known as the Gentleman Coachman, and his less pretending, though not less communicative rival, Sullivan, whose labours are transferred to regions more remote, where the rapid train does not as yet offer interruption to the willing ears which still listen to their random recollections of the road. A little beyond Ballygrennane, and somewhat farther removed from the river, exhibiting itself as a slight foreground to the lofty range of the Galtees, may be observed a hill covered with the remains of stately groves, but laid out with the bad taste of King William and his Dutch gardeners. In this spot stands all that remains of Bulgaden Hall, once, according to Ferrers, in his "*History of Limerick*," the most magnificent seat in the south of Ireland, erected by the Right Hon. George Evans,* son and successor of the old Colonel, of Ballygrennane, a senator, and privy councillor to three successive sovereigns, who refused the peerage, afterwards conferred, during his life time, on his son, and was honoured at his death with such respect that his body was permitted to lie in state in the Parliament House in Dublin, until removed for interment with his ancestors in the family vault at Ballygrennane. From him Bulgaden passed to the first Lord Carbery, and at his decease became the residence of his second son, the Hon. John

* George Evans was created Baron Carbery, county of Cork, on the 9th of May, 1715, the first year of the reign of George the First. Family tradition proclaims him to have been distinguished for great personal attractions, so much so that Queen Anne, struck by his appearance at one of her levees, took a ring from her finger and presented it to him. This ring is still preserved as a heir-loom at Laxton Hall, Northamptonshire, a seat brought into the Evans' family by the marriage of this Lord Carbery with the heiress of the Staffords. He was the great-great grandfather of George, present and seventh Lord Carbery.

Evans. This was the period of its halcyon days, for in addition to the large property bequeathed him by his father, Mr. Evans greatly increased his worldly estate by his marriage, in 1741, with Grace, the daughter, and eventually heiress of Sir Ralph Freke, of Castle Freke, in the county of Cork, and thus that property and name were brought into his family. Four sons and an equal number of daughters were the fruits of this happy union. Surrounded as was this delightful spot with such historical recollections and romantic scenery, on one side the mountain range of the Galtees, Castle Oliver, and the Ballyhouras, reaching far in the distance into the county of Cork, and on the other, the beautiful valley (through part of which the innovating railroad speeds its way), with the picturesque towers and mouldering ruins of the ancient town of Kilmallock, its cathedral, its abbey, and its castellated posterns,—surrounded by such prospects, what thoughts must have occupied the minds of the family of Bulgaden, when comparing their magnificent hall and its proud domain with the ruins—however picturesque—and the beautiful desolation by which they were environed. Did they—could they, indeed—contemplate the time when their loved abode would become the prey of the destroyer, their noble mansion the dwelling of the screech-owl and the bat? Yet so it was; shewing how speedily the hand of time, when unresisted by man's intelligence, can accomplish its work of destruction,—aye, even in the life-time of those who sported there as children. Various, probably, were their paths through life, chequered no doubt with joys and sorrows, but we have only to trace and follow the fate of George Evans, the eldest son and heir, who, by the death of his father during his minority, became the youthful possessor of large landed estates, and the master of Bulgaden Hall, while the Freke property devolved at the same time on the second son, who assumed that name in addition to his own, and took up his residence at Castle Freke.

George Evans, of Bulgaden, the hero of our tale, was handsome, gay, manly, and independent; these qualities, added to his wealth and station, rendered him a desirable acquisition to the fair damsels of his county, but for a long time vain were all their efforts to entrap him; like the fair ones in Moore's song of the "Love Knots," who watched for Cupid passing by, but could not catch him, the beauties of Ireland spread their nets to no purpose. But the coldest breast will warm at last, and even the stoic's pulse will throb in homage to his own perception of female loveliness and perfection. Thus it was with George Evans; and thus it is with most people.

Among the many places from which our ever-welcome guest received most pressing invitations, was Cahirnelly, the seat of Colonel Stamer, in the county of Clare. If the reader will pardon a bad pun upon so serious a subject, we confess we are tempted to observe, that had he been endowed with the gift of *Clairvoyance*, he would have avoided the county. He could not exclaim with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*, but in plain English he might say, he came, he saw, he was conquered by the bright eyes of his host's beautiful daughter. It was that love at first sight which philosophers deny, but experience shews to be true; nor did the lady use any arts to captivate this cold admirer, and yet in the absence of all these usual inducements to affection, she was the woman of his choice,—the mistress of his heart,—she must be the sharer of his fortune,—she *should* be the Lady of Bulgaden Hall. The family of Colonel Stamer consisted of two daughters. On

the beauty and accomplishments of her who had become the idol of our hero's soul we need not expatiate, but our tale requires some slight description of her sister. She was not ugly, for no woman ever was, according to the stringent rules of gallantry, upon which we dare not trespass, but she was truly plain. Our Gallic neighbours have a quaint saying descriptive of female prettiness,—“*Il y a de plus laide qui ne sont pas encore mal jolies.*” Of this young lady the saying might have been reversed, as—“*Il a de plus jolie qui ne sont pas encore mal laides,*” added to which, family tradition gave her a lameness or contortion, not calculated to augment her personal charms, or shew off her figure to advantage in the mazy dance to which the sons of St. Patrick are so devoted. In the days of which we are writing, courtships were short, and some presume to assert that happiness was, therefore (as a sequitur), the more lasting, — *le mariage de convenance* was in strict keeping with the spirit of the times. Opposition to George Evans would have been attributed to insanity by the world, disobedience to a father's wishes high treason against paternal government. Things of course followed their natural direction, as the stream flows downwards from its source, and the master of Bulgaden Hall proffered his hand and his heart, not at first to the “ladye of his love,” but, as in duty bound, to the amiable authors of her existence. Colonel and Mrs. Stamer gladly accepted that offer, for which their less-favoured neighbours had vainly sighed, and hastened to communicate the joyful tidings, with the happy prospect of a brilliant settlement, to their lovely daughter. But language is inadequate to describe their mortification when, after detailing the singular advantages of this union, and the brilliant worldly prospects now opening to her, they found her turning a deaf ear alike to gentle wishes and stern commands, for the truth must be told, she loved another. To reason with young love was vain—to threaten a determined spirit was fruitless; her disappointed parents saw that she was inexorable, yet still hoped, for their sakes, she might relent. How strange that feeling in a parent's breast which dictates to a child the sacrifice of her happiness through life, to gratify the pride of wealth and station, which they do not enjoy, and can only advantage the object of their strangely-evinced solicitude, as a wealthy set-off, though but a slender compensation for the happiness she forfeits in obedience to their arbitrary commands. Time, they thought, might do its work; wonders had been achieved through its agency; they left the weeping beauty with her less-favoured sister Anne, and hastened to assure the expectant lover that her natural timidity alone prevented an immediate answer to his suit. Strange things have happened ever since the creation of man, and will continue to surprise the world from time to time, although the royal sage has declared there is nothing new under the sun. Had some bright vision of the future risen before her—or had worldly thoughts, with the broad acres of Bulgaden Hall overcome her first and early passion? had reflection and prudence vanquished girlish predilections: or had filial obedience resumed its natural influence over her mind? We know not; at least we will not mar the romance of our tale by any further revelations on the subject, contenting ourselves with briefly narrating that the very next day Miss Stamer announced to her parents her willingness to obey their mandate, and that Colonel Stamer lost no time in communicating the joyful tidings to his intended son-in-law. Gaily did George Evans fly home to make the necessary regulations for the reception of his bride. The happy day was fixed, and Cahirnelly was now all bustle and

activity in preparing everything on a scale of splendour suitable to the rank and station of the families so deeply interested in the event. In the days of which we are writing, strange customs held their potent sway over society. The early wedding banquet was devoted to wine and feasting, while the marriage itself did not take place till the evening when the chapel was lighted up for the purpose.

The bridal day now came; and as usual opened with a feast, when every one according to custom drank to excess, sobriety on these occasions being a positive violation of all good breeding. Not only so, but the guests would have thought themselves highly dishonoured had the bridegroom escaped scatheless from the wedding banquet. None but the ladies and the chaplain (and with regard to the latter it may still remain a matter of doubt with the sceptic) walked straight to the altar that night; our hero, half unconscious of passing events, was led to where he would have flown at an earlier hour of the day. George Evans was married,—the knot was indissolubly tied; and as the bright gleams of the morning's sun shed themselves into the bridal chamber on the following day, the master of Bulgaden, thoroughly awakened from his dreams, and recovered from the effect of the liberal potations in which he had indulged, discovered, to his horror and dismay, that the bride he had taken for better and for worse,—she whom he had solemnly vowed to love, honour, and cherish, was not the woman of his choice,—that he was the victim of a cheat—a base deception,—that all his hopes of earthly happiness had at once faded, and that his future life was a blank.

Indignant at the deception practised upon him, he left the chamber without a word, and sought—what could not then avail him—an explanation from Colonel Stamer. Both the Colonel and his wife denied all share in the imposture, avouching it in language too solemn to be disbelieved; their words bore the stamp of truth upon them; but what did all this avail him? His condition was nowise improved by discovering that the parents were blameless,—that the plot emanated from the woman who till then had been the idol of his soul, and that she had substituted her veiled sister Anne for herself at the altar. To hope that he would pardon the stratagem,—that he would try how far his wedded wife could minister to his worldly comforts,—to expect that he would not cast a slur upon the family by deserting the woman to whom he had openly plighted his faith within twenty-four hours, were arguments to be adopted by Colonel and Mrs. Stamer, as matters of course, and this line of policy was not neglected; but what reasonable man would have anticipated their realization? George Evans requested an interview with his wife. "Madam," he said, "you have attained your end. I need not say how you bear my name, and, for the sake of your family, I acknowledge you as my wife. You shall receive an income from me suitable to your situation; this, probably, is all you cared for with regard to me, and you and I shall meet no more in this world." The bride falteringly attempted an explanation, but he was gone, never to return.

George Evans took leave of his home and his country, and sought in the dissipation of the French capital, then sunk deep in vice and licentiousness, a forgetfulness of his sorrows, and died its victim in 1769, leaving the estate of Bulgaden in reversion to the second son of his brother, Sir John Evans Freke, Bart., then, unlike himself, happily

united to the Lady Elizabeth Gore, daughter of the first Earl of Arran, on condition of this child's resuming the family name of Evans. George Freke Evans, thus his successor, married, in 1805, Sarah, Dowager Lady Carbery, widow of his cousin, George, the fourth Lord, and dying himself, without issue, in 1829, he bequeathed Bulgaden Hall to his brother John, the sixth and late Lord Carbery, who had succeeded to that peerage on the failure of the heirs male of the elder branch. But the glory of Bulgaden Hall was gone; for, from the period of its desertion by its luckless master, it gradually sunk into ruin, and to mark its site nought remains but the foundation walls and a solitary stone, bearing the family arms, which no doubt once occupied a prominent place in this splendid pile, though now lying among the rank grass and thistles of its deserted court.

The only member of the Evans family still residing in the neighbourhood of Bulgaden is Eyre Evans, Esq., of Ashhill Towers, near Kilmallock, whose father, the late Colonel Eyre Evans, of Miltown, county of Cork, was a consin german of the disappointed bridegroom of our tale.

E. M. R.



On the old observation, "Truth is sometimes more strange and wonderful than fiction :"—

More strange than earth-born fiction's dreams
Does Heavenly Truth appear ;—
When God reveals some startling fact
To shame Injustice here.

1849. R. S. S.

Totteridge, Herts.



LOCAL CHRONICLES.

No. I.

THERE is a time of life when most of us look back with pleasure to the incidents of our early days, and when, ceasing to have our thoughts so constantly occupied with the future, from sad experience of the fallacies of hope, we are glad to seek in the past that excitement we no longer find elsewhere. In this respect, it is much the same with nations as with individuals; when learning and science have done their utmost, people begin to weary for a change, no matter of what kind, so long as it be a change; they pall upon refinement, and feel that it has lost the power of exciting, in which happy state of mind they seek for a ruder, and, therefore, more stimulating food in the works of their almost forgotten predecessors. Then comes a sudden furor for the old ballad and the old tale, the older still the better; hill and valley, fell and forest, are ripped up for murders, and high achievements, and other fragmentary recollections, the ruins of the intellectual, as decaying walls are of the physical world; or the antiquary, if he be a man of somewhat more imagination than his fellows, endeavours might and main to evoke some ghost or goblin, some fay or demon that has long ago been laid to rest by the magic wand of science. Having ourselves a decided predilection for these Dalilahs of the imagination, we of course honour and respect our dear friend the public for being slaved to the same fancies, and the rather as we do espy therein some small advantage to our own peculiar. The fact is, we happen to have a decent stock of such commodities on hand, collected at no little expenditure of time, labour, and current coin of the realm, and therefore naturally admire the taste that seems likely to provide us with consumers, and keep up the price of the market. But yet we would be fair dealers too, giving a penny roll for a penny, and have no mind to imitate those ingenious Italians who at Rome and Naples make antiquities for the benefit of their English customers. The staple of our chronicles will actually be what it professes to be—the truth that is; or at least the belief of other days; it being always understood, however, that we reserve to ourselves, in its utmost extent, the privilege of repairing, filling up, and otherwise restoring the fragments which but for such care would be oftentimes as unsatisfactory as some of those ancient torsos, at which we, like other simple folks, have mightily admired, being puzzled to make out what they originally represented, Sphynxes or Venuses, men or horses, or whether indeed they were anything more than dilapidated milestones; neither do we ever remember to have received much help or enlightenment in respect to the same from the diletanti and connoisseurs; they have seldom shewed themselves to be *Edipuses*, or particularly skilled in untying such Gordian knots, but have rather tightened and made them all the harder by their very efforts to undo them. We might plead, moreover, in excuse—if excuse be necessary—the example of the elegant and accomplished Bishop Percy, who has given to the world three volumes of ballads, which may well be the cause of

no little wonderment to those who turn from them to the Roxburgh Collection. With what impatient surprise must they pass from page to page, in the full confidence of meeting with poetry—rude and simple indeed, hut still poetry ; and how great will be their disappointment when they come to find that at least two-thirds of the expected treasures, like the coins paid by the magician in the eastern tale, are nothing else hut so many dry and withered leaves.

But to return to our traditions. It is strange that they should be so few in England, and those few so imperfectly remembered. The fact cannot be attributed to the superior civilization of the English peasant, for in general the Scotchman of the same rank has greatly the advantage of him in regard to education, and yet every Scottish hill, moor, or river, has a legend attached to it. Then, as to imagination, is not a large portion of our people lineally descended from the very Germans whose heads have never ceased to be crammed full of ghost-stories, and stories of diablerie, and stories of rohher-knights, and all sorts and kinds of delightful incredibilities ? How, then, happens it that our peasantry should have retained so few of their ancient legends, and that it is only with much pains and labour the zealous antiquary is able to pick up a few scattered gleanings from the abundant harvest of other days ? We might be inclined to suppose the Conquest had something to do with this, the Normans having by their metrical lays as completely banished the older fables as by their swords they upset the previously existing constitution of the island ; hut against such a supposition must be placed the unanswerable fact that the Celtic race in Wales, a large portion of whom even now speak no other language than their own, are precisely in the same state as our Saxon peasants in regard to the scantiness of their remaining popular lore. This is the more remarkable when we find the Bretons, another great division of the Celtic family who, like the Welsh, fled from Britain before the invading Saxons, still retain an abundance of legends and superstitions, many of them of a highly romantic and interesting character. No doubt a theory, or a dozen theories if required, might be brought forward to account for this riddle, but however plausible they might prove, it may be questioned if any of them would bear much investigation when the data on which to found them are so insufficient. We will abstain, therefore, from all speculations upon so ticklish a subject, seeing that they might be overthrown with half the ingenuity that it took to build them up.

In availing ourselves of these scanty stores, we by no means intend to confine our gleanings to one class of traditions only,—neither to the ghostly, the legendary, the historic, or to those startling incidents which, strictly speaking, cannot be ranged under any of these heads, and yet in some measure would seem to belong to them all. The family tale that still lingers in some baronial hall, or in the abbey—no longer an abbey in anything save the name—is unquestionably a fair and legitimate theme ; hut so also is the “ horrid and atrocious murder most cruelly committed, and no less wonderfully brought to light by God’s providence ;” and when a spirit rises from the churchyard, or a fairy crosses our way in the merry moonlight, as many times they have done—in the peasant’s tale, be it understood—we shall not hesitate to give them a courteous reception, hoping that they may turn out no less welcome to our readers, whom we hereby acknowledge, in the language of the play-house hills, to be the “ liberal and enlightened British public,” but only so long as they approve

of all and anything we may choose to lay before them. The moment they fail in this necessary part of the compact, we must beg leave to withdraw the admission.

THE MILLER OF LUTTERWORTH.

It was a cloudy autumnal evening when the miller came slowly trotting homewards, and so wrapt up in his own thoughts that he paid little attention to his horse. The animal, which at the best of times was not too sure-footed, being thus unsupported by hand and rein, stumbled over a sand stone, and had nearly thrown his rider over his head, much to the amusement of two rustics employed close by in hedging and ditching.

"I say, Dick," cried one of them to his companion, "I'm shot if sulky David beant drunk as usual."

"Why, to be sure, a' do sit horse as thof a'd got more ale nor wits in his head; but that's nothing new, Tummas."

"I believe you, Dick," replied the other; "it be as common as poppy in a corn-field, and just as fine a sight."

"But I say, Tummas; it mun be very pleasant, sure, to be able to drink when a fellow's dry. I'm mortal dry just now mysen."

"Well; and beant there lots o' water in ditch, and some to spare? Thee mun be dry, indeed, mun, if thee drink all up this bout."

"Water be blest; it's ale I'm thinking on—good fat brown ale. Gosh! I only wish I could get drunk as often as miller does."

"It ha'n't done he much good I reckon."

"What harm has it done un, 'cept it be a broken head now and then in a quarrel, or——"

"Ora broken neck, as he's like to get now if a' ride in that fashion."

"Why, yeez, a' do flog and spur the old pyebald mare a bit, and it's an ugly road 'tween this and mill—more sheam to them as has the mending on't."

"Aye, Dick, and for all that a' wont escape bailiff, let un gallop as a wooll. I do hear as how he an't paid squire any rent since last Christmas."

"And that be nigh three quarters. I'd as lief be in the stocks as in his shoes."

Notwithstanding these remarks, the object of them was quite sober. The evil mood that possessed him, causing him to use whip and spur so furiously, arose from disappointment and the prospect of ruin close before him. His brief career of vicious indulgence was now drawing fast to an end; the money he had inherited from his father, though a handsome sum for a man in his situation of life, had been expended in less than four years of his coming into possession of it, and debts had accumulated upon him till at length the entire breaking up of his credit prevented his committing any further faults on that score. His mill might yet have afforded him the means of decent subsistence, if he could only have compassed two things,—a reform in his mode of living, and the canceling of the debts that oppressed him; but either of these objects seemed equally impracticable; and, to crown all, his landlord's agent, lawyer Jenkins, had assured him, that if he did not pay the three quarters' rent

then overdue, he, the said agent, would be under the necessity of seizing his goods, and ejecting him from his mill.

In a short gallop, the impatient mood had fretted itself off, and he again relaxed his pace, patting his horse's neck with something like a sense of pain as well as shame at having used his old friend so roughly. With all his faults, he could not justly be reproached with the least want of kindly feeling for man or beast; indeed, his aversion to cruelty of any kind amounted almost to weakness, since it frequently led him into adventures much like that of Don Quixote, when the doughty knight interfered between the shepherd and his lad to save the latter from the pains of the scourge, and it very often brought him a requital in the same kind. Such mishaps, however, had failed to cure our miller of his passion for coming in as thirdsman in all matters of strife and oppression, whether between man and man, or between the human biped and the inferior animals. This trait in his character is more particularly to be noted from the light it throws on what follows, and, therefore, in further illustration of it, I may notice an event, trifling in itself, that occurred on this fatal evening.

He had now got within less than a quarter of a mile of his own home, and was beginning to comfort himself with the idea of escaping the storm that threatened, when he saw a gipsy lad employed in the humane occupation of tying a large stone about the neck of a terrier, with the evident intention of drowning it in a pond close by. The poor animal, which was certainly none of the handsomest, bore other marks of ill-usage in his torn ears, and sundry raw and bleeding parts about his body. At this sight the miller's wrath kindled in an instant, and pulling up his horse, he began to question the young vagrant in no very amicable tone.

"What are you about there, you young scoundrel?" was his first salute, accompanied by an ominous flourish of his whip.

"Going to drown him," replied the boy, doggedly; "he's good for nothing, and couldn't hold the badger when he'd got a grip of him."

"Why, you young brute!" exclaimed the miller in great ire; "but there's only one way of arguing with whelps of your sort."

And forthwith he began to apply his horsewhip to the boy's shoulders with such right good will that, stubborn as he was in general, he yelled aloud, and dodged about in all directions to escape his tormentor. But in the midst of this flagellating scene, the miller's hand was suddenly arrested by the yet shriller and louder exclamations of a female voice.

"Leave the boy alone—leave him alone, I tell you, or I'll hurl my knife at your head."

"And what the devil brings you here?" replied the miller. "Haven't I warned you a score of times——"

"Aye, and a score to that," interrupted the gipsy; "and now I'll warn you once—only once—but I'll be hound you won't forget it in a hurry."

"Warn me, you old hag! I'll have you set in the stocks for your impudence."

"You'll find yourself in a worse place before you die, and that's the felon's cell in the county jail; aye, and the boy here will be the smith to fit you with the darbies. Won't that be brave sport, miller?"

"Out upon you, witch. But hark you here, boy: give your dog to me, and there's sixpence for you."

"Take it, boy—take the lilywhite silver; for he'll be hung all the same when his time comes."

"Why, you old hag——"

"Oh! yes; strike me with your whip; do—that's a brave lad."

"Well, well! I was a thought too hasty in that, were you ten times a witch and thief. So, there's a shilling for you, and now make me quit of you."

"Troth will I, master David; and I wish I could promise you a fairer death than hanging. But never mind; the day's far off, and that's some comfort; the hemp for your rope is not sown yet, and the wood they'll make your gibbet off is still growing with the green leaves upon it. Curious that, an't it master David? And then you won't need a coffin, —comfort, too, in that; it's a handsome penny saved. And so good night to you, jolly miller."

With this ominous valediction Maude took herself off with her grandson, the poor dog gracing her departure with a long howl, and then jumping up about the miller, as if to testify the pleasure he had in making his acquaintance.

"Why, you seem as glad to get rid of the old thief as I am," said David: "but since you've left her service, I suppose I must take you into mine, or you'll be more like to stumble upon a halter than a supper."

The dog gave his assent to the proposition by a series of joyous yelpings.

"Well, then," continued the miller; "come along with you, boy; for there's ugly weather right a-head of us, and I don't fancy a wet jacket if we can do better."

David was right. The night, as he prophesied, set in dark and stormy; a few broad drops fell just as he reached his own door, and in less than half an hour it blew a perfect hurricane. Yet although the fire blazed so cheerfully, and all around looked so snug and comfortable, the sight gave him no pleasure; do what he would, he was unable to forget, even for a moment, that let the weather be what it might, to-morrow he must endure it, or find shelter in the workhouse. He had already spent the day in testing those he called his friends, and learnt how little he had to expect from them.

The clock struck eleven, a late hour for any one in country-life to be up and waking; yet still he remained in the same place, and almost in the same position, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts, with no other light in the room than what was supplied by the wood fire. The man who assisted him in the labours of the mill, and the domestic drudge of all work, had long been gone to rest, so that he continued to brood over his gloomy prospects without any interruption save from the howling of the storm without. At length he was disturbed by a loud beating at the outer door.

"Who the deuce can it be that knocks at such an hour as this?—No good one, I suspect."

As he did not move from his seat, the knocking, after a little while was repeated, and yet more eagerly than before.

"Well, if you can wake Martha with all this noise, or persuade John to leave his snug bed, you'll be in high luck, my fine fellow; but Martha's deaf as any post, John would hardly poke his nose out of the blankets

though the mill were afire, and as for me, why should I do good to any one?

Knock, knock, ring, ring. Still the miller did not move, when a voice was heard, even above the wind and rain.

"Open! for the love of heaven open. I have been nearly drowned in the mill-stream, and am perishing with cold. It's too dark to see my way any farther."

The miller, notwithstanding his own peculiar cause of grief, was unable to resist this appeal.

"Poor fellow!" he said; by his voice he should be in a sad plight—much as I may be to-morrow,—without home, without shelter of any kind; and the roads about here are hard to hit at any time, let alone the rain, and the wind, and the darkness. I've half a mind to play the good-natured fool once more; 'twill be for the last time; after to-night I shan't have it in my power to give refuge to man or beast, and so have patience, friend; have patience a bit, till I can undraw bolt and bar, and you shall have a miller's welcome."

But patience was a quality which the visitor on the outside evidently did not possess, for all the time the bars were being removed he kept up a querulous murmuring, with an occasional drumming at the portal, indicative of the strong desire he had to be within. At length the miller had undone the complicated fastenings, when in staggered, rather than walked, a figure dripping wet, which might have passed for a half-drowned dog on its hind legs, only that the face had not quite so benevolent an expression. This watery visitor flung himself into the miller's great arm-chair without ceremony, exclaiming,—

"Brandy, David,—David Thompson, brandy."

"Lawyer Jenkins, as I live by bread!" cried the miller.

"I know *that*, fool, as well as you do," replied the visitor, in his sharpest tones; "but brandy, man,—brandy!"

"And what the dickens brings you here at this time of night, master Jenkins? You haven't come to seize, have you?"

"Nothing but the brandy, David,—nothing but the brandy."

Though by no means convinced of his guest's pacific intentions, notwithstanding these assurances, David yet could not find in his heart to refuse the hospitality demanded of him. He produced his brandy from a corner cupboard, and the lawyer having, with much satisfaction, as it seemed, emptied the small glass offered to him, filled it again unasked, and began to sip more leisurely, his wet clothes reeking all the while under the influence of the fire, till he sat enveloped in a fog that rendered him well nigh invisible. Moved to something like compassion by this state of things, the miller proposed that he should either go to bed at once, as there was a vacant bed at his service, or else change his clothes if he preferred having supper. The lawyer readily enough agreed to the supper, but objected to the trouble of taking off his clothes, and having finished a hearty though hasty meal, next demanded a pipe, and stated his intention of making himself comfortable over a glass of punch. The coolness of the announcement somewhat startled David, but then he was by nature sociable—too sociable,—and fond, as we have already seen, of the glass, besides which the formidable guest was his landlord's agent, and a timely exercise of civility might perhaps be the means of putting off for a while the next day's evil reckoning. It was worth trying at all events.

In this disposition to make the best of things, and play the friendly host, David produced tobacco and pipes, and set about brewing a bowl of punch, both strong and large, the "strong" applying to the liquor, and the "large" to the biggest bowl in the house, a mighty vessel, capable of holding enough to slake the thirst of a dozen reasonable toppers. This process the lawyer witnessed with evident satisfaction, slyly desiring his host to recollect that he had already imbibed a large quantity of water, which ought to be considered in the brewage, and the rum proportioned accordingly. So far, therefore, everything looked propitious for David's plan of conciliation. But it happened most unluckily that both host and guest chanced to be quarrelsome in their cups, and the longer their revels continued, the more it lost the character of harmony with which it had set out. The reader, if he be a man of any observation, must have often noticed much the same thing take place at the meeting of two dogs who, from a natural desire to do the amiable, greet each other with all the outward tokens of amity, and in the exuberance of these friendly feelings, proceed to a game of romps. At first they attempt in the most affectionate manner to pull down one another, but presently the good-humoured bark changes to an angry growl, then comes a fierce snap, and the game of play is now decidedly a game of earnest. Even so it fared with David and his guest. As the lawyer warmed with the punch, he must needs talk jocosely of his next day's proceedings *in re* landlord *versus* tenant. The miller, not above half relishing a jest which came so home to him, replied with an awkward attempt to maintain the same tone. Then the lawyer, feeling himself rather nettled, replied in something between a growl and a snap, whereupon the miller retorted by an unequivocal snarl, and from that moment it was who should make the best use of his tongue. The advantage, from his professional habits, was decidedly with the lawyer, and he enlarged with such unction on the impending ruin of his opponent, that the latter, exasperated beyond all prudential considerations, dealt him a blow with his clenched fist that sent him reeling towards the fire-place.

But the little man, though weak, was by no means deficient in spirit, and conscious of his inability to cope otherwise with so sturdy a rival, snatched up the poker, and struck him severely upon the head. The sight of his own blood, which streamed down his face, made David yet fiercer than before; a violent struggle ensued, in which he got possession of the poker, and returned the blow he had received with ample interest, when the lawyer dropped at once. There was a heavy groan, a slight convulsive twitching of the muscles about the mouth, and all was over.

It is no new thing to hear tell of a drunkard's being sobered in an instant by some sudden and unexpected shock. No sooner did David see his late adversary lying in death before him, than the fumes of intoxication passed entirely away, or at most, left behind a dull, stupid sense of alarm. For a time he remained gazing on the body, while all manner of strange and unconnected thoughts flitted through his brain, until at last they settled in a fixed and overwhelming consciousness of the danger in which he stood. Did any one know of the lawyer's visit to him that night?—had he spoken of such an intention before setting out? Hope whispered, and reason agreed that it was much more likely the call had resulted from his accidental tumbling into the mill-stream in the darkness of the night upon his return homewards. But if so, had any one in the

mill overheard the fray? The bare notion struck a new terror into the heart of David, and he listened anxiously for the sound of feet or voices, or some token that the sleepers had been awakened and were stirring. No; he could hear nothing. All, then, was safe so far, if he could only hide the deed from morning. And why not? the night was pitch dark, the ground soft from the heavy rain, and in less than half an hour the corpse might be covered with six good feet of earth, when not a soul would be the wiser.

It is generally believed that a deed of this kind unnerves the perpetrator, and unfits him at the moment from taking the necessary precautions to ensure his safety. In most cases it may be so, but it certainly was not with David; perhaps the consciousness of there being no premeditation in the affair, and that he had not entertained the slightest idea of taking life when he struck the fatal blow, might sustain him at this crisis; still he felt convinced that no one would believe this modified version of the affair, which went to strip it of all that made it criminal, or at least that rendered it amenable to the law's worst penalties. The ample grounds for hatred that existed between him and the deceased were perfectly well known, and to that hatred the murder would not fail to be attributed, if the body were found there, or if in any way the deed should be traced to him. So, at least, he argued the matter with himself, and having arrived at this conclusion, as most in his place would have done, he resolved that he would rather trust to his being able to bury the secret with the corpse, than appeal to his innocence, which could not be proved, and must lie under as heavy suspicion as could well belong to circumstantial evidence. Taking up the body, therefore, on his shoulders, and having provided himself with a spade, he set out for the soft, marshy ground by the mill-stream.

All this time it was so dark that he could hardly see an inch before him; but he feared to carry a light, however small, lest it should betray him if any chance-wanderer should be abroad,—a thing not very likely, yet still not impossible. The roaring, however, of the water as it dashed over the weir afforded a tolerable guide through the night for one so familiar with the place as he was, and at length he found, or rather felt—for seeing anything distinctly was out of the question—a spot suited to his purpose. To a young and vigorous man like David, impelled, moreover, by such motives for exertion, it was no very long or laborious task to dig a hole sufficient to hide his deed, so far as earth could hide it. Having accomplished this first and most necessary part of his task, he next returned to the mill, and was about to wash out the blood from the floor, that its presence might not betray what had happened, when it occurred to him that it would be safer policy to leave things as they were.

"Half this blood that has been spilt is mine, and may well serve as a cover for the rest; if they find me here in the morning, wallowing in this red pool, and so deep a gash upon my head, they'll suppose I had drunk too much, and got hurt by falling against the sander; it won't be the first time by many that something very like it has happened, though I never till now thought a character for drunkenness would stand me in such stead. Had I been a sober fellow, every one would have suspected something. But what's this?—a bag of gold, as I live!—dropped no doubt by the thief of a lawyer in our scuffle. I dare say, now, he had been routing up the poor tenants for arrears, and was on his way home

with these pickings when the storm came on and blew him hither. I wish it had blown him to Jericho, rather,—with all my heart I do—with all my heart. And what's to be done with the gold? 'twould be a pity to throw it into the river, and I so much in want of money. How it burns my fingers, though, when I touch it! One would think that the guineas had come red-hot from the mint, or that the devil had been handling them—as, indeed, is no such unlikely matter."

Long and seriously did the miller debate the question with himself whether to keep the gold as a treasure trove, or to fling it into the mill-stream, that he might not be tainted with what he could not help thinking seemed marvellously like the price of blood. What had passed he could excuse to his own mind as having been the result of accident, but something within him whispered—a feeling he could neither understand nor control—that to retain the money would give quite a different complexion to the affair.

"Not so," replied the fiend, who is ever busy to men's apprehension, pleading the cause of evil; "not so; the man is dead, and if you flung his money into the sea instead of into the river, it would not bring him to life again; as well you profit by his gold as any other."

The fiend prevailed, as he generally does in such cases, being like most pleaders especially eloquent when the cause is weakest.

The morning revelations went off just as David had anticipated. The miller's knave grinned from ear to ear at finding his master with his head upon the fender, the broken punch-bowl beside him, and his face covered with streaks of clotted blood, while the floor evinced the same sanguine tokens. Even the maid-servant was too much accustomed to such sights to express any great degree of wonder. David, too, managed to play his part both at the time and afterwards with considerable tact, his whole manner being that of a man who had been drunk over night, and hardly yet come fully to his senses, a character which long practice enabled him to assume in a way that baffled all suspicion. In every other respect, his conduct was equally guarded; he did not leave the place at once, for that might have led to awkward doubts and inquiries: nor did he pay up the arrears of rent out of his late acquisition, wisely judging that such a show of money at a time when he was generally known not to have a halfpenny left in the world, would infallibly excite suspicion. Instead of doing so, he quietly suffered his goods to be distrained, his lease forfeited, and then removed himself to Buckminster. The mysterious disappearance of the lawyer did, indeed, for a time, occasion some stir amongst the good people of Lutterworth, but no one thought of connecting it in any way with David, and in a short time the whole affair was completely forgotten.

Of the miller's subsequent life at Buckminster little or nothing has been handed down to us, from which we may fairly infer that it was not particularly distinguished either by bad or good fortune. To draw, however, upon the imagination for the details would be to give another character to our chronicle, wherein we profess to deal more in truth than fiction, and we shall, therefore, leave this large segment of his career the blank we find it. At the end of about twenty years he took a fancy to revisit Lutterworth; or, as the ancients would have construed it, avenging Nemesis, who never sleeps when evil is to be requited, had found the fitting hour, and impelled him upon his destiny. It would be well if, a

belief so much in harmony with abstract justice were borne out by facts, and men did indeed meet with the reward of their actions in this world, whether for good or ill ; hut experience shews that such is not the case, and many an undivulged crime goes with its perpetrator to the grave, where it lies hidden beneath a weight of marble, and sometimes with a glorious epitaph recording the virtues of the defunct.

Many changes had taken place in Lutterworth and in its neighbourhood since David was last there. Even the country had lost somewhat of its familiar aspect. Orchards had been transformed into pleasure-grounds, with neat villas, and one huge waste, which formerly shewed no signs of cultivation, nor any appearance of life beyond a few half-starved cows and consumptive horses striving hard to pick up a meagre subsistence, was now dotted over with neat cottages in the midst of little gardens. The latter exhibited all stages of advancement, from the ground in which the best produce was cabbages and a few stunted gooseberry bushes, largely intermingled with patches of furze not yet rooted up, to the plot which several years of patient labour had converted into what novelists would call a paradise, but which, in truth, was a garden highly cultivated. Other signs that time had not stood still at Lutterworth more than elsewhere occurred to him as he approached the town at a slow pace, which from the gentlest trot possible subsided into a walk at his horse's pleasure. Boys and girls had grown into men and women, and those whom he had left in the prime of life were old and feeble ; while not a few slept with their forefathers in the village churchyard. Nor was this all. On coming yet nearer, how anxiously did he look out for his old school, which should have been on the left hand, half hidden by its stately row of elms—the place which of all others would have been so dear to him at this moment, for in the sudden gush and uprising, as it were, of early feelings, he felt half a child again, and with all a child's longings. But it was there no more. The elms had gone—the house itself had gone, and it was only by the near river that he recognised its site, which was now occupied by a large brewery. A few steps farther, and he saw that the Green Dragon had also disappeared,—scotched, killed, not by Saint George, but by the saints of Methodism ; and they had celebrated their triumph by erecting in the place, where he had made his den, a tabernacle of red bricks, looking fiery as any furnace. As some amends, however, for this defeat of the Green Dragon, a no less rare specimen of the animal world had made his appearance on the other side of the way. This was a Black Lion, a huge rampant beast, that lent his countenance to a handsome inn occupying the place of half a dozen small houses, and there, at the first glance, David resolved to take up his abode.

There are times, as every one must know who has advanced only a short distance in life's pilgrimage, when things of every day occurrence—things indeed so common that in general we do not note them—assume an extraordinary influence over us. Abstractedly considered, the sound of the funeral bell has nothing in it to affect any hut those whom it summons to attend upon the grave ; neither can it be thought very wonderful that it should now have begun to toll precisely as our miller was about to enter his native town ; and yet the first heavy vibration made him pull up short, as unpleasantly surprised as if some one had dashed a bucket of cold water in his face.

"The funeral bell!" he exclaimed; "'tis an odd welcome after a twenty years' absence. Some folks now would call it a bad omen, and, truth to say, I don't above half like it myself. I could find in my heart to turn back again."

While he yet paused, a sharp voice, that seemed to come from the air cried out, "go away, go away—you'll be hung, you'll be hung."

"Zounds—heaven forgive my swearing at such a time—but does the devil mingle in the dance?"

"You'll be hung—go away!" repeated the same voice, finishing off its denunciation with something between a scream and a laugh.

Almost unconscious that he did so, the miller endeavoured to turn his horse round, but that sagacious animal, seeming to read the "good accommodation for man and horse," on the sign-post, demurred to his rider's suggestion, backing and passaging with much noise and raising of dust. While David battled the point stoutly with his spurs, the invisible monitor screamed and laughed louder than ever, till his eye by chance glancing upwards in the right direction he saw in a cage hanging from an upper window a huge grey parrot, the evident author of his alarm.

"Curse thee," cried David, in high chafe at this discovery; "I only wish I could get within reach of thee; wouldn't I wring the neck off that ugly body!"

"Go away, go away!" replied the bird. "Ha, ha, ha! you'll be hung—go away."

David shook his fist at the ill-omened prophet, and spurred on to the Black Lion, who, like all animals of that complexion, proved to be not only a harmless but a hospitable brute, and gave him a hearty welcome. It chanced, however, to be market-day, and as there seemed small prospect of dinner being ready quite so soon as the Lion's master promised, he determined to fill up the interval by visiting some of his former haunts.

"I should like," said he to himself, "to take a peep at the mill, and see whether the old girl looks as she used to do. 'Twill do me more good than a quart of home-brewed to hear that jolly clapper of hers once again."

His nearest road lay through the church-yard; it was that he had always been used to take in days of yore; and less from purpose than from the awaking of old habit he crossed the stile, and soon found himself involved in a labyrinth of graves and tombstones. In other times he had paid no more attention to them than to the flag-stones of the pavement, but now on the sudden they had acquired a wonderful importance in his eyes. They told him many a sad tale of what had been going on in his absence. The tombs he had left quite fresh were in not a few instances overgrown with docks and nettles, while others of the same date, which were less neglected, shewed by some recent inscription added to the family-epitaphs that this care was owing to a new interment. Upon the whole it was a salutary lesson to living pride to see how soon the best might be forgotten; for, if the various epitaphs could be credited, death had sown little else than virtue in the ground, though the precious seed had hitherto produced nothing but weeds and grass. And yet how many pious pastors, and excellent husbands, and loving wives, and learned teachers, had taken up their abode here, sufficiently accounting by the quantity of good they had carried off with them for the degeneracy of those they had left behind them. It is true that David did not consider the matter quite so curiously; his chief object was to see how many of his

former acquaintance had found their way here in his absence ; and it was with a strange feeling—it could hardly be called surprise—that he missed half a score of old names that should in reason have been amongst the tombs, while not a few of those whom he remembered as mere children were now lying beneath his feet. More real and unqualified was his wonderment at reading the high characters given to certain of the deceased as compared with his recollections of them. It was curious enough to hear him commenting upon his old neighbours as he passed from one to the other, and to see him rubbing his brow thoughtfully in much doubt whether the individuals so distinguished could be those he remembered under the same name. Thus for instance—

“ ‘ John Stoner’—‘ he was the best of husbands’—hum !—‘ the kindest of fathers’—the devil he was ? to my certain knowledge he broke his wife’s heart, took up with his housekeeper, and left his son to rot in jail, though he had more thousands in his pouch than sins upon his conscience. Zounds ! I should like well to grind the headstone into meal for the fellow who wrote all these lies, and let him have no bread but of my haking. But let’s see the next.

“ ‘ Dorothy Grove, spinster, who died universally regretted.’

“ That’s as great a lie as t’other. Why, the old cat was near eighty when I left Lutterworth, and I’ll be sworn there was not a soul in the parish that did not heartily wish her dead and buried long before. But what says that fellow amongst the nettles ?

“ ‘ M. J. D., 1624.’

“ Short and sweet however, and by the initials it should be my old crony, Mathew James Dering—leastwise, I don’t recollect any one else those letters would suit—no ; it must be poor Mathew. Well, they might have said something more about him when they were daubing the others at such a rate. He was one of the best fellows that ever broke bread—only he could never keep a sixpence in his pocket. By the Lord Harry, a man who wants a true character of any one must never come into a church-yard for it, unless indeed he reads the epitaphs the wrong way, as they say conjurors do with the prayer-book when they wish to raise the devil.”

While David was indulging in these and similar speculations, something was going on at the old mill, to which, as it nearly concerned him, we must now give our attention.

Three tenants had occupied the mill since the time when he quitted Lutterworth, the last of whom had been settled there about six weeks. He was a man vastly given to improvements ; that is to say, he never saw any place hut his head was immediately filled with a thousand schemes for altering it into something else—something better as he always promised himself and others, though the result never failed to disappoint those who had put their faith in him. No sooner had the genius of this grand projector exhausted itself upon the mill, and in so doing well nigh rendered it incapable of acting, than he cast his eyes around to see on what he could next exercise his talents, when he found the very thing desired in a spot we have already noticed as bordering upon the mill-stream, and being, except for a few reeds and rushes, a mere waste. This unpromising piece of barrenness he determined to convert into a handsome garden, its very unfitness for such a purpose forming, one would suppose, its recommendation ; at least it had no other. With this view he had two or three

days previously called in a score of labourers, and commenced operations with much vigour, banking in the water, grubbing up the reeds and rushes, burning out the vermin of all kinds, and digging it from one end to the other. These preliminaries bring us to the morning of which we are speaking, when he began laying out and planting, and amongst other fancies, chose to remove a willow from a field not far off to give it a place in his new garden. Accordingly the men set about digging a hole for its reception, and had just got to the necessary depth when their spades struck against something hard, and curiosity being thus awakened they worked on till they had fairly exposed to view a human skeleton. Every one present, as a matter of course, was loud and earnest in expressing surprise and asking questions, which, for a time, nobody seemed inclined to answer, till at last an old man recollected that just twenty years before, lawyer Jenkins had been missed, and never since heard of. Others then began to remember the same thing, and how on the day when he should have returned home and did not, he had been going the usual round amongst his employer's tenants, and was known to have collected what must have amounted to a large sum of money. But was this the skeleton of lawyer Jenkins—and if so, who had been his murderer? for that he had not come fairly by his death was evident alike from his being buried there, and from the shattered state of the skull. To be sure, they might themselves have been the cause of this by striking their spades against the skull while digging down to it, but such simple solutions of any mystery are seldom popular, and though one bystander did venture on a suggestion of the kind, he met with little attention. Who then, could have done the deed? At this question, which came from more than one mouth, the younger members of the party, those who at the time of the murder must have been in petticoats, and, therefore, could have had no share in it, looked inquisitively, if not suspiciously, at their elders, whose present age brought it within the limits of possibility that they might have done such a feat twenty years before.

"Twenty years!" murmured an old man, as if pondering upon it, and endeavouring in his mind to connect it with other matters.

"Yes, that it was," said another; "I mind it well, for it was only a short time before David Thompson—he who leased the mill—became bankrupt and left these parts."

"How strangely things do jump together," cried a third. "Why, I saw him stop at the Black Lion not half an hour since, and a famous bay mare he rode, too."

"Aye, aye," said the first speaker, who by this time seemed to have brightened up his half-faded recollections; "that may well be, if all's true I hear people tell of him; they do say he's made a mint of money at Buckminster."

The hint that David had grown rich, acting, as such hints generally do upon the benevolence of the hearers, enlightened them all at once on the subject under discussion. It suggested to them simultaneously the idea that he must have been the murderer.

"I should not wonder," said a sharp-looking old fellow, "if it was he who killed lawyer."

"Nor I—nor I," re-echoed several voices, which was farther clenched by the new miller's saying,—

"I doubt me, neighbours, but you have hit the right nail on the head,

For only look you now how all fadges. The man runs away soon after the murder's done, he gets rich nobody knows how, and, just at the nick of time, when the dead man's skeleton rises to witness against him——"

"But it don't rise," interrupted a jolter-headed clown; "it don't stir a bit; and as to witnessing, it ha'n't spoke a word—how the plague should it?"

While the miller was endeavouring to beat his metaphor into the hard skulls of his hearers, who should come by, as if especially sent by fate to help them at this juncture, but Seth Jebson, attorney-at-law, being the sixth of that tribe then located in the good town of Lutterworth. Attracted by the crowd, and the evident signs that something of importance was going forward, he left the road and rode up to the labourers, who in a few minutes had told him all they knew of the matter, and perhaps a little more. With such evidence Jebson, whose natural shrewdness had been ground to a very fine edge indeed by the practice of the law, came at once to the conclusion that David must have been the murderer. Desiring them to keep careful watch and ward over the skeleton, and not allow a single bone of it to be touched, or in any way disturbed, he posted off to the Black Lion as fast as he could persuade his horse to gallop. A few words sufficed to make mine host and the usual inn-militia comprehend what he had just seen and heard. Hereupon all readily promised him their assistance, and the whole party rushing into the room just as David was about to commence the meal he had for some time been impatiently expecting, the lawyer flung himself upon him, and cried,—

"I arrest you for the murder of lawyer Jenkins, late of this town."

David turned white as the table-cloth before him, and was immediately seized with a violent fit of trembling.

"Eternal Providence!" he murmured; "will not blood dry up in twenty years,—can it be possible!"

"Very possible," said the quick-witted lawyer, who saw the advantage given him by David's first terror, and determined to take all the advantage of it while it lasted; "very possible. There stands the witness."

And he pointed as if to some one in the crowd which had gathered round them.

"Where—where?" exclaimed David, while his eye vainly followed the directing finger.

"Yonder," replied the lawyer, describing the deceased as nearly as he could from what he had heard only a short time before; "yonder; that man in the black coat, with the light-blue eyes, the hair just beginning to turn grey, and a scar upon the brow—a deep scar—see, it fills with blood now!"

"Why, that's lawyer Jenkins!" cried David, wildly, and with a heavy groan he fell senseless from his chair.

It was night—midnight; but still David was awake, staring vacantly at the walls of his cell, for he had been thrown into Lutterworth gaol upon a magistrate's warrant. True it is that he would scarcely have been there if the worthy dispenser of justice had strictly confined himself within the limits prescribed by law for a culprit's examination; but his anxiety to get at the truth made him, though by no means a hard man in general, conduct his inquiry in a somewhat illegal fashion. In the first moment

of terror, David was led to make an ample confession, when, had he prudently held his tongue, it might have been difficult to bring the offence home to him. But after a few hours' solitary confinement a total revulsion took place in his feelings. He began to think less of the murder he had committed, and more of the punishment that too probably awaited him, and in this new frame of mind he determined to try if he could not save himself by recanting all he had said. Unluckily for this purpose, his confession, by fixing the crime upon him had stimulated the active magistrate to use every exertion in collecting such fresh evidence as might make his escape impossible. Without losing so much as a single hour, he set out for Buckminster, accompanied by two old men who had well known the deceased, and, under the sanction of the local authorities, proceeded to search the house from top to bottom. The only result was finding the money bags, thrown carelessly by in a cupboard, one of which the elder of his companions recognised as having belonged to himself.

"These," he said, "are my initials,—H. B.—Henry Bennet. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, how lawyer Jenkins said to me, laughing, 'I have been luckier to-day with you tenants than I expected, Harry, and have got in more rent than purses to put it in; can't lend me a bag of any kind?' and hereupon I lent him this very bag."

These were slender indicia, it must be owned, and at best amounted only to a moral conviction; but in those times they allowed the accused much less law—to borrow a phrase from the chase—than is done with us now-a-days. David was found guilty, and it must have been some comfort both to judge and jury, that when it came to the last he withdrew his recantation, and fully confessed the crime for which he was to be executed.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. II.—CAPTAIN HIND, THE HIGHWAYMAN CAVALIER.

“It is an honourable kind of thievery.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Civil War between Charles I. and his parliament had indeed unhinged society. Men uncouth and illiterate, came from the very dregs of the people to be leaders among the roundheads, either as saints or soldiers, or as both. Fanaticism supplied the place of knowledge, and party spirit gave courage and conduct. The cause of the parliament opened to the lower classes, a course of earthly and apparently heavenly glory, which was irresistible. No wonder, therefore, that they almost to a man, ranged themselves against the king. The royal ranks, feudal in their nature, composed of nobles, gentlemen, and retainers, had but little of this plebeian support. Yet here and there, the very failings of humanity brought soldiers to the royal standard, though with vices widely differing from fanaticism. The spendthrift and the gambler, however humble their position, or sinful their ways, had a dash of adventurous spirit which made them mightily pleased with the more latitudinarian side. They readily forsook their evil courses, and became cavaliers, and acquired in some measure the semblance of gentlemen from association. Among these little reputable followers of majesty, there was, perhaps, no one of more strange character, than the personage who forms the subject of this relation. Captain James Hind was literally at the same time a robber and a cavalier, a staunch loyalist and a breaker of the law. In a former age, Robin Hood had presented an instance of an outlaw faithful to his king, and hostile to his king's enemies, but Robin was originally a noble himself, and he had an army of the best bowmen in England at his beck. Hind fought singly, or with but one companion, after the wont of a common highwayman, and yet for years he levied toll on the foes of his prince. He was a man of obscure birth, and it is his frequent contact either as friend or foe, with the high and mighty of his time, that merits for him a record here. His early history is briefly told. The son of a respectable saddler of Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire, where he was born, Hind ran through the usual career of youthful dissipation, and after spending his all, and spoiling his prospects, betook himself at last to the road, a trade at that time even more conspicuous, and less odious or hazardous, than in the palmy days of the mounted Turpins of a century later. The great singularity of Hind's course of conduct was that he levied war upon roundheads alone, and left all whom he knew to be cavaliers unscathed. Some of the Captain's adventures, as given in the chronicles of the period, are very amusing. One of his attempts was made upon no less a person than Oliver Cromwell himself. It is thus recorded.

About the time that the murder of King Charles I. was perpetrated by the fanatics of that time, two adventurers, Hind and one Thomas

Allen joined on the road. One part of their engagement together was never to spare any of the regicides that came in their way. It was not long before they met the grand usurper Cromwell, as he was coming from Huntingdon, the place of his nativity, to London. Oliver had no less than seven men in his train, who all came immediately upon their stopping the coach, and overpowered the two highwaymen; so that Allen was taken on the spot, and soon after executed, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that Hind made his escape. The captain rode so hard to get out of danger after this adventure with Cromwell, that he killed his horse, and he had not at that time money enough to buy another. He resolved, therefore, to procure one as soon as possible, and to this purpose tramped along the road on foot. It was not long before he saw a horse tied to a hedge with a brace of pistols before him; and looking round, he observed, near at hand, a gentleman dismounted. 'This is my horse,' says the captain, and immediately vaults into the saddle. The gentleman calling to him, and telling him that the horse was his, 'Sir,' says Hind, 'you may think yourself well off that I have left you all the money in your pockets to buy another, which you had best lay out before I meet you again, lest you should be worse used.'

His most famous encounters, however, were with Hugh Peters and President Bradshaw. They are thus related.

Captain Hind met the celebrated regicide Hugh Peters, in Enfield Chase, and commanded him to deliver his money. Hugh, who had his share of confidence, began to lay about him with texts of scripture, and to cudgel the bold robber, with the eighth commandment. It is written in the law,' says he, that 'Thou shalt not steal. And furthermore Solomon, who was surely a very wise man, speaketh in this manner: Rob not the poor, because he is poor.' Hind was willing to answer the puritan in his own strain; and for that end, began to rub up his memory for some of the scraps of the Bible which he had learnt by heart in his minority. 'Verily,' said Hind, 'if thou hast regarded the Divine precepts as thou oughtest to have done, thou wouldest not have wrested them to such an abominable and wicked sense as thou didst the words of the prophet, when he saith, 'Bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.' Didst thou not, thou detestable hypocrite, endeavour from these words to aggravate the misfortunes of thy royal master, whom thy republican party unjustly murdered before the door of his own palace?' Here Hugh Peters began to extenuate that proceeding, and to allege other parts of scripture in his defence, and said that thieving was very unlawful. 'Pray, Sir,' replied Hind, 'make no reflections on my profession: for Solomon plainly says, 'Do not despise a thief;' but it is to little purpose for us to dispute. The substance of what I have to say, is this, deliver thy money presently, or else I shall send thee out of the world to thy master in an instant.'

These words of the captain frightened the old presbyterian in such a manner, that he gave him thirty broad pieces of gold, and they then parted. But Hind was not thoroughly satisfied with letting so notorious an enemy to the royal cause depart in so easy a manner. He, therefore, rode after him, full speed, and overtaking him, spoke as follows:— 'Sir, now I think of it, I am convinced that this misfortune has happened to you, because you did not obey the words of the scripture, which say expressly, provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses for

your journey. Whereas it is evident that you had provided a pretty deal of gold ; however, as it is now in my power to make you fulfil another command, I would by no means slip the opportunity—therefore, pray give me your cloak. Peters was so surprised, that he neither stood to dispute, nor to examine what was the drift of Hind's demand ; but Hind soon let him understand his meaning, when he added, 'You know, sir, our Saviour has commanded, that if any man take away thy cloak, thou must not refuse thy coat also ; therefore I cannot suppose you will act in direct contradiction to such express direction, especially now you cannot pretend you have forgotten it, because I have reminded you of your duty.' The preacher shrugged his shoulders for some time before he proceeded to uncase them ; but Hind told him his delay would do him no service ; for he would be punctually obeyed, because he was sure what he requested was consonant to the scripture : accordingly Hugh Peters delivered his coat, and Hind carried all off.

Next Sunday, when Hugh came to preach, he chose an invective against theft for the subject of his sermon, and took his text in the Canticles, chap. v. verse 3. 'I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on.'

An honest cavalier who was present, and knew the occasion of his choosing those words, cried out aloud, 'Upon my word, sir, I believe there is nobody can tell you, unless Captain Hind was here !' which ready answer to Hugh Peter's scriptural question, put the congregation into such an excessive fit of laughter, that the fanatic parson was ashamed of himself, and descended from his box, without proceeding any further in his harangue.

It has been observed before, that Hind was a professed enemy to all the regicides, and, indeed, fortune was so favourable to his desires, as to put one or other of them often into his power.

He met one day with Serjeant Bradshaw, who had some time before sat as judge upon his lawful sovereign, and passed sentence of death upon majesty. The place where this rencontre happened, was upon the road between Sherbourn and Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Hind rode up to the coach side, and demanded the serjeant's money ; who, supposing his name would carry terror with it, told him who he was. Quoth Hind, 'I fear neither you, nor any king-killing vagabond alive. I have now as much power over you, as you lately had over the king, and I should do God and my country good service, if I made the same use of it ; but live, villain, to suffer the pangs of thine own conscience, till justice shall lay her iron hand upon thee, and require an answer for thy crimes, in a way more proper for such a monster, who art unworthy to die by any hands but those of the common hangman, and at any other place than Tyburn. Nevertheless, although I spare thy life as a regicide, be assured, that unless thou deliverest thy money immediately, thou shalt die for thy obstinacy.'

Bradshaw began to be sensible that the case was not now with him, as it had been when he sat at Westminster Hall, attended with the whole strength of the Parliament. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out about forty shillings in silver, which he presented to the captain, who swore he would that minute shoot him through the heart, if he did not find coin of another species. The serjeant at last gave the captain a purse full of Jacobuses.

With that he shot all the six horses which were in the serjeant's coach and then rode off in pursuit of another booty.

The following adventure displays the cavalier robber in a very gallant light.

Hind met a coach on the road between Petersfield and Portsmouth, filled with gentle-women: he went up to them in a polite manner, and told them that he was a patron of the fair sex, and that it was purely to win the favour of a hard-hearted mistress, that he travelled the country: "but ladies," added he, "I am reduced to the necessity of asking relief, having nothing to carry me on my intended prosecution of adventures." The young ladies, who most of them read romances, could not help imagining they had met with some Quixote, or Amadis de Gaul, who was saluting them in the strain of knight errantry; "Sir knight," said one of the pleasantest among them, "we heartily commiserate your condition, and are very much troubled that we cannot contribute towards your support; but we have nothing about us but a sacred depositum, which the laws of your order will not suffer you to violate." Hind was pleased to think he had met with such agreeable gentlewomen, and, for the sake of the jest could freely have let them pass unmolested, if his necessities at this time had not been very pressing. "May I, bright ladies, be favoured with the knowledge of what this sacred depositum, which you speak of, is, that so I may employ my utmost abilities in its defence, as the laws of knight-errantry require?" The lady who spoke before, and who suspected the least of any one in company, told him that the depositum she had spoken of, was 3000*l.* the portion of one of the company, who was going to bestow it upon the knight who had won her good will by his many past services. "My humble duty be presented to the knight," said he, "and be pleased to tell him, that my name is Captain Hind, that out of mere necessity, I have made bold to borrow part of what, for his sake, I wish were twice as much; that I promise to expend the sum, in defence of injured lovers, and the support of gentlemen who profess knight-errantry. At the name of Captain Hind, they were sufficiently startled, there being nobody then living in England who had not heard of him. Hind however bade them not be affrighted, for he would not do them the least hurt and desired no more than one thousand pounds out of the three. This the ladies very thankfully gave in an instant (for the money was tied up in separate bags) and the captain wished them all a good journey, and much joy to the bride.

Hind has been often celebrated for his generosity to all sorts of people; more especially for his kindness to the poor, which it is reported was so extraordinary, that he never injured the property of any person, who had not a complete share of riches. One instance, instead of a great many which could be produced, will sufficiently confirm the general opinion of his tenderness for those that were needy.

At a time when he was out of cash (as he frequently was, by reason of his extravagance) and had been upon the watch a pretty while, without seeing any worth his notice, he at last espied an old man jogging along the road upon an ass. He rides up to meet him, and asks him very courteously where he was going; "to the market," said the old man, "at Wantage, to buy me a cow, that I may have some milk for my children." "How many children," quoth Hind, "may you have?" the old man answered ten. "And how much do you think to give for a cow?" said

Hind. "I have but forty shillings, master, and that I have been saving together these two years," says the poor wretch. Hind's heart ached for the poor man's condition, at the same time that he could not help admiring his simplicity; but being in so great a strait as we have intimated, he thought of an expedient, which would both serve him and the old man too. "Father," said he, "the money you have got about you, I must have at this time, but I will not wrong your children of their milk. My name is Hind, and if you will give me your forty shillings quietly, and meet me again this day s'ennight at this place, I promise to make the sum double. Only be cautious that you never mention a word of the matter to any body between this and that." At the day appointed the old man came, and Hind was as good as his word, bidding him buy two cows instead of one, and adding twenty shillings to the sum promised, that he might purchase the best in the market.

Never was highwayman more careful than Hind to avoid bloodshed, yet we have one instance in his life, that proves how hard it is for a man to engage in such occupation, without being exposed to a sort of wretched necessity some time or other, to take away the life of another man, in order to preserve his own. In such case, the argument of self-defence can be of no service to extenuate the crime, because he is in arms against the pursuit of justice only; so that a highwayman, who kills another man, upon whatever pretence, is as actually guilty of murder, as a man who destroys another in cold blood, without being able to give a reason for his so doing.

Hind had one morning committed several robberies in and about Maidenhead Thicket, and among others, had stopped Colonel Harrison, a celebrated regicide, in his coach and six, and taken from him seventy odd pounds. The colonel immediately procured a hue-and-cry for taking him which was come into that country before the captain was aware of it. However, he heard at a house of intelligence, which he always had upon every road he used, of the danger he was in; and thereupon he instantly thought of making his escape, by riding as fast as he could from the pursuers, till he could find some safer way of concealing himself.

In this condition, the Captain was apprehensive of every man he saw. He had got no farther than a place called Knole-Hill, which is but a little way off the thicket, before he heard a man riding behind him full speed. It was a gentleman's servant endeavouring to overtake his master who was gone before, with something that he had forgot. Hind, just now thought of nothing but his own preservation, and therefore resolved either to ride off, or fire at the man, who he concluded was pursuing him. As the other horse was fresh, and Hind had pretty well tired his, he soon perceived the man got ground of him, upon which he pulled out a pistol, and just as the unfortunate countryman was at his horse's heels, he turned about and shot him through the head, so that he fell down dead on the spot. The Captain, after this act, got entirely off; but it was for this that he was afterwards condemned at Reading.

So much for Hind the robber: but as we have said he was the cavalier also. Hind was among those who fought for their king on the field of Worcester. This earned for him the honor of dying for high treason, and not as a common felon. After the battle was over, Hind had the fortune to escape; and came to London, where he lodged with one Mr. Denzie, a barber, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet

Street, and went by the name of Brown. But he was discovered by an intimate acquaintance. As soon as he was apprehended, he was carried before the Speaker of the House of Commons, who then lived in Chancery-lane, and after a long examination was committed to Newgate, and loaded with irons. He was conveyed to prison by one Captain Compton, under a strong guard; and the warrant for his commitment commanded that he should be kept in close confinement, and that nobody should be admitted to see him without orders.

On Friday the 12th of December, 1651, Captain James Hind was brought to the bar of the Sessions House in the Old Bailey, and indicted for several crimes, but nothing being proved against him that could reach his life, he was conveyed in a coach from Newgate to Reading in Berkshire, where on the first of March, 1651, he was arraigned before Mr. Justice Peter Warburton, of the Upper Bench, for killing one George Symson, at Knole, a small village in that county. The evidence here was very plain against him, and he was found guilty of wilful murder; but an act of oblivion being issued out the next day, to forgive all former offences but those against the state, he could not be hanged for this. He was therefore removed pursuant to an order of council by habeas corpus to Worcester jail. At the beginning of September, 1652, he was condemned for high treason, and on the 24th of the same month, he was drawn, hanged, and quartered, in pursuance of the sentence, being thirty-four years of age. At the place of execution, he declared that most of the robberies which he had ever committed, were upon the republican party, of whose principles he professed he always had an utter abhorrence. He added, that nothing troubled him so much, as to die before he saw his royal master established on his throne, from which he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by a rebellious and disloyal crew, who deserved hanging more than he himself. After he was executed, his head was set upon the bridge gate, over the river Severn, from whence it was privately taken down, and buried within a week afterwards.

The following is a ballad by a poet of the time to the memory of this famous Captain Hind.

I.

WHENEVER death attacks a throne,
Nature thro' all her parts must groan,
The mighty monarch to bemoan.

II.

He must be wise, and just, and good;
Tho' nor the state he understood,
Nor ever spar'd a subject's blood.

III.

And shall no friendly poet find,
A monumental verse for Hind?
In fortune less, as great in mind.

IV.

Hind made our wealth one common store;
He robb'd the rich to feed the poor;
What did immortal Cæsar more?

V.

Nay, 'twere not difficult to prove,
That meaner views did Cæsar move;
His was ambition, Hind's was love.

VI.

Our English hero sought no crown,
Nor that more pleasing bait, renown:
But just to keep off fortune's frown

VII.

Yet when his country's cause invites,
See him assert a nation's rights!
A robber for a monarch fights!

VIII

If in due light his deeds we scan,
As nature points us out the plan,
Hind was an honourable man.

IX.

Honour, the virtue of the brave,
To Hind that turn of genius gave,
Which made him scorn to be a slave.

X.

This, had his stars conspir'd to raise,
His natal honr, this virtue's praise
Had shone with an uncommon blaze.

XI.

And some new epoch had begun,
From every action he had done,
A city built, a battle won.

XII.

If one's a subject, one at helm,
'Tis the same violence, says Anselm
To rob a house, or waste a realm.

XIII.

Be henceforth then for ever join'd,
The names of Cæsar and of Hind,
In fortune different, one in mind.

THE DIARY OF CAMDEN VAVASOUR, L.L.D.

It is a favourite maxim with the world in general that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own :—

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

For my part I only quote the maxim for the same purpose that people usually set up a skittle ; that is to say, for the pleasure of knocking it down again. In the language of logicians—negatur—I deny it ; in the language of ancient Pistol,

Word of denial in thy labrashere ;
Word of denial ; filth and scum, thou liest.

And this negative is easily enough proved, though such is not often the case with negatives. For instance, a man's throat is surely as much his own as a farm in Kent, or any given quantity of stock in the funds, yet the law will neither allow him to hang himself nor to cut his carotid. Now it seems to me that the statute of limitation provided in this case might be advantageously extended to the power of making wills. We may search, far and wide, through history and romance, before we read anything half so absurd—we might say half so cruel—as is to be found in the archives of Doctors' Commons, as any person may satisfy himself who chooses to pay for the conviction. The sum is not much, only a shilling, being, I should suppose, a symbolical tax, a type of the solitary shilling, with which elderly gentlemen disinherit their children by way of shewing that they die in all Christian charity and forgiveness. But indeed it is hardly to be conceived what a spite the dead bear towards the living ; or, to be quite correct, I should rather say what a spite the dying bear towards those of their own family, for it is more particularly against near relations that these posthumous thunders are directed ; towards mankind in general a testator of this kind is all benevolence, he loves not his son nor his daughter, his nephew nor his niece, but his heart overflows with love and charity for strangers, and forthwith he builds museums or endows hospitals, whereat that huge Tartuffe, yeaped the world, whines, and rants, and lauds the defunct for his generosity—generosity quotha ! robbery, rather—robbery of his lawful heirs, for as to giving, he must have left his wealth to somebody ; he could not carry it with him, or we may be pretty sure he would have done so.

My readers, and I have been told they are numerous, not that I am the vainer for the fact, Heaven forbid—my readers will naturally imagine from this proemium that I have just come fresh from studying the epitaphs in some churchyard, or that I have been feeding with the worms and moths

upon the records in Doctors' Commons. No such thing. These bilious speculations, for they perhaps deserve the epithet, have arisen wholly and solely from the will of the late Lord Bridgewater, which if there were a single grain of common sense in the million and odd volumes that compose our law would not be suffered to stand an hour. His lordship, who was first cousin and heir of the Duke of Bridgewater, the great canal proprietor, found it seems, as Pope had predicted of many others, "the ruling passion strong in death;" and with him that passion was pride—pride, which ridiculous enough at all times, becomes particularly so in his cause. He was jealous lest Lord Brownlow, who had married his niece and whom he contemptuously termed "a mushroom lord," should gain a more exalted grade than himself. Acting upon this feeling he has bequeathed the enjoyment of the Egerton estates to Earl Brownlow's son, Lord Alford, for five years; if within that period the legatee can obtain a higher grade in the peerage than that of earl—only it must not be Marquessate or Dukedom of Brownlow—then his five years' possession is to be changed into a perpetual tenure; the estates are to become his own and for ever, as the word "ever" is understood amongst us; and was no doubt also understood by the builders of the Pyramids. Should he however fail in this necessary condition, then are the said estates to pass to his brother, the Hon. Chas. Henry Cust, to be held for the like term and for the like purposes; and if he also is unable to obtain the coveted honour, the property devolves unconditionally to the Egertons of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, whose general character for munificence and high estimation with all around, would well entitle them to such good fortune if they were not already possessed of ample wealth, and the gift could be thought consistent with the rights of others. But apart from all other considerations such a will is very like an attempt to *compel* the crown to create a new peerage, which would diminish the value and lustre of hereditary rank, as well as do a great wrong to those in remainder. The very notion of such a thing makes me wish like Abon Hassan, in the Arabian tale, to be Caliph but for a single day; not actually to take the sceptre out of the hands that now wield it—for where could it be more worthily placed?—but just to borrow it for the nonce, when having used it for an act of justice, I would return it all the brighter to the lawful owner. Then, instead of manufacturing dukes to please a whimsical testator, would I in the plenitude of my half hour's authority select for peerage-honours, some three or four of the resident Irish landlords, who have been noble examples, where examples were so much wanted in, the management of their estates, and their care of *those* around them.

Another will has also, I see, been running the gauntlet of the newspapers, filling up the blanks between cholera and the potato blight—the will of the late William Joseph Denison, M.P. The history of this family affords a moral lesson, both affirmative and negative, a lesson of much to be imitated, and something to be avoided—of more practical utility than the best sermon that was ever preached. First of all let us cast our eyes a century back, by the simple process of reversing Time's telescope.

We shall find a young lad of fair education and good natural abilities, the son of a respectable woollen cloth merchant at Leeds, inspired with the ambition of trying his fortune in the great metropolis. As there was

not at that time any coach upon the road, he comes up to town by the waggon, which passes within fifteen miles of Leeds, being escorted on his way to meet it by his father and a party of friends, who take a solemn leave of him, the distance to London being then considered so great that it is thought a chance if they ever see him again.

Arrived in London, he has the good fortune to obtain a subordinate situation, where he is soon distinguished by his talents and industry, and in a short time he is enabled to marry a Miss Sykes, and set up in business for himself. Upon her death he married again—his second wife being a Miss Butler, when having amassed a considerable fortune, he removes to St. Mary Axe, prosperity following him as usual, and even beyond all reasonable expectation; one of his daughters marries the head of the Conyngham family then recently ennobled, he purchases of Lord King and the Duke of Leeds two estates in Surrey and Yorkshire, known respectively as Denbies and Seamere, and what was of yet more importance to him he becomes connected with the Heywoods, the eminent bankers of Liverpool, whose intelligence enables him to double his fortune.

This is the first branch of my discourse,—the affirmative—tending to shew how a man may rise from nothing to something—meaning thereby from poverty to affluence—if he only choose to be industrious, economical, and prudent withal, for, as the old proverb well and wisely sayeth, "*nullum numen adest si absit prudentia*;" or, upon the authority of the Roman satirist—

"Oh fortune! fortune! all thy boasted powers
Would sink to nothing were hut prudence ours."

In these passing remarks I have not dwelt upon the old gentleman's having been a dissenter, because it does not affect my argument either one way or the other; neither have I observed that his economy has somewhat of a parsimonious character, seeing that it involves a point which belongs more properly to the second part of my discourse, the negative; and to that I now come. The late William Joseph Denison, M.P., though an excellent man in many respects, had an inveterate dislike to parting with his money. About three years ago, when the nephew, to whom he has since bequeathed enormous wealth, fell into railway difficulties, he allowed him to fly from the writs out against him to Boulogne-sur-mer, a place which would seem to have succeeded to all the rights, honours, and immunities formerly enjoyed by the Isle of Man—a sort of Adullam's cave in fact, whither every one repairs "that is in distress, and every one that is in debt." With all this the family in the male line is extinct; and herein lies the negative part of my discourse, or that which should be avoided; where is the merit of being generous when we are dead? would not a few sprinklings of liberality in our lifetime be somewhat more to the purpose? To be sure the money has fallen into excellent hands, and so far no harm has been done, but I must contend for my principle notwithstanding. This hoarding up of money is by no means a thing of good example.

It is quite refreshing—to use one of the most approved phrases of

modern affectation—it is quite refreshing to turn from wills, which more or less must savour of the churchyard, almost to any other subject—the Public Libraries, for instance. I have already adverted to this topic in the preceding number of my Diary, as more immediately in connection with the British Museum, but much additional light has been thrown upon it by a "*Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Printed for the House of Commons.*"

The Committee, from whom this report emanates, was appointed by the House of Commons on the 23rd of March last; it consisted of the following members of the House:—Viscount Ebrington, the Lord Advocate, Sir Harry Verney, Sir John Walsh, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Wyld, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Milnes, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Thicknesse, Mr. Mackinnon.

The Committee thus constituted had sixteen meetings, and was fortunate enough to obtain evidence from those who seem well qualified by their respective situations to throw an ample light upon the subject. They were M. Guizot and M. Van de Weyer; M. Libri; Dr. Meyer, German Secretary to Prince Albert; Mr. E. Edwards, an assistant in the department of printed books at the British Museum; the Rev. H. Christmas, librarian at Sion College, near London Wall; Mr. Richard Cogan, librarian at Dr. Williams's library in Redcross Street, Cripplegate; the Rev. Philip Hale, librarian at Archbishop Tennyson's library in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; Mr. C. R. Weld, librarian to the Royal Society; the Rev. J. J. Smith, formerly librarian at Caius College, Cambridge; the Solicitor-General for Scotland, on behalf of the Advocate's library, Edinburgh; Mr. Thomas Jones, librarian of the Chetham library at Manchester; Mr. Calles, Mr. H. Stevens, and others, representing the Royal Dublin Society, Trinity College, Dublin, the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and other libraries and institutions at home, on the continent, and in America generally.

These names are a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the information afforded; and it must be conceded to the Committee, that they pursued the inquiry with sufficient zeal and judgment. Many curious facts have thus come out, which ought to be more generally known, upon the same principle that my Uncle Toby first set about discovering which way the cannon-ball did not go, as a sure means of coming at last to the road that it really did take. Some of the data thus elicited are not particularly flattering to our national pride; England generally is worse provided with Public Libraries than any country of Europe, Holland alone excepted; and so little use is made of those we have, in many cases, that we may fairly infer from such neglect the low rate of education amongst the people. As a set-off, it has been pleaded that we have more private collections, both of books and pictures, than any of our neighbours; but this, if it prove anything, would only prove that the flood which should flow in a multitude of channels through the land is dammed up in a few places, where it can be of service but to a very few.

If we look more immediately to London, our national boast, the British Museum, will be found to stand third, and perhaps even fourth, in reference to the great book-collections of Europe. It is supposed to contain five hundred thousand volumes, and upwards—a number which to many

may sound enormous, and would be so if all the readers frequenting the place had only one pursuit; but when we consider that almost every individual has an object peculiar to himself, it will easily be seen that, vast as the collection is, many thousands of works must yet be wanting.

In addition to this leviathan, the metropolis has to boast of three smaller collections that are likewise open gratuitously to the public. The first of these is the Sion College Library, founded in 1623 by the vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, consisting of about forty thousand volumes. These, however, are for the most part theological,—a class of works little likely to be of general service, or to add much to the stock of human knowledge, for if ever there was a book that needed no help from expositors it is the Bible; as simple as it is beautiful, any comment upon it has always seemed to me very much like staining glass into various colours, which, however pleasing to the eye, must of course shut out the light. But let that pass for one of my odd notions. Next to be named, in point of date, is the Redcross-street Library, founded in 1716 by Dr. Williams, a dissenting minister of the Presbyterian persuasion; it contains about thirty thousand volumes, but these also are chiefly theological. Lastly, we have the Tennyson Library, behind the National Gallery, founded in 1685 by Archbishop Tennyson for the use of the clergy of St. Martin in the Fields, the King's chaplains in ordinary, and other studious and learned persons, containing about six thousand volumes. This, however, was previous to the separate constitution of the parishes of St. Anne, St. George, and St. James, as we now find them.

The object of the Archbishop, then only Doctor Tennyson, in establishing this library, is distinctly set forth in two separate documents, occurring at considerable intervals of time. The one is his application to "his worthy friends, the gentlemen of the vestry and present churchwardens," for a piece of ground whereon to erect a library "for the use of students;" the second is his Deed of Endowment, dated 1697, or thirteen years after his application to the vestry, and when he had been advanced to the see of Canterbury. In the first of these documents, after having stated that there are several ministers, noblemen's chaplains, and *other studious persons*, residing in the parish, and that there is "no noted library" easy of access, he goes on to declare that "he, the said Dr. Tennyson, hath been inclined upon the abovesaid considerations to erect in that place a fabrick for a *public library*, for the use of the students of the aforesaid precinct, at his own proper cost and charges." In the Deed of Endowment seven regulations are specified for the management of the school and library, in the second of which we are told, "The books in the said library to be for *public use*, but especially for the use of the vicar and lecturer of the said parish, and of the said schoolmaster and usher for the time being, and the parsons of the parish-churches of St. James and St. Anne's, Westminster, and the King's chaplains in ordinary for the time being; to which library they shall have free access at all reasonable times, to read or peruse the said bookes without fee or reward."

Can anything be plainer? Here is to be a library for *public use*, and more particularly for certain individuals. Now let us see how the worthy Archbishop's intentions have been carried out.

On paying a visit to this institution a few days ago, I was startled in

limine—at the very porch and threshold—by a printed notice on the right hand wall, that before me was the way to the subscription library. As this announcement by no means agreed with what I knew, or thought I knew, of the foundation, I did not hesitate to walk up stairs into the library, no permission asked; nor indeed was there any one at hand to grant or refuse it, had I been so disposed; the door was open, the stairs were before me:

Noctes atque dies patet atri janno Ditis.

The room itself proved to be small, somewhat dark, and with that peculiarly choking, dusty smell that belongs to all places where books have been caged up in their wire aviaries for years, and never allowed to have the fresh air breathe upon them. Here it was that in the olden time the venerable Archbishop himself, and Sharp, and many others whose names are scarcely less illustrious, met in brotherly consultation; here at a later period Sir Walter Scott sought and found some of the materials for his *Demonology*; and here I discovered some ten or a dozen students of—the daily papers. Not a single volume was on duty; all rested in the dust and repose of their respective cages; but I must do the readers the justice to say of them that, with or without spectacles, standing or sitting, they maintained a Carthusian silence, and pursued their studies with a zeal and abstraction that cannot be too much commended. Any one might have taken them for a synod of Cathedral doctors.

And was it for this that the public have been shut out from a library built for their especial advantage and accommodation?—that the members of the St. Martin's Subscription Reading Society might have a place in which to meet and pore over the daily journals? Or is this one of the newest modes of spreading information among the millions?

So indifferent do the trustees appear to have been for many years past to the literary treasures in their charge that many volumes are in a sad state of dilapidation, looking more like the ragged panpers of a workhouse than the respectable tenants of a decent library. In regard also to the manuscripts there has been the same want of proper attention, and if not speedily as well as effectually looked to, there is likely to be no little damage done of a kind which it will be impossible to remedy. But the unkindest cut of all as respects these veterans is, that they have been ousted for the sake of the intruders, consigned to holes and corners and all sorts of difficult and remote places, that more room might be obtained for the newsmongers. In some instances the smaller volumes have been ignominiously piled behind their ambitious brethren, by whom they are hidden and overshadowed. The only excuse for such harsh treatment is that the said volumes are old, and that nobody cares to make their acquaintance, in proof of which it is stated that during many years there were not more than a dozen applicants for reading-tickets. Allowing this to be quite correct, we need not go far, I think, to find two very sufficient reasons for it, without disparaging the character of the Archbishop's legacy. First and foremost, but few people knew, or perhaps even yet know, of the existence of such an institution, for it has nothing in its exterior to attract notice, and is buried in a dark spot, where no one was likely to discover it except the soldiers of the neighbouring barracks, and this although it is

in the very heart of a populous district. Secondly, the collection being small and running much upon one subject, could not in reason be expected to attract a miscellaneous crowd of readers. Instead, therefore, of using this as an excuse for turning a library into a club-room, I cannot help saying—*absit invidia dicto*—that it would decidedly have been in better taste had they used some little exertion to augment it. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean by this that the trustees, guardians, "*aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*" should supply the funds for such a purpose out of their own pockets; but I do affirm, and will maintain, that had they kept the library in proper order, made it more easily accessible to those who chose to avail themselves of it, and taken measures for making its existence more generally known, and the enjoyment of it when there a more feasible matter, they would in so doing have held out the strongest inducement to men of liberal minds to increase the collection by donations or bequests. It is because they have well nigh closed the room against the public, and been at no pains to spread the knowledge of such an institution, but kept it so much in the background, that no one has been found of late years to bestow upon it the gift of a single volume.

I understand from those best conversant with the matter, that the present curator, the Reverend Philip Hale is endeavouring to bring back the institution to its original purposes, and that he intends appealing to the visitor, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The necessity for such an appeal cannot be too much regretted, but being necessary, every friend of literature must join in wishing him success, without imputing any worse fault to his opponents than that of neglect or error.

While I am upon this subject, it may be as well to mention a new class of libraries, which are not exactly national, nor private, nor circulating, and yet have a taste as it were of all. They may almost be said to have been brought to light by Mr. Ewart's committee, since before their enquiries they were as little known to most people on this side the Tweed as anything that may be passing just now in the heart of the Celestial Empire. According to the evidence of the Rev. John Croumbie Brown, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, these itinerant libraries, for so they are called, were first established by his father in East Lothian. His object was to excite a disposition for reading amongst the peasantry and lower classes in general, by placing within their reach a collection of books such as might reasonably be supposed adapted to their tastes and capacities. For this purpose he proposed establishing a small library, not exceeding fifty volumes at the utmost, in every village where he could find a steady person willing to take charge of it gratuitously, no matter whether he was a teacher, a shopkeeper, or a labourer. Supposing this plan to be carried out in its full extent, every one coming within its range would have a small supply of books at no greater distance than a mile and a-half from him.

At the end of two years a general interchange of books took place between the different stations, so that each then got a new library without the necessity of fresh purchases. This system the zealous founder contrived to spread over an extent of country about twenty miles in length, and fifteen miles in breadth. For a while the use of the various collections was allowed gratuitously to all who chose to avail themselves of the opportunity; but in 1833, a small subscription-rate of three

shillings a year was levied, which afterwards was increased to five shillings for the same period. Desirable as such a plan unquestionably is, the success of it, though considerable at first, has by no means gone on steadily increasing, but has been subject to constant fluctuations. The most favourable sign in the matter is, that these itinerant libraries have been extended to other districts, a plain proof that those who are on the spot, and who must, therefore, be the judges, are inclined to augur well of their popularity in the end.

MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.—It would not be difficult to name rivers set off by more picturesque scenery than we find upon the banks of the Nile, but the whole world cannot produce its equal as regards the many splendid remains of antiquity that may be seen between Cairo and the confines of Nubia. The Egyptians must have been a mighty nation of slaves, for unless a few had been able absolutely to command the thewes and sinews of millions, the gigantic works, so wonderful in their decay and ruin, could never have been executed. Statues more than sixty feet high, composed of single masses of stone, temples in proportion hewed out of the living rock, and enormous pyramids,—one nearly five hundred feet high, with a base covering eleven acres,—could never have been erected except by the concentrated energies of an immense population, and even then they do not cease to be wonders.

But the Nile has other claims upon our curiosity. It was in the bay of Aboukir that Nelson dealt the first fatal blow at the French power, and in so doing probably changed the destinies of the world; then there is the mystery that for so many ages clung about its fountains, enveloping them in a mist, as it were, impenetrable to mortal sight; and lastly, there is its periodical overflowing, which does to the land those good offices that in other countries are ministered by rain; though, to be sure, this peculiarity, as few will require to be reminded, is not confined to the Nile; there are other large rivers in hot climates that fertilize the soil in the same way,—the Gambia, for instance, and yet more, the Ganges, which annually overflows a tract of land at least a hundred miles in width, the inundation being often full thirty feet in depth; without it, indeed, there would be no rice-crops.

In viewing this moving panorama, the spectator is supposed to start from the apex of the Delta, with Cairo about a mile off, concerning which we are told, "the real name of this city, the capital of (modern) Egypt, and that by which it is known to the inhabitants, is Musr, or Misr; which, indeed, comprehends the whole country; the word Medina—city—is therefore added to distinguish it. Cairo, or more properly El Kahira, is rather an epithet than a name, and may signify one or other of two words whose roots are alike. Musr el Kahira may be, therefore, Musr the Victorious, or, according to some, Musr the Sorrowful. It is customary in the East to attach such epithets to places of note, and in imitation of such custom the Arabic Bible, published in this country, is described as printed in London El Maruset—London the protected. Musr, or Misr, is derived from Misraim, the grandson of Noah, who first colonized Africa.

The present city was founded about the year 976, by El Moezz Ibn Abd es Selam. There is, however, an older city, now a suburb called Musr el Ateeka—Musr the Ancient, or Old Cairo, forming the southern

port of the present capital. It bore anciently the name of Babylon, from a Greek corruption of its old Egyptian name.

Cairo is situated on the east bank of the Nile, near the apex of the Delta, and at the foot of the ridge called the Jebel Mokattam. It occupies about three square miles, with a population of 240,000, and contains, perhaps, more public buildings than any other city of its size. Among them are between sixty and seventy public baths, many of them spacious and elegant, highly ornamented, and paved with marble.

Cairo has the reputation of being the best school of Arabic literature. The language, as there spoken, is superior in pronunciation and grammatical correctness to that of Syria, though inferior to that of the Bedouin Arabs. To each of the numerous mosques a day-school is attached, but the chief is that of El Azhar, where lectures are given on theology, logic, algebra, and the laws. Students from almost all parts of the Mahommedan world are educated in this school, to the number of about fifteen or sixteen hundred, the instruction being gratis."

As the panorama moves on, we ascend the river as far as the second cataract, which divides Nubia from Ethiopia, and is distant from the Mediterranean about nine hundred and sixty miles. The view now represented is that of the right, or eastern bank. This, though the least interesting aspect of the river, yet abounds in magnificent remains of the past as well as curious exhibitions of a form of life that must be strange to untravelled Europeans; the whole, moreover, is depicted with such truth and vividness, that if the spectator does not exactly fancy himself transported to Egypt, he may still easily forget he is sitting in Piccadilly.

With the second cataract the upward voyage terminates, and the curtain falls. When it again rises the spectator is supposed to descend the Nile with the western bank presented to him, and his homeward voyage ends with the Sphinx, after having presented him in its course with a scene of continued and ever-varying interest.

This panorama, which was opened to the public on the 23rd of July, has been derived from the studies of the celebrated traveller, Bonomi, himself no mean artist, during a residence of many years in Egypt. The principal painters employed upon it, were Warren, Fahcy, John Martin, Edward Corbould, Weigall, and Howse. More than one of these names are sufficient vouchers for the artistic excellence of the work, yet its greatest interest will be derived from the subject—from the preservation of records older than any other elsewhere remaining to us, from the various natural objects of curiosity, and from a display of customs so totally new to Europeans.

The Syro-Egyptian society has, it seems, sate in judgment upon this exhibition, and brought in a highly favourable verdict. A private view was granted to this learned body, in virtue of their having made such matters their peculiar study, upon which occasion their President, Mr. Nash, took the chair, and Mr. Bonomi himself explained the various objects in the panorama as the canvass rolled along. Speeches were made, and—what is not always, or even frequently the case, on these occasions—good speeches. Amongst the orators was Mr. Gliddon, the American lecturer, who has had a copy made of the painting that he may introduce it into one of his transatlantic lectures. But the subject is indeed one in which America has as legitimate an interest as Europe, for Egypt is the land

from which Greece drew no small portion of its early arts ; and here, too it was, that Moses himself obtained all of his knowledge that was not immediately derived from Divine inspiration, though in so many instances the customs of the Hebrews differed widely from those of their Egyptian masters. And how many of our own simple tales, the traditions of the people and the nursery, have been derived to us, more or less disfigured in their transit, from one or other of these sources. Those who are unacquainted with Jewish rites and records will no doubt be surprised when they are told that "the House which Jack Built" is a close adaptation of a parabolick hymn sung by the Jews at the Feast of Pass-over, and commemorative of the principal events in their history. The hymn itself will be found in the *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23, the original being in the Chaldaic, but the interpretation or commentary—not the translation—is taken from P. N. Leberecht, 1731.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !
2. Then came the cat and ate the kid,
 That my father bought,
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !
3. Then came the dog and bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought,
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !
4. Then came the staff and beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid
 That my father bought,
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !
5. Then came the fire and burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought,
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !
6. Then came the water and quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought,
 For two pieces of money ;
 A kid ! a kid !

7. Then came the ox and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid! a kid!

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid! a kid!

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid! a kid!

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be he!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid! a kid!

The following is the explanation of the Parable given to us by Leberecht:—

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denoted the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.

The two pieces of money signifying Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher, that killed the ox, denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

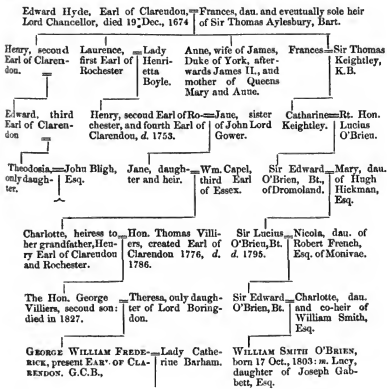
10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to shew that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of the long-expected Messiah.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD CLARENDON AND WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Sir,—Genealogy supplies many curious coincidences. Few of your readers are aware that Lord Clarendon, the present Viceroy of Ireland, who suppressed with so much ability, the late Irish convulsion, is cousin of Mr. Smith O'Brien, the ill-fated victim of that feeble effort of mistaken patriotism. Such, however, is the case. Edward Hyde, the great Earl of Clarendon—Lord Chancellor to Charles II., and the celebrated historian of the Civil War, left with other issue a son Laurence, Earl of Rochester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1700, from whom the present Earl of Clarendon is fifth in descent, and a daughter Frances, who married Sir Thomas Keightley, of Harlingford, Herts, and was mother of a daughter Catherine, wife of the Right Hon. Lucius O'Brien, great-great-grandfather, by her, of Mr. Smith O'Brien. The pedigree stands thus :—



Under the impression that these "curiosities of genealogy" are worth recording, I trust you will give insertion to this communication.

Your well wisher,
York, Sept. 20, 1849.

HERALDICUS

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Holborn, September 8, 1849.

SIR,—I trust that you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you upon a subject of personal interest to myself, the particulars relating to which you, above all others, are most likely to be acquainted with. I have long tried, by searches and inquiries within my limited means of acquiring knowledge, to ascertain the genealogy and pedigree of the family of "BYARD," but I cannot obtain the information anxiously sought after, and therefore venture to trespass upon your kindness as the "fountain-head."

The name of "Byard" is an extremely uncommon one, and I have scarcely ever met with it out of my own immediate family. I have been informed that the family originally came from France, and fled from there at the period when the French Protestants sought refuge in England, and settled in Yorkshire (I believe at Billingley, Barnsley, and Darfield, in that county).

I find that there was a Sir Thomas Byard, Knt., of Mount Tamar, Devon, Admiral or Captain in the Royal Navy. He was knighted by George the Third, 26th August, 1789. He commanded the "Bedford," of 74 guns, at the battle of Camperdown, October 11, 1797, under Lord Duncan; and also commanded the "Foudroyant" in the action with the French squadron off the coast of Ireland, and capture of the "Hoche," 74 guns, and two frigates, on the 12th October, 1789. He died 31st October, 1798, on board his Majesty's ship "Foudroyant," at Plymouth, after nine days' illness. He was a brave, skilful, and experienced officer—a most excellent husband, friend, and father—beloved by his ship's company and all who knew him. (Vide the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 68, page 997.)

Lady Byard, his widow, died at Bath February 18th, 1808.

Mary Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas, was married in June, 1797, to George Sheppard of Frome (of which he was lately M.P.), Somerset.

The above is all the information I can learn of Sir Thomas Byard and his family. I have looked through Burke's *Commoners* and *Landed Gentry of England*, but cannot find any allusion to or notice of the name of "Byard."

If, Sir, you could oblige me with any further information of the parents, birth-place, and family of Sir Thomas—or the family and maiden surname of Lady Byard, you will confer on me a great obligation. Also, whether there are any arms, crest, or motto belonging to the name.

I have been told that it is probable the name was originally in France "Bayard," but of the fact I am ignorant.

Regretting the trouble I have caused, and the intrusion on your valuable time and attention,

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
L. B.

[We publish this letter in the hope that some of our genealogical readers may be able to indicate a clue to our correspondent's research. All we can ourselves state is, that "William Byard, of London, mercer, living in 1732, married Ann, daughter of Captain Thomas Monk, cousin of Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle." This fact is mentioned by Anderson in his "Royal Genealogies," p. 745, James Bettenham, printer of that work, having married Mrs. Byard's sister. In the "General Armory," *Erm. three lions ramp.* is the coat assigned to the name of Byard; and the same collection states that the ensigns of Bayard are "Erm. a chev. gu. between three eagles displ. of the second."—ED. ST. M.]

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Sir,—An ancestor of the present Viscount Gormanstown, Christopher Preston, Baron of *Naas*, (in right of his mother as grand-daughter of William Fitzmaurice, Baron of *Naas*, creation of Henry II., see Burke's Peerage) married Jane, a daughter of Sir *Jenico d'Artois*, Kt.

Can you or any of your subscribers inform him if this Sir *Jenico d'Artois* was connected by blood with the Royal House of France, the title of "*d'Artois*," having from earliest record been the occasional designation of younger branches of the Princes of the Bourbon dynasty. A.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Sir,—The Conde de Musquetella, Hereditary Peer of Portugal, is always styled in Portuguese Peerages and Records "*Baron of Mullingar* in the Peerage of Ireland." I do not find mention of any such dignity as existing in any modern works on British Peerage; can you throw any light upon the matter? The family of the Conde de Musquetella is one of the most illustrious on the Portuguese soil. A noble ancestor, of high office in the household of the Sovereign, accompanied the unhappy Catherine of Braganza to England when affianced to Charles II., and I suspect that if such patent ever was passed conferring the title of Mullingar upon this illustrious foreigner, the proof of it must be looked for in the annals of that period.

ALJUBAKOTA.

To the Editor of the St James's Magazine.

Sir,—It has been said, and on no contemptible authority, that hereditary heraldic honours date no further back than the Crusades or the first Tournaments. If this be, for the most part, true, I think it cannot be denied that there are some exceptions to the rule. The stem houses of France bore hereditary blazons long before, if, indeed, we may credit authorities not heretofore disputed.

In the "*Armoiries de la France*," by Feron, an heraldic writer of great repute in the sixteenth century, published in 1555, after several notices of the same blood and arms, we find the following:—

"Messire Arnulphe ou Arnoul fils du fils de Anselbert senateur; autrement fils d'Arnaldus fils de Ausbert et de Blitilde fille du premier Clotaire: Euesque de Mets, Chancelier de France du temps de Dagobert, l'an six cens trente-six, paravant Mairi du palais de Paris, l'an six cens vingt cinq, du temps du Roy Clotaire deuxiesme, et de puis Maire du Palais d'Austrasie, homme de sanete vie et de conuersation paisible; ayant en pour Femme Doda fille de Wiberis ou Wambert Comte de Boulogne, et seur de Walmer ou Wilmer qui tous deux entrerent en religion: de laquelle il eust Ansigisus ou Anchises* Marquis de l'Escanlt, Clodulphus, Comte Palatin, et le tiers Walchises. Et il portoit de gueulles à trois aigles d'or†."

* Anchises married Begga, a Saxon princess, who founded the Begguines in Flanders. From him descended Pepin le Bref, and consequently Charlemagne, in direct line.

† The ancient arms of Boulogne, derived probably from the Romans, Boulogne-sur-mer having been for many ages a strong Roman post, much resorted to by the Emperors. Theodosius, father of the Emperor of that name, being the first who bore the title of Comes, or Count of Boulogne.

Leaving the above quaint chronicler we turn to the pages of Piganoll de la Force, an esteemed writer in the last century; and in his history of the Boulonnais we find that Wilmer (lat. Wilmare), eldest son of the Count of Boulogne, built an Abbey in that town (Anno 657), which was destroyed a century later by the Norwegians, but afterwards rebuilt by Eustace, Count of Boulogne, father of the celebrated Godfrey de Bouillon and Count of Boulogne, under the title of Abbaye de St. Wilmer, by which name it was known until the French Revolution, when it was finally destroyed.

What is, however, more to our purpose, the ancient Warwickshire family of Wilmer have always borne for arms, gules, three eagles displayed or.—the coat described above by Feron—with the addition it is true of the chevron, a distinctive badge, I take it, to mark those of the same house but of a different and lower degree—hence, probably, the chevron worn on the arm of the non-commissioned officers at present—for it is remarkable that seldom do we find heads of families—I mean the principal or stem branches, with chevron, fess, &c., on their escutcheons.

For want of proper references, I cannot trace the family of Wilmer further back than the time of Henry VIII., they may, however, have entered England with King Stephen, who was himself (*jure uxoris*) Count of Boulogne; but of two things one is certain: either a family of the same name adopted the same arms after a lapse of nearly eight centuries—a fact very remarkable in itself—or heraldic honours were hereditary three or four centuries before Tournaments or the Crusades were thought of.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

J. W.

THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

BOSCOBEL; A HISTORY.

BY JOHN HAY.

I.

THE evening of Wednesday the third day of September 1651 witnessed the last blow given to the hopes of the English Royalists. Many bitter reverses, many harassing sufferings, many wearisome persecutions had they known since the day when Charles I. raised the Royal standard against the Parliament. Death, banishment, voluntary exile, forced submission, had thinned their ranks year after year; and as the Parliamentary powers were triumphant on successive occasions, they had opportunities, by fines and confiscations, of robbing their antagonist Cavaliers of the sinews of war. The result was that when Charles II. was out-generalled by the cool-headed and indomitable Cromwell in Scotland, and took at once the resolution (worthy of his Royal grandfather, Henry IV. of France,) of throwing himself upon the loyalty and gallantry of his English subjects, he did not meet with the cordial response which his sanguine temperament had speculated upon. For many who had fought long and faithfully for the Crown under the Royal Martyr, now believed that the republican power was securely planted, at least for a while, and having purchased a temporary security under the existing government, either by personal or pecuniary sacrifice, were not willing to risk their present ease for a prospect which, however dear it might be to their wishes, carried with it no earnest hopes.

This march of Royalty into England, and the whole conduct of the disinherited Sovereign thereupon, forms perhaps the last ray of true glory that hovers over the name of Charles II. Whatever dark clouds fell upon his after life, there can be no doubt that at the time of which I speak, he was eminently qualified to command and reign. The lofty and chivalric characters of the best of the Stuarts found ample reflex in his bosom: and through his mother he appeared fully to inherit the highest qualities of Henry the Great. I may be allowed to quote a few words from one of the narratives of the day. It is part of a letter from one of the officers engaged in Worster Fight, while he was a prisoner of war at Chester. He says "certainly a braver prince" (meaning King

Charles) "never lived, having in the day of the fight hazarded his person much more than any officer of his army. Riding from regiment to regiment, and leading them on upon service with all the encouragement (calling every officer by his name) which the example and exertion of a magnanimous general could afford, shewing so much steadiness of mind and undaunted courage in such continual danger, that had not God covered his head and wonderfully preserved his sacred person, he must in all human reason needs have perished that day."

But I cannot stop to dilate here upon his character, nor upon the campaign of 1651. Let me at once place him at Wor'ster—and without even arguing whether Lesley was a coward or a traitor—without raising the question which has heretofore been nicely scanned—whether Charles ought not to have left his life, with his glory, on Wor'ster Field—let me come at once to the point from which I started and from which I have slightly digressed, and again repeat that "the evening of Wednesday the third day of September 1651, witnessed the last blow given to the hopes of the English Royalists."

II.

The battle was over! the most sanguine of the followers of Royalty saw nothing but the chance of escape with life and liberty. No one dreamt of such a rally as would enable them to renew the contest; though the cavalry of Lesley was undamaged yet none dare trust its fidelity. The Republican forces had continued the fight into the very streets of Wor'ster. Many of the brave supporters of the King fought a battle of details and disputed, inch by inch, the progress of the conquerors. And the King himself exclaimed to those who advised retreat, "I had rather that you should shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day."

But he was persuaded—wisely persuaded—to retire: and my history properly begins at six o'clock in the evening of this fatal day, when Charles, having cleared the city, was at Barbourne Bridge—about a mile out of Wor'ster—surrounded by faithful adherents who only sought the King's safety and reckoned but slightly of their own; and while Lord Cleveland, Colonel Wogan, and Colonel Carliss, with a few desperate followers, maintained such a brave struggle in the streets of Wor'ster, as effectually prevented pursuit of the King for more than two hours.

At this period the cause of Royalty was desperate. The best friends of the King urged him to fly, and loth as he was to take such a course he yielded to pressing necessity, urged as it was by those about him. The gallant spirit of Charles shone out even here, and he proposed to make his flight, (if flight needs must be) direct to London—where he might be sheltered among the many friends of the Royal House, and where he would be ready for any movement towards his own restoration.

But the voices of those who had gathered round him most loyally in the hour of despair, were raised against the London journey; the North offered the greatest facilities for escape, and northward it was determined that the footsteps of the wanderers should turn. Before starting, however, the numbers surrounding the King must be reduced; they are too few to fight but too many to fly. The party of horse who hung round

their retreat, were ordered to disperse and seek safety separately. Those gentry who belonged to the county sought their own homes or hiding places; and the King's whole retinue,—nobles, friends and guards,—did not amount to sixty men: all was confusion, and terror, and doubt—but the north seemed the only refuge—though none ventured to say *where* in the north this refuge should be found.

To the north, then, let us march—but who shall direct us? for evening's shades have fallen and we are strangers in the land. The Duke of Buckingham, taking upon himself something like direction amid the chaos of despair, applied to the Lord Talbot for a guide, and the Lord Talbot, who had brought a regiment of his own to Wor'ster fight, and whose local knowledge was deemed available, called upon one of his troopers—Richard Walker by name—who held the post of scout-master or guide—and following his footsteps, fugitive Royalty and its meagre retinue sped fast onward to the north. This "Lord Talbot" was Francis, eldest son and heir apparent to John tenth earl of Shrewsbury; and I may mention, in passing, that this loyal nobleman succeeded to the title of his father two years after Wor'ster fight, and that he met with a premature death, having been mortally wounded in a duel with Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, in 1667.

To the North and direct to the north, with no apparent object but that safety, like magnetic attraction, dwelt there—onward they went—still onward and northward—galloping along the road where road was—and hurrying over broken ground where roads were imperfect, with the guide's eye still on the north star. So they passed by Beveré Green within hearing of the ever-flowing Severn, so galloping on crossed the little Salwarp stream at the ford near Hawford Mill, and so by Barnhall and Ombersley, where the deep woods threw a darker shadow on the hrow of dusky night, skirting Lineholt Common, and hurrying by Hartlebury and Torton, leaving the then quiet town of Kidderminster a little on their left, and fearlessly daring the uneven grounds towards Kinver Heath, but ever speeding northward, almost due north; ever following freely the rapid steed of scout-master Walker, who led on bravely, guided only by heaven's own beacon.

But night has drawn her sable curtain, and Kinver Heath is queer ground to tread in darkness; and though with the north star before him, our faithful guide, Walker, has hitherto held on his way with untiring zeal, yet here he is embarrassed, and perceiving some hesitation on his part the King very naturally enquires where he is going to? With him as with the others the magical word "North" has hitherto been sufficient, but it appears now to be a word of somewhat doubtful import, and hunger and weariness—to say nothing of doubt and terror—demand some nearer point for repose and refreshment than "the North." On Kinver Heath, then, the Royal and noble fugitives found their first check, and in the momentary pause ensuing, the King's question was, Whither shall I go?

Another voice is heard in council. The Duke of Buckingham is no longer sole leader. The Lord Talbot is no longer sole guide. Among those nearest to the King at this moment was the gallant, but already grave-shadowed, Earl of Derby: James, the seventh Earl of the Stanley family. His father, the sixth Earl, as well as himself, had taken a most active part in the Royal cause, from the first outbreak of

the Revolution; but the father died ere the worst had befallen, and the son succeeded to the titles and dignities, including the Royalty of the Isle of Man, in 1642. His whole conduct in life entitles him to the highest honours of chivalry, and his early and violent death, and his manner of meeting it, leaves his name surrounded with the radiance of Christian hope. His unflinching resolution could only be equalled by his pious resignation, and the life of the soldier is only outshone by the death of the saint. He was made prisoner in trying to escape northwards after parting from the King, as you will presently learn, and was beheaded at Bolton the 15th of October.

This man it was who at this anxious moment was able to pour into his sovereign's ear advice and suggestion, which under the Divine blessing contributed mainly to the preservation of the Monarchy.

III.

I must refer to a past event. When Charles first entered England he had commissioned the Earl of Derby to raise recruits for the Royal army in Lancashire and the adjoining counties. In August, the Earl, at the head of a considerable force, met a portion of the Parliamentary army at Wigan, and suffered an extensive and a serious defeat. But the battle was a most unequal one, the Earl's whole strength not exceeding 600 men, while the Roundheads, under Colonel Lilburn, are stated to have been 2000. Even according to the accounts of the Parliamentarians themselves, the Earl's force was but 700, and theirs 1500, so that anyway it was a most unequal fight. All accounts agree in the report of the noble courage of the Earl and his men, and all, unfortunately, agree in the utter discomfiture and dissolution which the Cavaliers suffered. Many Royalists were slain in the action, and the Earl himself was severely wounded. He took his course, nevertheless, no longer surrounded by a gallant company, towards the King's army, then quartered at Wor'ster: but in passing through Staffordshire, the pursuit was so hot, that he was advised by some of the Royalist families, from whom he sought counsel and assistance, to lie concealed for at least a few days—a secure place of retreat being indicated to him. The Earl followed this prudent advice, and remained in close concealment until the Parliamentary soldiers, who had been so close on his heels, had entirely lost all trace of him, and had disappeared from the neighbourhood in which he had been so famously protected. He had then hastened forward to join his Royal Master, and arrived at Wor'ster only on the eve of the battle. Well and valorously had he done his devoir that dismal day, and he now stood, with unabated spirits, by the King's side, on Kinver Heath, and was the first of the followers of his Majesty who was able to offer any feasible or hopeful plan amid the confusion, the alarm, the terror, that appeared to have fallen on all the army. On Kinver Heath, I repeat, the *Panic* was complete. The north star no longer shone to the eye of trusty scoutmaster Walker, and even if it had still shone, the King declared that he would proceed no farther, not even towards the magical North, unless some special place were indicated where safety could be sought, or some object, distinct enough for attainment, should be clearly defined. Then, as I before said, the gallant

Earl of Derby spoke.—“If your Majesty can only reach the borders of Staffordshire, there is a place of concealment where an army might search for you, Sire, in vain.” Then followed the rapid narrative—hastily told, but eagerly listened to—of his own admirable escape, when the zealous Roundheads dogged his very heels, and of his perfect security until the departure of his discomfited foes.

There was no doubt now, no hesitation, no pause; the place of security appears; the King will march to **Boscobel**.

But who shall guide us thither, for the north star will not now suffice? trusty Richard Walker does not know Boscobel, and the Earl himself would not attempt to lead the way through that dim and sorrowful night.

A soldier on the brink of the crowd, a follower, but at a distance, of Royalty, now appeared in the inner circle that surrounded the King, and a clear manly voice, full of hope and truth, comes out of the dark night. “If his Majesty will trust me I will guide him in safety to Boscobel before daybreak.” “Who makes the offer?” “Captain Charles Giffard.” The matter, then, is wholly decided. Many in the circle knew the man, and they who did not, knew that he and others of his house had fought beside the Royal Standard through that heavy day, and on many previous days in many a well-fought field. Confidence is restored, hope revives, and all are again eager to set forward under this new and ready guide. But much caution is necessary. Their road is no longer due north, but westerly, and it would appear that to gain the route which Captain Giffard knew to Boscobel, the town of Stourbridge must be passed through, or lightly evaded, and there lies a troop of Parliamentary Dragoons, who are not likely to be all asleep on *this* night.

But onward they go as fast as their wearied steeds can bear them, and now no longer a flying crowd, but a well ordered body marching with boldness, but with caution, as the convoy of a great treasure. Advanced guard and rear guard are in their places. Scouts are on the look-out, and ever with the foremost rides the unblenching and unhesitating guide. So pass they on, making their way easterly towards Stourbridge, that the leader may fall into the track which he knew so well.

And now the noon of night is passed, and Stourbridge is attained, its guards are not on the alert, and it is rapidly and safely travelled through or by. Another few miles are traversed, and as there is no sound of pursuit, and nature is waxing weary, a halt is made at a lone house, between Wordsley and Kingswinford. The startled inmates are aroused, and such food as the humble dwelling affords is shared among Royalty, Nobility, Gentry, and Ycomanry.

From hence, no incident marks the flight, no check occurs to the career. The guide wandered not to right nor left, but onward, still steadily onward, he progresses through Himley and Wombourne, avoiding Penn, and crossing Tettenhall Wood, leaving Codsall to the east, and selecting unfrequented bridle roads, till he brings his charge by way of precaution to the residence of his uncle, George Giffard, at Whiteladies, just as day commenced to break.

Here, at Whiteladies, a bitter, and to many a last, parting must take place. All concurred in one thing, and, that was, that the King's greatest chance of safety lay in his being alone and all his followers left him

here, to use the words of one of the old chronielers, "with sad hearts, but hearty prayers, desiring not to know the place of his concealment because they knew not what they might be forced to confess." Some pursued their flight still northerly, others spread east, and west, and south. Some reached foreign shores, some were taken and mounted the scaffold, or rotted in dungeons, and some found safety in their insignificance. But all departed, and King Charles II. was left alone to the guard and guidance of the honour and loyalty of the Giffards. Guard and guidance, by the blessing of God, amply sufficient.

Mr. George Giffard, immediately he was aware of his sacred and serious charge, sent out to Hobbal Grange, for Richard Penderel, and to Boscobel for William Penderel, while, in the meantime, Mrs. Giffard (not Mrs. George Giffard, but the widow of George Giffard's brother Andrew, who was killed in a skirmish near Wolverhampton, early in the Civil Wars) hastened to supply his Majesty with seemly refreshment and comfortable words, thinking, with a woman's thoughtfulness, of things which, though in themselves trivial, yet are of much avail in hours of suffering.

By this time, Richard Penderel had arrived, but was immediately sent back to fetch a suit of his own raiment (his Sunday garments, doubtless) for the King; and by the time he returned, William Penderel also appeared. After they had spoken to the Earl of Derby, whom they well remembered, and who lingered to the last beside his Sovereign, the Earl took them to an inner parlour, where the King was taking comfort from the hospitable cares of his kind host and hostess, and then said to them—"This is the King! you must have good care of him, and preserve him as you did me." This charge was earnestly hacked by Mr. George Giffard.

We must not suppose that these rustics were brought into the presence of Majesty in its glory, to be astounded and overpowered. There was no golden throne and ermine robe, and regal crown, to impress their senses and awe their minds—no! for while these faithful guards had been waited for, even the personal appearance of the throneless monarch had been grievously altered. The King had rubbed his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them rubbed his face: some person had cut his flowing hair off, and he had stripped himself of his buff coat, with all his kingly and knightly ornaments which he had worn through the day of battle and the night of flight.

And now his person was quickly eneased in Richard Penderel's green suit and leathern doublet, and with his head and face disfigured, as before stated, he could not have been very comely or majestic. Both William and Richard Penderel urged the immediate departure of those of the King's friends who yet remained, for they knew that a troop of Roundheads under Colonel Ashenhurst, was quartered at Codsall, and feared they would soon be on the look-out for fugitives: having thus ridded themselves of supernumerary guests, the faithful Penderels led the King through a back door, and in a short distance reached the first spot deemed secure, being a thick wood called Spring Coppice, forming part of the demesne, and extending up to the very gate of Boscobel.

IV.

Our history must revert some years.

In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., very heavy and

stringent laws were passed against those who professed to follow the Church of Rome. The Reformation was yet new, and the fires of Smithfield shed their lurid gleam on the pages of history. I will not stop to detail all the heavy penalties overhanging the heads of the Romanists, nor to enquire whether such severity was wise. But under different Acts of Parliament in the two reigns, most severe burdens were laid upon them. To say Mass, was to be subjected to a fine of 200 marks, and to be imprisoned for a year; to hear it, was to be fined and imprisoned to half the extent. To refrain from attending the public Sabbath worship of the reformed English Church, was to become a Recusant or Refuser, and so incur a heavy fine. This fine was not only once inflicted, but was continued and repeated, and the sufferer was called a Recusant Convict. Such Recusant Convict could not be an executor, administrator, or guardian. He could not practise law or physic. He was debarred from all public offices, even of the meanest description, nor dared he teach a school. His armour and arms, if he possessed them, were to be taken from him, and he was confined to within five miles of his dwelling. He could not maintain or defend any personal suit. If he married a wife according to the rites of the Romish Church he forfeited £100, and if she, too, was a Recusant, he was fined £10 a month. If she survived him, she could not be his executrix, and she absolutely forfeited on his death two-thirds of her jointure or dower. If he had children and christened them by Romish rite, he forfeited £100 for each, and at the age of sixteen, each of his children might separately be indicted for Recusancy. If he kept a tutor of his own religion to educate them, he forfeited 40s. for each day he retained him, and if he sent them abroad to be educated, he forfeited £100 for each, and they were all disabled from holding his lands. No priest of the faith could be brought up in England, and for a foreign priest to be found in England, was death both to him and his entertainer. Hence, those who still held the Romish faith, contrived places of concealment, where priests might hide, and the ceremonials of their religion might be exercised.

Among those families who adhered to the Church of Rome through evil report and good report, through prosperity and adversity, was the family of Giffard of Chillington, and upon them fell heavily the operation of the penal laws against Recusants. John Giffard, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, was, nevertheless, so highly esteemed by that Queen, that she visited him at Chillington, in 1575, passing three days there. But royal favour could not avert from him the legal consequences of his profession of faith, and he found it necessary to have a secure hiding place for priests, or others who might fall under the terror of the law. With exceeding judgment and skill did he fix upon a site for his retreat—just on the borders of two counties, when boundaries were very doubtful—a piece of waste land, not included in any Parish, and free from any claims from its adjoining Hundreds. On this well selected spot, deep in woods which, probably, had never been planted by man, but were remains of primeval forest—no public road near—no town or even village at hand, rose a humble but convenient dwelling, which professed to be a hunting seat, but in which were artfully contrived modes of concealment that effectually baffled all attempts at discovery. When this erection was completed, the 'Squire invited a few friends, sharing

the same religious belief as himself, to a housewarming dinner, and among them was Sir Basil Brook. This Sir Basil Brook was the direct ancestor of the present Sir Arthur Brinsley Brook, of Colebrook, in Ireland. He had a seat at Madeley in Shropshire, and was connected with the family of Fitzherbert, which family was closely connected with that of Giffard. Sir Basil was then recently from Italy, and being requested by Mr. Giffard to supply a name for the new house, suggested Boscobel, which is literally Beautiful Wood; and there can be no doubt that at that time it richly deserved its euphonious title. Be it as it may, the name was given to it, and through the reign of James I., it was in frequent and indeed constant use for the purposes for which it was first intended. But when the great Rebellion came, and the Giffards adhered to the Royal cause, Boscobel was repeatedly available for the concealment of fugitive Cavaliers, until it attained its highest glory by the preservation of the King himself.

For the keeping of this house, the Giffards had a family resident in a part of the building, whose name has since become the synonyme of loyalty—these were the Penderels. To understand the excellence of their fidelity, it must be remembered that immediately after the battle of Wor'ster, a reward of £1000 was offered for the apprehension of Charles; and considering the value of money in those days, this great amount must have been a fearful temptation to humble labourers as these men were. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Penderels were devoted to royalty: no! their devotion was to the Giffards, and if they had been directed by their liege lords to conceal Old Noll himself, they would have done it with the same devoted faith which they shewed towards the King, and which preserved through unparalleled danger, the living spirit of Monarchy in England.

This much to explain what, and where, Boscobel was. I shall have a word or two more to say of the true Penderels before I have done.

V.

And now I have brought King Charles to Boscobel, and you know what and where Boscobel was.

But even the secure comfort of the haven which he appeared now to have reached, was denied to the worn and weary Monarch. The fearful responsibility which had been so deeply impressed upon the Penderels by Lord Derby, Charles Giffard, and others, rendered them more than usually cautious, and they would not lead their charge at once to the comfortable retreat of Boscobel, but deemed it their most prudent course to trust for a while, at least, to the close shelter of the thick wood.

This brings us to day-break on Thursday morning, September 4th, 1651.

Four Penderels were, at this time, active in the service of Majesty. but one only accompanied him into the Spring Coppice. This was Richard. William, Humphrey, and George, were scouting around the domain, ready to give the earliest alarm in case of necessity. The morning was cold and wet, and the drizzling rain that was now falling was quite sufficient to justify the poetical fancy of the Cavaliers, that the heavens wept for the royal sufferings. Richard led his royal charge

deep into the inmost recesses of Spring Coppice, and having brought him into a place of sufficient temporary security, he left him for a short period to go and seek some means of adding to his creature comforts. While Richard, therefore, goes to the house of his brother-in-law, Francis Yates, to obtain from his sister blankets for the warmth of his guest, and while he directs his sister to bring food as soon as may be into the wood, let us try to fix our mental eyes upon the present condition of his Majesty, King Charles the Second.

After the hard-fought Wednesday at Wor'ster, came the frightful pause at the Barbourne, when—

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind:
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

Then the hurried northward flight under trusty Scoutmaster Walker, then the second pause of terror on Kinver Heath, the stolen and breathless flight through Stourbridge, the short and poor refreshment at Kingswinford, and the long gallop to Whiteladies, the whole flight being certainly forty miles. Then the disguise and disfigurement, and after this truly horrid day and night, try to picture to yourself this man reared in luxury and refinement, crouching in the deep woods of Boscobel, cold, wet, and weary, with the heavy and sullen rain-drops plashing slowly, but incessantly, on him and around him. The throne is won from him, the jewell'd crown is a deceptive dream, the Kingly authority hath departed, the awful hand of Divine Providence appears to have written the MENE, TEKEL, PHARES, upon the walls of the regal structure of England; the scaffold, yet wet with the blood of the father, awaits the son; he is in the middle of his kingdom, and his only chance of safety would be on its outer shores; he is unsurrounded by the Chivalry that while it offered safety would ensure cheerful courage; he is alone, or attended only by strangers, and by mean strangers; they might realize a fortune by betraying him; they risk the gallows by concealing him. His very heart is chilled, his head is heavy, his limbs are sore and weary. His soul chooseth strangling rather than life; for, looking out of the mists of Spring Coppice, the dungeon and the scaffold loom heavily in the distance. Truly this is a mournful picture! Truly the fugitive Charles of Spring Coppice, on this wet Thursday morning, the 4th of September, forms a startling contrast with the Merry Monarch of Whitehall, who, at a later date, seemed to have forgotten entirely that disasters, difficulties, disgrace, or death, were ever in this world.

VI.

Richard Penderel returned to the wood where the monarch was concealed, with a blanket for a covering, and rugs, or some coarse warm articles for a seat, and he had begged his sister, Francis Yates's wife, to prepare a breakfast, and bring it to the place indicated. The goodwife soon obeyed her instructions, and she brought to the fugitive a warm bowl of milk porridge, some cooked eggs, and bread and butter. The

King felt some doubt of Penderel's prudence in making a woman the depository of so great a secret, and anxiously addressed her on her appearance in deprecating terms. No doubt the homely breakfast was welcome, but the King may be easily excused for fearing that among so many lowly people involved in his secret, terror or pusillanimity—to say nothing of worse feeling—might lead to a disclosure.

But Yates's wife was a Penderel, and when Charles said to her,—“Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?” She answered readily and truly,—“Yes, sir; I will die rather than discover you!” And with this additional comfort, and with the blankets and food, the King supported that miserable day, seated on the wet ground in the depths of the Spring Coppice.

It is a singular, most singular thing—providential would be the more proper phrase—that during this day the rain in Spring Coppice was incessant, though round the neighbourhood the wet was intermittent and partial. But it certainly is owing to this, in a great measure, that no search of Spring Coppice was made on that day, for the whole neighbourhood was alive with Republican troops, anxiously searching for the fugitives, the Royal party having been traced with tolerable certainty to the immediate neighbourhood of Tong.

When darkness had again covered the earth, Richard Penderel took his sacred charge to his own house of Hobbal Grange, where he supped, and made some additions to his rustic disguise, assuming the name of Will Jones, and arming himself with a woodbill. For the result of that rainy day's cogitations in the gloomy Spring Coppice was, that the King's best chance of safety was to get across the Severn, into the fastnesses of Wales, from the unfrequented coasts of which country a passage to France was easy.

Therefore, when night had quite fallen, the disguised Sovereign, with his loyal attendant, set forward from Hobbal Grange, by Tong, on the road to Madeley, where they thought a passage across the Severn might be had. On this journey they called at Evelith Mill, Penderel having some information that the miller was a true man. And here a remarkable mistake arose. The miller was indeed a “true man,” and had, at the very time Charles and Penderel arrived, given shelter to several Cavaliers who had escaped from Worster fight. Not knowing the new comers, the miller went out, and boldly challenged them, which so alarmed Penderel that, without making any reply, he decamped with his charge rapidly in the direction of Madeley.

The King and his guide were beside the mill-stream when thus alarmed, and they jumped into it to escape more readily. The night was so intensely dark that for some time after quitting the water the King only followed his startled leader by the crackling sound of Penderel's well-seasoned leather breeches, which (at the rapid pace Penderel took), sufficiently indicated his whereabouts.

Madeley was reached by midnight, and here some real consolation was expected. A Mr. Wolfe resided here, who appears to have been known to Richard Penderel, and to his house Penderel led the King.

VII.

But even here, where safety was sought with much hope, a check was

experienced. Mr. Wolfe, it appears, had a son who had taken a part with Royalty in the late campaign, and was now a prisoner at Shrewsbury; and Mr. Wolfe told Penderel that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, he would not risk anything to save a Cavalier, lest it should make his son's case hopeless. "No," he added, "hardly for the King himself." Penderel, trusting in the loyalty of Mr. Wolfe, replied,—“But it is for the King himself that I seek your aid.” It is said that the King started at Penderel's thus holdly announcing his rank and station, but the result proved that Penderel was right, and that Wolfe was worthy of all trust.

Mr. Wolfe had hiding-places in his house, but recent events had proved that they were not so secure as had been expected, and the King, therefore, was sent that night to make his royal couch in a barn, among a heap of straw. But “tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” descended upon the King on this primitive couch with a power and a blessing that he perhaps had never known on a bed of down. The remainder of that Thursday night—or Friday morning—and many hours after Friday's sunrise—the jaded monarch slept soundly and refreshingly in Mr. Wolfe's straw. Slumber lighted easily and happily on lids that had not been closed for eight-and-forty hours, and which, indeed, dared not close till now lest they should never open again.

In the afternoon of Friday, September the 5th, before the King had left his straw-heap, the son of Mr. Wolfe most unexpectedly arrived at Madeley. He had escaped from prison, and fear of a worse fate, and brought to his father renewed hope and confidence. But to the Royal fugitive he brought only sorrow and dismay in the intelligence, that besides two companies of militia then actually stationed in Madeley itself, parties of Parliamentary forces held every ford and bridge of the Severn, and had seized all the boats on the river, thus rendering escape in that direction absolutely impossible.

Back to the shelter he had so recently left must the desponding King return; and, with a feeling closely akin to despair, at one hour before midnight Charles set out to retrace his steps to Boscobel, still guided, guarded, and sustained by Richard Penderel. Before setting out, however, Mr. Wolfe's wife improved the King's disguise by staining his hands and face with walnut leaves, and on the way they made a circuit and forded a stream to evade the formidable miller of Evelith.

About five o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 6th of September, the King and his faithful guide again reached Boscobel. Richard Penderel left the King in the shelter of the wood while he went up to the house to ascertain that no danger lurked there. He found all secure, and a well-known and most gallant Cavalier in possession of the quarters. I must pause a moment, even in this critical part of my narrative, to say a few words about this same Cavalier, who plays no unworthy part in the remainder of this dramatic history. The person found at Boscobel by Richard Penderel was Colonel William Carliss. This fine soldier was born at Broomhall in the parish of Brewood, where his family had lived as tenants of the Giffards of Chillington for many generations. He had been a clever and active soldier during the whole of the civil war, and was one of the last men who struck a blow on the fatal 3rd of September. One of the chroniclers of that time says,—“He saw the last man killed at Wor'ster.” And it is certain that he was most active among that party

who drank the cup of war to the dregs, by disputing every inch of ground for those two wearisome and lingering hours, which enabled the immediate followers of the King to get the start of their pursuers. He had immediately after his last and desperate struggle, made directly for his paternal home; but he, too, knew Boscobel as a safe covert, and was now waiting there till he could learn whether Broomhall was an unsuspected place. The evening of Friday, the 5th of September, had been spent by him in the secret depths of Boscobel Woods, and he had gone up to the house after nightfall to obtain from his old acquaintance, William Penderel, shelter and food.

The brave and reckless Colonel was both pleased and grieved to hear how near his Sovereign was, for he, with others, had hoped that Charles had before this time found his way to the coast; but he lost no time in hastening to Charles's assistance, and with Richard and William Penderel he hurried to the part where the King had been left. There they found the descendant of a long and brilliant line of monarchs seated on the roof of a tree, in the last stage of despondence. The greeting of the gallant Cavalier reached the poor wanderer's heart, and infused into the King's mind the bold and cheerful thoughts which the heavy night marches to and from Madeley—exceeding ten miles each way—and the frustration of all his projects of escape by Wales, had almost entirely smothered. And now, for the first time, the almost worn out Charles sought the shelter of the house of Boscobel; not with any feeling of security, for the neighbourhood still swarmed with the Roundheads, but with many feelings of comfort, for beside the cheerful fire of Boscobel kitchen the uncrowned king made a hearty meal of bread and cheese, and drank with infinite relish and advantage a warm posset of beer prepared for him by William Penderel's wife.

Here, too, he experienced all sorts of kindly care for his comforts from those around him; for while goodwife Penderel got warm water to bathe his travel-stained and travel-galled feet, the Colonel drew off his Majesty's shoes, which were full of dirt and gravel, and his stockings, which were soddened in wet. A homely incident marks this part of the history. Fresh stockings were found for the kingly limbs, but fresh shoes were none; so Dame Joan Penderel placed hot embers in those the King had worn to dry them, while his feet enjoyed their warm bath and his foul hose were replaced by dry and warm ones.

Thus refreshed and comforted, the anxious Carliss became pressing with the Royal fugitive to leave the shelter of Boscobel House, and to remain in the deep covert of its woods for yet another day; for the troops of the Parliament were so near that he feared that even the close retreat of Boscobel might be discovered, and the building searched by the remorseless and unwearied foe. And so, forth to the thick wood again they wended, and there the prompt and ready Colonel selected a tall and thick-leaved oak, into which both King and soldier climbed, and being supplied with pillows, and rugs, and provisions by the ever-ready Penderels, the King again composed himself to easy slumber, his head resting on the lap of his vigilant sentinel, and his hopes restored, and his courage renewed, by the unbroken and cheery spirit of his gallant comrade.

Throughout the day (Saturday, Sept. 6) this far-famed Royal Oak formed the tent, and couch, and canopy, of the King and Colonel; nor did either of the Penderels draw near to the spot, or interfere with the

proceedings. But they were active in spying round the vicinity, and in taking other steps with a view to Charles's ultimate safety, and they were enabled by the time evening fell to report so much security from the withdrawal of many of the troops in the neighbourhood, that Boscobel House might again be safely visited. To it, therefore, the hapless Cavaliers returned, and so ends the never-to-be-forgotten day, when, in the very centre of ruthless foes the Majesty of England held his state in lofty security in The Royal Oak of Boscobel.

VIII.

Another era of our history dates from Saturday evening the 6th of September, 1651. The King of Great Britain once more is permitted to enjoy the shelter of a permanent roof, and is no longer forced to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm in Royal Barns or Royal Oaks. It becomes really pleasant, by comparison, to study the fallen Monarch's position on this memorable Saturday night. The cheerful fire is blazing in the deep embayed recess of the parlour of Boscobel—the well-educated and soldierly Colonel Carliss is there to afford the King the thousand graceful and nameless attentions which his rank had rendered customary—the very faces of the loyal brothers of Boscobel must have brought a cheering to the heart of the dethroned one—and the busy Dame Joan, on hospitable cares intent, must have needs infused into the Royal mind some of her own hopeful comfort.

And now some further decorations must be inflicted on the masquerading King. William Penderel (perhaps with somewhat of a woodman's heavy hand) removed the accumulated beard of four days, and cropped his hair close in the true country fashion. The locks severed by the rude band of William were recommended by the King to be burnt, but loyal William thought such a course would be desecration, and preserved the severed hair until after the Restoration, when hundreds pressed him for portions of the important relic.

Another incident disturbs the monotony of the evening. Humphrey Penderel, who had been on this dismal Saturday to Sheffield to pay some levies made upon his township or neighbourhood for the Parliamentary troops, to one Captain Broadway, had met in Shiffnal a Roundhead Colonel who had been busy in pursuit of the King ever since Worster fight. Certain intelligence had been obtained of the King's reaching Whiteladies, and this Colonel finding that Humphrey Penderel was from the neighbourhood, subjected him to a severe and searching examination, placing clearly before him the two alternatives of immense reward for discovery, and an ignominious death for concealment. But fear of death or hope of wealth were alike feeble in an attack upon Humphrey's loyal fidelity, and his native shrewdness enabled him so well to repel the insidious attack made upon him, that he escaped from the snare and with much glee told the King the story at Boscobel that same night.

Our most excellent Dame Joan has provided a dainty dish to set before the King for his supper—being some chickens roasted—and having eaten and drank with thankfulness, the hiding hole at the top of the upper flight of stairs was prepared for the King's couch; a pallet was spread for his repose, and in this confined space, still existing in its original scantiness,

and affording evidence of the misery—real misery—which alone could have found lodgers for this most secure hole—in this restricted space, on the night of Saturday, lay his Majesty Charles by the Grace of God of England, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

But never mind the curtailed room or the comfortless couch. Considering that the flight from Wor'ster was on Wednesday night, and that now we are come to the eve of the Sabbath, we have every reason to presume that the hotness of pursuit has evaporated, and that though no safe place on the coast has been obtained, yet that Republican watchfulness must be somewhat frustrated; and that no idea exists among the party of the Parliament that Charles Stuart is still nestling in the very centre and heart of his kingdom.

There are circumstances in connection with his after escape that lead us necessarily to suppose, that many who liked not his rule yet did not seek his life; but there is every reason to believe that for some days after the flight of Wor'ster, a sanguinary feeling existed in the breasts of the soldiers of the Parliament, and that Charles's capture was eagerly sought with a view to terminating his existence as his Sainted Father's before him.

One of the historians of the period says, "Cromwell would gladly have made himself master of Charles's person either dead or alive, and for some time gave no quarter. Colonel Cobbett was dispatched after Charles with Harrison's Brigade, and according to the best accounts, two thousand Royalists were cut in pieces, and seven thousand made prisoners on that and the succeeding days."

And it is this which makes his escape so wonderful. The intensity of the peril is instanced by the fact that neither Penderel nor Wolfe dare venture to conceal Charles in places especially constructed for hiding, and hitherto deemed more than secure; but that they preferred the wilder safety of the wood and the outhouse, where search was less likely and removal more easy. But now the hot blood of the war had somewhat cooled, and though the discovery was still urged it was with less deadly rancour, and less fierce blood-thirstiness.

Before leaving this part of my subject, I must refer to a common belief that the King on the day he was hidden in the Oak heard his pursuers speaking of the hoped-for capture. If he sat in the tree in the manner in which he is often so artistically delineated on the signs of our village ale-houses, namely, with his royal crown and ermine robe upon him, and the upper part of his body very determinedly protruded from shelter—if, I say, he sat thus, and soldiers sought him there, his escape must have been miraculous. But, without these romantic incidents, I am led to believe that some active Roundhead soldiers were at any rate searching the neighbourhood in the course of the Saturday.

Clarendon, in his great history, says, "they securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse how they would use the King if they could take him." But Clarendon in all his history of this celebrated escape is notoriously inaccurate, and it is a pretty clear proof of the racking anxiety which the King himself suffered during this exciting period, that his recollection of the incidents, as frequently referred to by him in after life, and as dictated by him to Mr. Pepys and others, was so much confused that he could never himself furnish any clear narrative. The King, if we can allow his own tale to have any authority, said to Pepys, "While we were in the tree we

saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them now and then peeping out of the wood." Blount, whose narrative of this eventful history is of all most complete and connected, makes no allusion to the presence of soldiers in the wood, but simply states that the King slept a great part of the time he was in the oak: and a very clear and correct narrative, which is found among the curious collection of books and papers made by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and now in the British Museum, states that the King rested secure and slept. It is probable that some troopers might pass nigh to the wood, within sight and hearing of the fugitive; but as no suspicion appears to have existed at that time against Boscobel, I am inclined to think that no soldiery entered the wood for the purposes of search on that day. It is a pity to divest the narrative of this striking incident, but I express my own conclusions.

IX.

When the party surrounding the King at Whiteladies dispersed itself (on the morning of the fourth of September), the Lord Wilmot, afterwards the too celebrated Earl of Rochester, took John Penderel as a guide, and sought safety in the hiding holes of Moseley Court. His escape was wonderful, for he was first pursued by some of the workmen at Brewood Forge, and afterwards by some Roundhead troopers who were stationed at Coven. But he reached Moseley and remained there securely during the period that Charles had been making his wearisome and fruitless journey into Salop. For the purpose of securing Lord Wilmot's escape, both Mr. Whitgreave and John Penderel had been constantly on the lookout; and at last an arrangement had been made that as a sister of Colonel Lane of Bentley, ancestor of the present family of Lane of King's Bromley, had obtained a pass for herself and her servant-man to cross the kingdom down to the south coast, Lord Wilmot should accompany her disguised as her servant. But it must be mentioned to Lord Wilmot's honour that before he would take advantage of this almost desperate chance he sent John Penderel to Boscobel to know if the King had escaped. John arrived at Boscobel after the King had departed for Madeley, and as no doubt existed but that the King would escape by the Welsh coast, Lord Wilmot on receiving the news made his arrangements to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by Colonel Lane, and removed himself from Moseley to Bentley preparatory to crossing the country.

Now, on Sunday morning John Penderel again set off from Boscobel for Moseley, hoping to find Lord Wilmot still there; but in this he was disappointed, and in his trouble was driven to make known to Mr. Whitgreave his Majesty's presence at Boscobel. Mr. Whitgreave, with eager haste, proposed to John Penderel to accompany him to Bentley, and this plan being immediately followed, the anxious ambassadors providentially found Wilmot still detained, and most ready to sacrifice his own prospect of escape for the King's sake. Nor was this all, for Wilmot not only consented to give Charles the opportunity prepared for himself, but insisted on returning to Moseley, where the King was to be brought, to pay his personal respect to his lonely Sovereign. Previously to parting from Lord Wilmot and Mr. Whitgreave, John Penderel was fully instructed

as to the mode and time of the King's march from Boscobel to Moseley, and he returned to Boscobel on the afternoon of Sunday with his heart lightened of its load of anxiety, and his confidence strong in the prospect of the King's safety.

During this blessed Sabbath, dawns of hope seemed to come upon all hearts. The King rose from his confined bed refreshed both in mind and body, and paced for some time up and down the room where his place of concealment was, not having forgotten his duties of devotion to that King of Kings who had hitherto so wonderfully sustained him, and finding some amusement in looking from the window, whence his eye could command the road from Tong to Brewood. Preparation, too, had been made for his table in a truly primitive manner; for Colonel Carliss had on Saturday asked his Majesty, with as much boldness and coolness as if he had an unlimited larder under his control, what meat he would wish prepared for his Sunday meal; and when the King named mutton, the Colonel did not say that they had none, and dared not send to purchase, but early on Sunday morning he sallied forth, like a bold free-booter, pouncing upon the first flock he found, being that of Mr. Staunton, who then rented the farm of Boscobel, and selecting, with all the judgment of an old soldier, one of the fattest sheep, he killed it with his dagger, and returning to the house, sent William Penderel for the carcase. The mode of cooking the royal feast of the day was a proper match for the mode of procuring it, for William, having cut off a leg—not by means of any very delicate butchery—brought it to the King in the parlour, and his Majesty, calling hastily for knife, trencher, and frying-pan, proceeded himself to cut off some collops, and, with the help of the ready Colonel Carliss, soon fried the savory and welcome food. So fearless of interruption on this holy day did the King and his friends feel, that for some hours in the afternoon the King sat in an arbour placed on an artificial mound in Boscobel garden, and was reading a considerable portion of his time. It was deemed necessary, however, to maintain a careful look-out during the whole day, and the excellent brothers discharged this, as they discharged all their other duties, faithfully and zealously.

And now comes to our still anxious group the active and cheerful John Penderel, with his good news from Moseley. At that place Lord Wilmot is to await the King at midnight, at a quiet bye-place near to the house; Father Huddlestone, Mr. Whitgreave's domestic chaplain, is to receive the king from the Penderels, and lead him to the house, and the party at Boscobel set about their several preparations eagerly, that the march might be commenced as soon as night should fall.

X.

We are now about to commence the fourth march of this celebrated retreat—the fourth march through the dark night within five days. The first was from Wor'ster to Whiteladies on Wednesday night, the second from Boscobel to Madeley on Thursday night, and the third from Madeley to Boscobel on Friday night,—Saturday affording the only entire night's rest which the King had known since the Wor'ater fight. Better preparation was made on this occasion than on the two preceding ones.

Humphrey Penderel, the miller, brought his stout horse for the King's service,—an old saddle and bridle of no very courtly or chivalric appearance formed his caparison,—and the five loyal brethren ranged themselves as the *only* Royal Regiment of Life Guards. One more painful separation must ensue, for Colonel Carliss was so well known in the neighbourhood, that he deemed his attendance on the Monarch would only add to his peril. Carliss remained at Boscobel for a short time, and succeeded in escaping, by the help of a friend at Wolverbampton, who procured him a passport under a feigned name, and reaped, at the Restoration, the reward of his services to his fugitive master.

The five Penderels were accompanied by their brother-in-law Yates, and each of the party was armed with a bill, or pike-staff, and some of them had pistols in their pockets. Two went forward as an advanced guard, two kept pace with the King, walking on each side the horse, and the remaining two acted as rear-guard. They were determined to fight if attacked, but they took every precaution in their power to avoid such a misfortune. They did not take the road by which John Penderel had before led Lord Wilmot, but going by Langley Lane towards Codsall, from which place the Parliamentary soldiers had now moved, they continued their march by Pendeford Mill, where the King was advised to dismount, and as no danger was apprehended between that point and Moseley, William Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates returned with the horse, leaving the King to be led by John and Richard Penderel across the fields by the Ford-Houses to Moseley. It would be shameful if we dismissed this celebrated steed that bore a King—not to do battle for his kingdom, but to fly for his life—without recording the ready humour of Humphrey the miller, who, when Charles complained (as well he might) that this horse was “the heaviest, dull jade he ever bestrode,” replied promptly,—“Your Majesty cannot blame him to go heavily when he carries three kingdoms on his back.” Nor must we, in justice to Charles, omit to record an act of his thoughtful kindness at this anxious period. Humphrey and the party returning with the horse had taken their homeward way, when the King, recollecting himself, followed them some steps and said,—“My troubles make me forget myself; but indeed I thank you all.” Then presenting his hand, it was eagerly, respectfully, and affectionately kissed by his humble attendants, and the courtly form in that open lane on that dark night was the evidence of an unshaken loyalty, which the same form in the lofty saloons of Whitehall did not always display.

No incident marks the remainder of the journey. A short time sufficed to lead the King to the spot where Father Huddleston and Squire Whitgreave awaited him, and a still shorter lapse of time brought him to Moseley Court, where Lord Wilmot welcomed him and cheered him with strong and unclouded hopes. John and Richard Penderel were not at once dismissed, but remained to see what service they could yet render, and before daybreak of Monday morning, the 8th of September, the King, refreshed by good food and wine, his clothing changed, his feet bathed, all his personal comforts attended to, retired to rest in a roomy bed in one of the bidding-places of Moseley.

The history of this great escape here properly divides itself. First, the great and immediate peril is past, and the hot pursuit hath ceased. From hence caution and design must guide, boldness and rapidity having

done their part. Second, as far as regards Boscobel and the Penderels, the curtain falls, for though John Penderel remained near to the King for a day or two, and was employed as a messenger to Bentley, the ministry of that celebrated family, as regards the King's escape, was completed. Leaving the King, therefore, to enjoy his welcome slumbers, amid the superior comforts of Moseley, I shall say a word or two of the Penderels. But I must first refer to two remarkable facts, not before noticed—one, indeed, now only ripe for notice. The first is, that on the day following the fight of Wor'ster, a party of horse soldiers (I believe a portion of Harrison's Brigade, under Colonel Cobbett, who had followed the King from Wor'ster,) searched the House at Whiteladies, evidently having received some vague information as to the King's stay. They committed much violence, and threatened Mr. George Giffard with their worst vengeance; speaking positively of the King's having been there, and even going the length of making preparations for Mr. Giffard's violent death, unless he revealed to them what he knew. But Mr. George Giffard's firmness saved him, and after undergoing some indignities from the disappointed party, who searched his house, he ridded himself of their annoying visit, stating that a party of fugitives had availed themselves of his house, for the sake of shelter and food, which they took in spite of him, but that they left immediately, and he knew not the course they took. The second remarkable incident is, that though Boscobel appeared to have excited no suspicion during the time the King was concealed in its vicinity, yet on the Monday following his departure therefrom, viz., the 8th of September, a party of Parliamentary troops searched the house and behaved with great violence and cruelty to the inhabitants. And in this place, it seems also right to mention that William Penderel, on that same Monday, went to Mr. Staunton to tell him the true history of the stolen mutton, and to offer payment, not naming the King, but merely stating that the meat had been taken for some fugitive Cavaliers; and Mr. Staunton thereupon told Penderel to feel no obligation, for the parties were very welcome to the sheep.

XI.

Boscobel lies about two miles due north-east from Chillington. The public road, upon which opens the gate of the demesne, is in Staffordshire, but the fence of Boscobel is in Shropshire. The Chillington estate, of which Boscobel and Whiteladies formed a part in 1651, bounds the county of Stafford for a considerable distance at this point, but the Boscobel and Whiteladies estate was alienated very soon after the Restoration, and passed (I know not how) into the family of Fitzherbert of Swynnerton. By them it was sold at the commencement of this century to Mr. Evans, the banker of Derby, in whose family it remains. The house is unchanged since the period of our story, and the modes of concealment prepared in it are two. The principal chimney is built so large, that one-half of it is amply sufficient for its ostensible purposes. In a room, on the first-floor, a small closet is inserted in the chimney, and a trap in the floor permits a descent, where a fugitive might remain concealed, or from whence he could escape by a small postern, which was perfectly concealed, without, by ivy. The old wood came to within a

hundred yards of this postern, so that the facility for flight was great. The other secret, is a curious recess sunk in the floor of one of the attics, in such a position as, when covered by closely-fitting boards, to defy suspicion. It was in this hole Charles slept on the Saturday night.

The family of Penderel belonged to Hobbal Grange—a small farmhouse a mile-and-a-half west of Boscobel. There the widowed mother of the loyal five resided, with her son Richard, at the period of my history. The second son, William, and his wife Joan, were the housekeepers of Boscobel for the Giffards, William being also a woodman at Chillington. Humphrey was a miller, and resided at Whiteladies, which is about half-a-mile south-west of Boscobel. John and George were also Chillington woodmen, and resided in cottages near at hand. Francis Yates, the brother-in-law, resided at Langley Lane, a mile south of Boscobel, where now stands a comfortable farm-house, with the sonorous title of Langley Lawn. A glance at a map will shew how well designed their several residences were to render the aid of all the brethren efficacious in any emergency. It should not be forgotten that three of the brothers fought during the great part of the civil war, under their feudal lords, and one (Thomas) was slain at Edgebill.

It does not appear that any of the Penderels suffered from their fidelity; it is presumed that they were too insignificant for suspicion, and, doubtless, they were often made useful during the remainder of the troublesome times. Among others, in 1559, when Sir George Booth made an unsuccessful rising for the royal cause in Cheshire, (just at the time when Richard Cromwell's government was tottering to its downfall,) Lord Brereton, who had been engaged, was enabled to make his escape to Boscobel and was there preserved by the faithful Penderels.

After the restoration, Charles was not forgetful of his friends, and the survivors of the family were called to Whitehall by the restored King; immediate pensions were settled on all the brothers, and Richard and his wife, it is believed, resided in the vicinity of the court until their deaths. But it was not until 1675, that a permanent provision was made for the family. Then a grant under the Privy Seal, assigned certain rents issuing out of estates in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, to Sir Walter Wrottesley, of Wrottesley; John Giffard, of Blackladies; and Richard Congreve, of Congreve; or the survivor of them, and to the heirs of such survivor as trustees, to pay the proceeds yearly arising to the Penderel family. The sum amounts to about £450 a year, and was to be, and is paid thus,

£100 a year to Richard Penderel, or his heirs.

£100 a year to William, or his heirs.

100 marks, or £66 13s. 4d. a year to John, or his heirs.

100 marks a year to Humphrey, or his heirs.

100 marks a year to George, or his heirs.

and £50 a year to Elizabeth Yates or her heirs.

The surviving trustee being John Giffard, of Blackladies, his lineal descendant, the present 'Squire of Chillington, is now sole trustee.

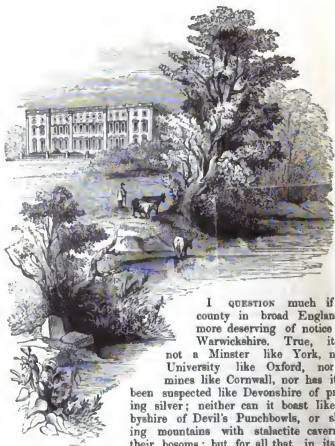
So falls the curtain on act the first of this "strange, eventful history," to rise again with the *debut* of King Charles in his original character of Yeoman Groom, to the charming Jane Lane of Bentley.

A VISIT TO STONELEIGH ABBEY

BY THE EDITOR.

Far as the eye may distant views command,
Here—there—vast oaks in pride of foliage stand.

Lord Leigh's Walks in the Country.



I QUESTION much if any county in broad England is more deserving of notice than Warwickshire. True, it has not a Minster like York, nor a University like Oxford, nor tin mines like Cornwall, nor has it ever been suspected like Devonshire of producing silver; neither can it boast like Derbyshire of Devil's Punchbowls, or shivering mountains with stalactite caverns in their bosoms; but for all that, in its own

quiet unobtrusive way it offers many points of interest to those who delight in beautiful scenery, or in the recollections of other times. If for instance the Avon be not so broad as the Thames, nor so wild as the Severn when it quarrels with the sea—as it not unfrequently does—still it has a charm both for natives and foreigners in

its connection with the name of Shakspeare, that sets it above all other English rivers; and Charlecote Park, memorable as having been the scene of the poet's early delinquencies, where he stole deer, "but did not kiss the keeper's daughter," an omission which Sir John Falstaff in his case seems to have thought rendered the affair altogether venial. To be sure, Malone, who was no respecter of fantasies, has fallen upon this legend with a pen as heavy as Thor's hammer, denying that there ever was a park at Charlecote, or that Fulbroke, which some have made the site of this story, was enclosed in the poet's time, since it was "disparked before he arrived at the age of manhood, in which state it continued during the whole of his life." But what then? we may believe it all the same if we think proper; and for my part I am the rather inclined to do so when I find the indefatigable Collier giving Malone "the reply churlish," and clearly shewing that if Sir Thomas Lucy had no park, he might yet have possessed, and probably did possess, deer of his own. The stealing however of the said deer by Shakspeare is certainly not an absolute sequitur, but when the grounds for discrediting the old tradition are removed, why should we not believe it?

In addition to these claims upon our notice, cannot Warwick shew the remains of the once gigantic Kenilworth? small remains I must needs confess, but to which many an innocent traveller has made his pilgrimage, deluded by that arch wizard Walter Scott—he should have been christened Michael—expecting in the simplicity of his heart to find something like the Kenilworth built up a second time in what may truly be called the magic volume; for even that potent tome, which William of Deloraine abstracted from under the sleeper's head, could not have had greater powers of enchanting. Is there not also the wonder-working Spa of Leamington, which realizes the fable of Medea's kettle, and makes the old, if not quite young again, yet almost as good as young? And is not Warwick renowned beyond all measure by its two valiant earls?—by Guy who slew "Colbrand, the giant," that same mighty man; and by the no less formidable champion, who made and unmade kings at his own pleasure, till one of his protégés had the good fortune to cut off his head before he had time to unmake him?—Warwick, "proud setter up, and puller down of kings." And moreover is not the impregnable castle—impregnable in those days—which he inhabited, well worthy of a day's journey, if it were only for its access and external appearance. Built upon a rock at the foot of which flows the Avon, it is approached by a broad winding path hewn out of the solid rock, so that for a hundred yards or more expectation is kept upon the stretch by the total shutting out of all prospect beyond these enormous walls of living stone that rampart you in on either side. As you draw near the end of this sombre and mysterious avenue, first one massive tower appears, then a second, then a third, and next the whole castle bursts upon the sight in all its ponderous magnificence. Never did the spirit of feudalism find a more appropriate dwelling.

Is there not also the quaint old-fashioned town of Coventry, with its pretty legend of the Lady Godiva, which some learned antiquaries have taken as much pains to demolish as if it had been a drop of poison virulent enough of itself to corrupt the whole well of truth—"O te, Bollane, cerebro!" why, in the name of dullness, do they not set about proving that little Thomas Thumb is a great lie, that the heroic Jack never climbed up a beanstalk, and that there is no such thing in *rerum natura* as a phoenix? But let them talk and write as they please; "in spite of spite," Lady Godiva

still continues every third year to ride in pageant through the city. And long may she do so! Genius of dullness! we are not sure to be cheated out of all the illusions of our childhood, to be deprived of all those beautiful beliefs which hang like green leaves about the tree of life, and which being torn away, the trunk stands bare and unsightly as a birch in December.

And lastly, omitting many other places that might yet deserve a record, is there not Stoneleigh, to which the road is fast leading me through a beautiful and well-cultivated country?

The middle of autumn is not in general a favourite season with tourists in our climate, and certainly it has for the most part a grave, if not a melancholy, aspect. The days draw in, the sky is apt to be overclouded, the stubble of the fields, even with the sheep and hogs feeding amongst it, is but an indifferent substitute for waving crops of corn dotted with the bright red poppies—not much perhaps to the farmer's satisfaction, but very agreeable to the eye—and the greenness of summer is fading rapidly; indeed for the most part it has faded. But delightful as the general appearance of verdure is to the eye, still its tints, however numerous, are too faintly distinguished one from the other to produce any striking variety; whereas autumn mellows the leaves into all the rich shades of brown and yellow, each exhibiting a different hue according to its genus. The acorns and bright red berries of the mountain-ash, though dropping fast amongst the dead leaves are still tolerably abundant; the flowers too have not all deserted us; the asters and the Michaelmas daisy are blooming amidst the dry weeds, to say nothing of the marigolds and dahlias, with a few lingering roses, that shew themselves in many an humble garden by the road-side, as I ride quietly along, having happily escaped from the railway, so that I have now time and opportunity to enjoy whatever prospect is to be enjoyed.

It was mid-day when I reached the village of Stoneleigh, situated about three miles from Kenilworth, on the northern bank of the river Sow, a little before its junction with Kenilworth water. The church here is a large irregular Gothic building, the most distinguishing features of which are several monuments of the Leigh family, and more particularly that of Alice Leigh, Duchess of Dudley, "a lady," says the old historian, "of a most charitable mind, and who did many good deeds to this parish." The effigies of the deceased is represented lying at full length under a canopy with arms on the facing, while an angel on either side, half seen from behind a column, is blowing a trumpet as if to wake the sleeper.

Stoneleigh Abbey is about three quarters of a mile distant from the village; and though I could not resist the temptation, as I passed along, of saying a few hasty words upon the various points of attraction in Warwickshire, it was this noble seat of the Leighs that formed the principal object of my excursion. I wished for purposes, which it is not necessary, and indeed would be irrelevant, to discuss in this place, to compare certain parts of the building with the scanty lights thrown upon it by different writers. But to make the matter more generally understood it may be well to turn over for a few moments the records of its past history.

Before the Norman invasion King Edward held Stoneleigh, Stoneley, or Stanley, in demesne, as did also William the Conqueror, from which royal preference, the two monarchs being so different in their tastes and habits, we may conclude that even in those days either the beauty or the fertility of the spot found a just appreciation notwithstanding that the name given to it would seem to signify a stony place. The woods be-

longing to it extended to four miles in length and two in breadth, wherein the King had feeding for two thousand swine—a material item in the schedule of a landholder of those days, when the hog was quite as important a personage amongst the wealthy and noble as he now is to the poor Irish cottier.

But waving all such discussion as foreign to the matter in hand, I proceed to the origin of Stoneleigh Abbey :—

Once upon a time, as the fairy-tales usually set out, two pious hermits, severally yepeled Clement and Hervete, obtained from King Stephen the grant of a certain desert, called Redmore, lying in the forest Canok, in Staffordshire. Here by the devout bounty of the Empress Maude they were enabled to build a monastery, upon condition however that they should conform to the Cistercian rule, to which she was herself much attached, and which was becoming very popular in England. To these terms they agreed after due deliberation, and being little acquainted with the Cistercian discipline they invited two monks from the Abbey of Bordesley, in Worcestershire, to give them the necessary instruction. But the good monks were not long allowed to follow these holy studies in quiet. They found the foresters of the neighbourhood not only troublesome, but by their frequent visits a burthen upon the monastery, and in consequence were fain to solicit the good offices of the Empress Maude with her son, Henry II., in obtaining for them a removal to the royal manor of Stoneleigh. With such a mediator their petition was soon granted, and they first settled themselves where the grange of Cryfield now stands ; but this proving too near the public high-way they made choice of another place, a little below the confluence of the Sow and Avon, having the dense wood of Echels on the north, and being almost surrounded by water. The King however did not entirely abandon his interest in Stoneleigh to the monks ; some manorial rights he still reserved to himself when making the grant, and this in after time led to much dispute and trouble, the foresters and other royal officers alleging that all belonged to the Sovereign, in defiance of the grants which had long before been made to them. Seeing there was no chance of obtaining quiet in any other way, the then abbot repaired to the King, and for two hundred marks and two white palfreys got a confirmation of their charter, with all the usual oppressive rights and privileges of feudalism, such as “ free warren, infangthef and outfangthef, weyts, streys, goods of felons and fugitives, tumbrell, pillory, sok, sak, toll, theam, amerciements for murder, assize of bread and beer, with a mercate and faire at Stoneley.”*

If such infringements upon individual rights were to be granted at all, they certainly could not be placed in better hands than those of the monks, who in general proved much more indulgent landlords than the military nobles. This might no doubt be attributable in some measure to their having less temptation to accumulate from the want of legitimate heirs ;

* The general meaning of this legal gibberish is sufficiently clear, but it might be a difficult matter to explain each individual term—such for instance as *toll* and *theam* ; or, as we find it in a charter of Henry I. to S. Benedict Rames and S. Ivo, “ cum saka et soca, et cum toll et them, et cum infra capto fare.” The *infangthef* is the “ *infra capto fare*” of the charter, and means the manorial lord’s right to try a thief caught upon his own lands ; the *outfangthef* probably means a more extended jurisdiction—the right, that is, of adjudging any plunderer upon the lord’s ground, although he should not have been caught there. Of the tumbrel we are told that it is “ an engine of punishment which ought to be in every liberty that has view of frankpledge” (the surety

had they saved it must have been for strangers, or had they earned a bad name by extorting from their tenantry they wanted the means and opportunity of squandering such ill-got wealth; but allowing all this, it surely is no very great excess of liberality to suppose that religion and a better acquaintance with that learning, which "*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*" may also have had its influence in producing this result. Not that the good monks escaped scandal any more than their neighbours; on the contrary, they came in for their share, and more than their share, of calumny, and as mud is always the most conspicuous on the whitest garments, so it will always be found that scandal is the more glaring in proportion to the fairness of the character that it soils. Thus for instance, we are told by Dugdale, that "William de Gyldeford, the ninth abbot, being a man of singular wisdom and made penitentiary to Panduph (Pandulf) the pope's legate, was afterwards sent with legatine authority into Wales; which occasioned many superior abbots and others to malign him; so that because he countenanced a shepherd belonging to the monastery to fight a duel, and to hang a thief that had privately stole away some cattell of theirs, such advantage was taken against him, as that being prosecuted for it he was deprived in anno 1235."

It is difficult to understand this deprivation of the abbot when the monastery, as we have already seen, possessed the right of jurisdiction, which unquestionably was exercised by many of the lay nobles to a much later period than the reign of Henry III. But the fact being stated upon such good authority, we can only suppose that some limitation of the original grant had taken place, although we possess no record of it.

Sometimes it would seem as if the monks really deserved a part at least of the censures so liberally bestowed upon them. In the time of the same monarch we find that "divers of the monks grew so exorbitant that they fell to wandering; insomuch as the King sent forth his precepts to all sheriffs and other his officers to apprehend and deliver them to the abbot for chastisement according to their demerits, and as their rule required."

More questionable is the charge brought against another abbot, "that he granted estates to divers persons for lives, of several farms and lands, without reserving any rent to be paid, to the great prejudice of the monastery; and this was alledged to be for the support of one Isabelle Beushale, and his children by her, which were more in number, as the record says, than the monks then in the convent. And it was then also alledged that, were it not for these leases, twenty might very well have been maintayned therein. How he acquitted himself of this scandalous charge I know not; but certain it is that the man was

given by freemen of every district for each other) for the correction and couring of scolds. *Weyts* are *waifs*, goods, that is, dropt by a thief who has stolen them and which are seized to the lord's use unless the owner come with fresh suit after the felon, and sue an appeal within a year and a day, or give in evidence against him upon his arraignment, and he be attainted. But it is sometimes applied to goods not stolen. *Strey*, *stray*, or *estrays*, signifies any beast, that is not wild, found within any lordship, and not owned by any man, in which case if it be eried according to law in the next market-town, and it be not claimed by the owner within a year and a day it is the lords of the soils. *Soka* is *sok* or *socage*, the right that is of holding a court so called, which I must say is no very satisfactory information. *Free-waren*, or *free-warren* is a "franchise or place privileged either by prescription or a grant from the King to keep beasts and fowls of warren, which are hares and conies, partridges and pheasants. If any person offend on such free-waren he is punishable for the same by the common law and by statute.—21 Ed. 3.

a person of notable parts, and deserved very well of the house ; for he composed that excellent *leiger-book*, being the transcript of their evidences, wherein are all things historically entered that concern this monastery ; and very many particulars relating to the general story of the kingdom, especially of these parts which are not elsewhere to be met with."

Upon the violent dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., that rapacious and despotic monarch bestowed Stoneleigh upon his favourite, Charles Brandon, the chivalric Duke of Suffolk. Of his Grace's residence there we have no account, but it is a singular fact in genealogical history that the present Lord Leigh derives in a direct line from this very Charles Brandon, being eleventh in descent from the marriage of the Duke with the Princess Mary Tudor. In course of time Stoneleigh passed to Sir Thomas Leigh (a descendant of the old Cheshire family of Leigh), who increased the original estate by extensive purchases in the neighbourhood, and in the fourth year of Elizabeth obtained a patent of confirmation for the whole, together with the manor of Stoneleigh. This Sir Thomas died in 1571, and lies buried in Mercer's Chapel, London, with this quaint inscription to his memory :—

Sir Thomas Leigh bi civil life,
All offices did beare,
Which in this city worshipfull
Or honourable were.
Whom as God blessed with great wealth,
So losses did he feele ;
Yet never changed he constant minde,
Tho' fortune turn'd her wheele.
Learning he lov'd and helpt the poore,
To them that knew him deere ;
For whom his lady and loving wife
This tomb hath builded here.

"His lady and loving wife" continued to reside at Stoneleigh to a very advanced age, having seen her children's children to the fourth generation. She departed this life A.D. 1603, and was buried in Stoneleigh Church. Her eldest son, Rowland, who was largely provided for at Longborough, in Gloucestershire, by Sir Rowland Hill, his godfather, was direct ancestor of the present head of the family—Chandos, Lord Leigh, while the second son Thomas, who succeeded to Stoneleigh, founded the ennobled branch there seated ; his grandson, Sir Thomas Leigh, was created a baron of the realm, under the title of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, by Charles I. in the nineteenth year of his reign, and proved an unflinching adherent to the monarch in all his troubles. On one occasion Charles finding an unwelcome reception at Coventry sought refuge at Stoneleigh, where he was entertained with dutiful affection. The spirit of loyalty thus kindled towards the Stuarts burnt with unabated fire through the whole succession of the lords of Stoneleigh. To such an extent was this feeling carried that it may be almost termed fantastic, far exceeding even the loyalty of Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, so beautifully imagined by Walter Scott ; they steadily refused bearing any part in a world that had rejected the race of their attachment ; nor would they ever take their place in parliament, but lived at Stoneleigh, amidst the portraits of the Stuarts, secluded from busy life, and amusing themselves with rural sports as if they had been a new kind of lay hermits.

The last of these lords bequeathed Stoneleigh to his sister, the late Hon. Mary Leigh, at whose decease, unmarried, the property passed to the Rev. Thomas Leigh of Adlestrop, Gloucestershire, and from him to his nephew, James Henry Leigh, Esq. of Adlestrop and Longborough, whose father, James Leigh, Esq., of Adlestrop and Longborough, married Lady Caroline Brydges, eldest daughter of Henry, Duke of Chandos. He (James Henry Leigh) married the Hon. Julia Judith Twisleton, daughter of Thomas, Lord Saye and Sele, and was father of Chandos, present Lord Leigh.

No inconsiderable portion of the old conventual building still remains in excellent preservation, and especially a gatehouse erected by the sixteenth abbot, Robert de Hockhele, who also placed on the outer front a large escutcheon of stone, in memory of King Henry II., the founder of the abbey. He died in 1349. The estate surrounding this noble mansion contains many thousand acres of the most picturesque and diversified scenery—meadows, arable land, and woods, in which the oak is abundant, with gentle slopes and undulations, although deficient in the bolder features that characterize a mountainous country. Nor must the river Avon be forgotten in this picture, its clear quiet waters adding not a little to the other attractions of the landscape, while about a mile from the house is a fine park, well stocked with deer.

To call such a property one's own, is, as Fergus Mac Ivor says of the Waverly lands, "a pretty addition to the sum total" of the possessor's happiness. But even without such additions, it is something to have his lordship's poetical reputation, sanctioned as it has been, by the leading critics of the day, at a time too, when he had no lordly honours to recommend him to a more favourable judgment. In this case, the fame of the poet may be thought by some to have ennobled the title; and certainly it has imparted that peculiar interest to Stoneleigh, which every place acquires when associated with illustrious names, or which, while yet unseen has been rendered familiar to us by the descriptions of a master spirit. For myself, I must frankly confess, that this beautiful landscape wore the face of an old friend, from my strong recollection of what I had previously read about it with so much pleasure. Omitting the opening verses, descriptive of spring, how truly had the noble poet painted the scene before me, in his INVITATION TO THE BANKS OF THE AVON:

"The sun is shining on this lovely scene,
Gladd'ning with light the meadow's tender green;
Studding the water with its lustrous gems
More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.
Beautiful Avon! how can I portray
Thy varied charms where'er thou wind'st thy way?
Now through the sunny meads, now in the glade,
Thou sleep'st beneath the wood's o'erarching shade."

The sun was now beginning to decline, and the evening wind to blow somewhat coldly, whirling the yellow leaves around, and—though the phrase is somewhat the worse for wear—sighing amidst the copes. The darkness of the prospect made me think of the way homeward, and compelled me, with much regret, to bid farewell to the Avon, although not to its reminiscences. I shall spare the reader any account of the internal luxuries of Stoneleigh Abbey. On such a subject it will be quite enough

to say that all which refined taste and unlimited expenditure could supply will here be found united. Much more interesting to the genealogist will be the series of family portraits presenting the Lords Leigh, and the many painted heraldic windows exhibiting the various alliances of the house. There was however one "*hiatus valdè deffendus*." Amongst these armorial achievements I saw no allusion to the descent of the present lord from the Princess Mary Tudor, through the sister of Lady Jane Grey, although it is an honour of which few subjects can boast, and well deserved to be recorded. Now this is one of the points upon which a herald is apt to be no less sensitive and tenacious than Sir John Falstaff was of his knighthood and soldiership, when the attendant of my Lord Chief Justice besought him to lay them aside—"I lay aside that which grows to me! if thou get'st any leave of me, hang me." The series of arms without this important feature is manifestly as imperfect as the grand hall in Aladdin's flying palace when it wanted a single window; and greatly is it to be desired that his lordship may some day call up the slaves of the lamp, and cause them to supply what is wanting.

Here then my account of Stoneleigh Abbey must end, and if the reader has only found half the pleasure in this slight sketch that I did in my visit, my purpose in writing will have been fully answered.

J. B. B.



CHURCHMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY G. C. H.

William of Wykeham.

- IT was the pleasant Spring-time, all nature was gay, trees were renewing their leafy livery, and the birds carolling merrily, until hedge-row and copse rivalled the singing-tree of Arabian story. Cold winter had fled the sky, and

“ The storms had taken wing,
And blithely smiled the purple hours
Of flower-producing spring.”

The bells ring out a merry peal; it is holyday in the village, for Master John Long, the sacristan and pedagogue of Southwick, near Wykeham, is this morning married, and Master Long is a favourite with the neighbours, and fair Sybil Boade, who has taken his name, is respected by the villagers for her modest worth.

There is no creeping *this* morning of urchins

“ Unwillingly to school,”

for the varlets have got a day's liberty, and are merrymaking and at play, in sport and in pastime, shouting joyously down upon the broad village green.

The period all this happened was in good King Edward's time, in the year of redemption one thousand three hundred twenty and three, and in the following year Sibyl Long bore to her husband a son, who was named *William*, in after time of fame, and whom chroniclers tell of as the brave and the bountiful Churchman of “ Wykeham.”

Half a score of years have slipped away : dingle, dell, and streamlet are smiled upon the same ; a few more grassy mounds may be seen in the old churchyard : in all else there has been but little change.

The home of John and Sibyl Long has in the interval been gladdened ; they have now a daughter, fair as her mother, a perfect little fay, and with the promise of being so good as fair. And their “ fair-haired William ” has grown a fine boy, and dutiful, and his talent and docile aptitude for study have become a village talk.

All in the hamlet are a-stir. It is yet early,—the dawn of a dewy morning. The wreathing smoke is already beginning to ascend from the thatched roof of homestead and of cot, and huge log-fires are sparkling on well plenished English hearths. Many rustics are on foot, for it is market-day at Tytchfield; cattle are lowing, and goodman and dame, in tidiest gear, are pressing onward to the fair; lads go whistling along to merry ditty of harvest-home, while hastening too, and blithely o'er her panniers—

“The market girl is singing.”

Coming down the road leading into the village is a mounted cavalcade; the rustics give place on either side, and courteous greeting passes, the most prominent and pre-eminent in rank of the advancing party being no less a personage than Nicholas of Woodhall, a high vassal of the king's, Governor of the neighbouring town, and Constable or Seneschal of his Castle of Winchester.

This matin visit of the Constable Woodhall is to the Schoolmaster of Wykeham, and is thus explained:—

A patron of learning, he had heard much of the young William, the Sacristan's son, whose famous penmanship and quick parts had even been bruited so far away from his native village as Winchester Town.

The Constable, too, had a son, hut wayward, and designing him for a learned profession, had resolved upon seeing himself this village prodigy, and to make him, if possible, the study-companion and friend of his own son. The skill of the Wickham youth in penmanship was deemed wondrous, and in that age, an acquirement so unusual was of no small marvel, and to this unpretending but useful talent he owed much of his extraordinary rise; and well he remembered it when he had won a name.

The proffers of protection and advancement made by the Constable were too flattering to be resisted, and John and Sibyl Long, with mingled smiles and tears (the April showers of the heart), separated for the first time from their only son, and the Constable and William departed. Evening came, and the little Agnes asked for her playfellow, and sadness stole upon the Sacristan's dwelling, for though hopes for their boy beat high, yet absence was painful to bear at first. A mother is hard to be consoled—a link had been broken in the household chain of love.

Nicholas of Woodhall well redeemed his trust; he caused his young charge to be carefully educated with his own son, had such masters as the times afforded, and they were instructed in the French and in the Latin tongues, in both of which so diligent a student as William soon excelled, and, as the chroniclers inform us, “profitted exceedingly.”

From Winchester, and at his friend and patron's charges, he was removed to Oxford, where he “applied himself to the study of the Cannon Lawes,” but took no degree, for his college studies were of a sudden interrupted, and abruptly terminated, which was thus brought about.

The Constable Woodhall was about this time (A.D. 1343) made by King Edward his Surveyor and Superintendent of Royal Works, and William Long was withdrawn from Oxford, and appointed by the Constable to be his clerk, and entering upon his office with zeal and assiduity,

he "in short time grew so expert therein, that he far surpassed all others in orderly keeping the account book, and faire engrossing of the same."

King Edward shortly after, being "much given to the rearing of magnificent structures," happened in his progress to lodge at the Bishop of Winchester's (William de Orleton), and heard such report and so much mention of this William Long's ability, and commendation of his "sufficiency in surveying," that he pressed him into the Royal Service with the willing consent of his master, who the old writers eulogize, and with apparent justice, as "more tendring his clerk's preferment than his own ease or service," "a course not over frequent in this age," sayeth one chronicler, nor perhaps in any other.

In this new service the King's favour seems early to have been acquired. The superintendence of the important fortresses of Dover and of Queenborough Castles were confided to him, of Windsor Castle, and of the Houses of Henley and East Hampstead, he was also appointed surveyor, in all of which employments, such was his discretion that in preserving and increasing the King's favour towards him, yet "he made no enemies from amongst those about him."

Having thus satisfactorily acquitted himself, he bethought him of taking priest's orders, observing that "Spiritual promotions (the wind blowing as it did) was easily obtained," and "no doubt inwardly feeling himself to be sufficiently called," he entered upon the Holy office; and according to the custom of the clergy in these times, he was from thenceforth written and called

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM,

and by that name was first instituted Parson of Saint Martin's-in-the-Field, then made Master of Saint Martin's-le-Grand, afterwards Archdeacon of Lincoln, and Provost of Wells.

Elevation so rapid, and marked by the grace of a King, could not but attract envy; detraction now assailed the favourite, though his private life was of even tenour and of the purest, for then, as in all time,

Slander's Priestess ere supplies
The spotless for the sacrifice.

And as the tallest trees are weakest at their tops, so envy ever aimeth at the highest, and Wykeham was now reported to the King as "over-ambitious hy affecting vaine-glory, as arrogating the renowne of the King's choice peece of building, as the work of Wykeham onely," and an inscription on a stone set up in the walls of the castle of Windsor, cut by his own hand, importing that "*this made William of Wykeham*," was adduced against him, and at the relation thereof the King was at first grievously offended, but Wykeham, who was far too subtle for his mean foes, entreated with all humility that the King's Grace would construe his meaning aright, which had for intention, that to this work he was indehted to the favour of the King, and thereby had attained so great happiness and promotion.

This prompt and wise explanation not only pacified the King, but to make amends for momentary mistrust, and to mortify the detractors, the Monarch's condescension daily increased towards him, and he was made more powerful and further enriched by many faire preferments.

Wealth and worship every day increased upon him, church promotions and temporal places; he became the King's principal secretary, keeper of the privy seale, master of the wards and liveries, treasurer of the King's

revenues in France, &c., and besides the ecclesiastical preferments before mentioned, he now held twelve several prebendships, and by special dispensation of Pope Urban, he held at one time in his hands so many livings and promotions, as the value of them amounted in the King's books to the sum of £876 13s. 4d. sterling, in those days an immense revenue.

Bishop Orleton, the friend of Wykeham, had long since died, and his successor (of Winchester) William Edendon also died, this was ANNO 1356, and the see being thus void (and the King desiring the same), the monks of St. Swithen's, in Winchester, elected Wykeham their Bishop.

But Urban, the Pope, being informed of the new Prelate's "insufficient scholarship for the office," refused to assent to the election for the space of a whole year, "in which time Wykeham's good angels interceding for him in the Court of Rome, he is permitted to take the spiritualities of the see, and to have the temporalities in the mean time sequestered." The King as now repenting of his haste in the appointment of Wykeham, expostulates with the Prelate, and would of him that he relinquish the see to make way for some man of "more sufficiency in clerkship," but Wykeham replied, "that so please his Majesty continue his gracious favour towards him, so that he might obtain his desire therein, he doubted not, by God's special assistance, so to behave himself, that he would supply all defects of scholarship in himself, by providing for others means and maintenance, to make and keep able persons for the service of the State, and the good of the Kingdom." Wherewith the King was so taken, that he wrought so effectually that at last in 1367 he was consecrated Bishop of Winchester, and was restored to all profits of that Bishoprick during this long vacancy.

His further advancement to the post of Lord Treasurer, placed the rule of the kingdom in his hands, and confided the treasures of the kingdom to his keeping. Enemies and powerful had however risen up against him, amongst the most considerable being the Duke of Lancaster (John of Gaunt) the King's son, and Skipwith, the Lord Chief Justice. Charges of malversation were urged, though not proved, but his innocency availed him little, and an adverse sentence was hurriedly passed through the Courts: he was stripped of all his temporalities, these taken into the King's hands, were given to the Prince of Wales; nor was this sufficient, for his enemies fearing his access to the King, and dreading that their wicked plotting should be made clear, obtained an order banishing the Bishop from Court, and enjoining that upon pain of the King's heaviest displeasure he should not venture to present himself within twenty miles of the royal person.

Wykeham bent, or seemed to bend to the storm, "like a discreet pilot playeth with the wave, which if he should meet might endanger him, and by giving way thereto escapeth the hazard."

The clergy took part against the "Gauntish" faction, and countenanced the Bishop.

Wykeham dismissed the greater part of his retinue and retired into a most humble state, but he drew up and had cunningly circulated a lengthened paper justificatory of his life and conduct, and recriminating upon his enemies: in this very remarkable historical document, "amongst other things, he at large setteth forth the ground, on occasion of the Duke of Lancaster's irreconcilable malice against him, which was thus:—"Queen Philippa, wife to Edward III., upon her death-bed, by way of confession

delivered unto Winchester, that JOHN OF GAUNT was not the lawful issue of King Edward, but a supposititious sonne; for when shee was brought to bed at Gaunt of a maiden childe, knowing how much the King desired to have a male issue, she consulted with one of her maides of honour, by whose industry the daughter was exchanged with a Dutch woman for a boy, whereof she had been delivered about the same houre with the Queene's. Thus much shee confessed, and withall conjured the Bishop, that if the said JOHN OF GAUNT, should at any time directly or indirectly attempt or affect the wearing of the Crowne; or that rightfully for want of issue, it should devolve unto him, that the Bishop should discover the same, and make it known to the King and the Councell. Afterwards, the Queene being dead, and JOHN OF GAUNT during the weakness of the King, did take upon him so much, that he gave just cause of suposition to the lookers on, of his ambitions affecting the Crowne. The Bishop first in silent and secret manner, by way of ghostly counsell, diswaded the Duke from nursing the least hope of ever attaining the Crowne; and withall, used his best persuasions to him to content himselfe privately to live without further intermeddling than needs must, with the affaires of the kingdome. And then he would keep unrevealed, what otherwise by tie of duty to his profession, he must and would discover, which would redound much to the Duke's disparagement."

The distemper of the poor Duke at this furious onslaught of his mitred antagonist passed all bounds, until "passion confounded reason," and the Bishop consulted his personal safety, and sought protection from his brother ecclesiastics.

Now, whether the Lady Philips, through a disordered imagination, ever made such confession to the Bishop, or whether the worthy prelate really dreamt that such had taken place, chronicle or tradition alike is silent.

The wise economy of Wykeham's late management of the King's affairs early became manifest, and at a Parliament shortly after convened, wherein the King's necessities for money is much pressed, the clergy are unanimous, and make bold declaration that without their brother of Winchester's presence they will grant no subsidy; the clergy were firm, the King yielded, and the Bishop came.

"Time honoured Lancaster" was wrathful, and with little wonder, but Wykeham's star is in the ascendant; the beautiful *Alice Peers* gives ear to the Bishop; he is restored fully.

The Parliament dissolved, and the King's exchequer replenished, the Bishop, again in favour, "cometh to Winchester," where by the clergy and citizens he is received in triumph; they come forth on his approach, and greet him with every mark of rejoicing, but what is far more to the purpose, and doubtless not less consoling and satisfactory to Wykeham, the executors of the late prelate (Edgington) give him "satisfaction," (but not in the modern acceptation of the term) for they pay up to him the large sum of £1,162 10s. sterling money, besides accounting to him for the value of "one thousand five hundred and fifty-six Rother beasts; three thousand eight hundred and seventy-six weather sheepe; four thousand seven hundred and seventeen ewes; three thousand five hundred and twenty-one lambs; and one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven swine, formerly recovered against them for dilapidations, before the official of William Witesley, Archbishop of Canterbury." It

is not, however, rendered very clear by the chronicles whether these dilapidating executors restored all this live stock in kind, or made money composition; in the former case, then the means of the Bishop's house-keeping and bountiful hospitality becomes less a marvel than would otherwise appear.

"All men must die," so said the great conqueror, and good King Edward is at rest, and sleeps where the ashes of his house's dead are garnered.

And she who had bewitched the poor King, the Dalilah *Alice Pierce* (the Bishop's friend), is banished from Court, *John of Gaunt* once more renews his feud, but Wykeham's "good angels," untired in their labour of love, again come to the rescue, for he eschews all pitfalls, is reconciled to his enemy, and "by help of his truest friend (*his open but full purse*), he obtained a general pardon (!) under the Great Seal of England, and, together with that, from henceforth a quiet and unperturbed estate, during which time he made preparations to forward his pre-intended goodly buildings, providing himself of all needful materials, and furnishing himself with some of them, and all his chief workmen for stone-work out of *France*, having made tryall of his artificers skill in their own countrey, where at *Roven* he built a stately conventual church, and furnishing the same with all needful and befitting ornaments and maintenance."

We must now, but for brief space, go back awhile. John Long and his wife, Sibyl Boade, with their daughter Agnes, removed to Titchfield; scant mention is afterwards made of them in chronicle, but we know that there they lived, and that there they died, and that there they were buried; that Agnes Long, the Bishop's sister, married William Champneys, and was mother of a daughter Alice, who wedded William Perrot, and that their youngest son, Thomas Perrot, *alias* Wykeham, was adopted by the Bishop, and that he made him his heir. This Thomas, who was eventually knighted by the name of Sir Thomas Wykeham, married the daughter of William Wilkes, and is now represented by FREDERICK Lord SAYE and SELK, the heir of William Wilkes, and a daughter called Alice, supposed to have been an Abbess of Romsey, but this remains a doubt.

To return,—

Wykeham being now firmly established in his see and in all his preferments, commenced and vigorously set about his long meditated labours, but first (honour to his memory) he caused a chapel to be builded at Tytchfield, where his father, mother, and his sister were buried (all had pre-deceased him), endowing the same with proportionable maintenance for a priest to perform the holy rites in those days ordained for souls departed.

He founded at Southwick, near Wykeham, the place of his birth, a chantry, with sufficient aliment, and all other necessities for five priests for ever.

He bestowed twenty thousand markes in orderly repairing the house belonging to the bishoprick.

He discharged out of prison in all places of his diocese, all such poor prisoners as lay in execution for debt under twenty pounds, about which he expended about two thousand pounds.

He sufficiently amended all the highways from *Winchester* to *London*,

on both sides the river. He procured large immunities to the See of Winchester, and purchased lands there to the value of two hundred marks per annum, with a license in mortmain for two hundred pounds per annum more.

But Wykeham was once more drawn from his retirement and summoned to Court, where from King Richard II.'s own hand he received the Great Seal of England, a fact from which fair assumption may be adduced that Richard was not altogether so heedless in his choice of advisers as many writers have accused him.

The Bishop returned from Court, he summoned all his officers to account, and forgave them in the sum of four thousand pounds of which they were in arrear, giving them quittance in full of all their debts to him to that time.

He remitted to his tenants throughout the bishoprick all arrears of rent, being five hundred and twenty pounds. And now upon the fifth day of March, A.D. 1379, he in person laid the first stone of New College in Oxford, which was built solely at his own charges; he well furnished the same, nobly endowed it, as is even in these days attested. This college he dedicated "to the honour of God, in the memory of the Virgin Mary;" and in 1386, upon the fourteenth day of April (the building being completed), and at three o'clock in the morning, he formally gave up possession to those whom he had made choice of to be wardens and fellows therein. It is affirmed in respect of New College, and by more than one writer, that upon the same site there once stood *Natus* College, built by *Aluredus* at *Natus* in treaty.

This great work completed and devoted to its proper use, Wykeham, the very year following, 1387, and on the twenty-sixth day of March, laid the first stone of Winchester College (called Woolvesey), to be in manner of a nursery or seminary of grammarians, to be fitted and made ready for his college in Oxford. Winchester was dedicated in like manner as Oxford; it took six years and two days to completion, and on the twenty-eighth of March, 1393, John Morrice, clerk, was appointed first warden, and John Milton, first schoolmaster. Nor with the completion of these stately and gorgeous edifices did he rest from his labours. The church of Saint Swithens in Winchester having fallen into decay, he also repaired, extended, and beautified the same, and made "a most beautiful window at the west end, where in coloured glass was deportrayted the line from Jesse to Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary; and ornately glazed the iles with the portraytures of all the preceding Bishops of Winchester, and stories out of the Old Testament in like glasse." And caused to be builded in this said church of Saint Swithens "a decent and well-befitting monument for himself, wherein he was afterwards buried."

And now, after all these memorable actions, he having run the course of a long, happy, and most honourable life, ended the days of his pilgrimage in peace A.D. 1404, aged upwards of eighty years, when he had sate Bishop of Winchester thirty-seven years.

Knowing well the uncertainty of day, but the certainty of his departure out of this life, Bishop Wykeham had long before his death ordered and settled all his worldly affairs, and made a just will and testament, bequeathing and soberly disposing of what remained to him of riches. The bequests amount to so large a sum as six thousand two hundred and seventy-two pounds in money, all of which was found in his coffers in

ready cash, besides leaving "much plate, many rich jewels, bookes, vestments, and an almost incredible stock and store of corn and cattell."

But before his death it is reported of the Bishop that he bestowed upon the King (Henry IV.) "many rich jewels of inestimable price, and to every officer of household attending upon the king, to every one of them one jewel or another.

He also distributed (like manner in his lifetime), "to every parish church within his diocese, and of Salisbury, amounting in the whole to six hundred fifty and foure churches, a decent satin cope embroidered, with a chalice and pix of silver; whereon was engraven *Ex dono Willi de Wykeham*, and so late as the seventeenth century one of these old chalices was preserved in the family of an alderman of Salisbury, of the name of Thomas Grafton, upon it was engraved *Ex dono Gul de Wykeham*.

Amongst other legacies he bequeathed *Alicia Perrot consanguinea sua, centum libras*, this was the daughter of William Perrot who had married Agnes Champneys, the Bishop's niece, while to his nephew Thomas Perrot, *alias Wykeham*, son of the aforesaid William Perrot, and whom he had adopted to be his heire, "one hundred pounds land per annum to him and his heires for ever, together with all the furniture of house and household stuffe at the time of his decease that should be in that house wherein he should happen to depart this mortal life, which was at South Waltham in the county of Southampton. In the concluding words of an old chronicler, he tells us that the people far and near were never so moved as when they heard of Bishop Wykeham's death, and that "they doubted not but that he that thus lived now liveth with God, whom they beseeched to raise up many more such good benefactors in this kingdom," to whose good wish with all my heart I say, so be it.—AMEN.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. III.—MAJOR STRANGWAYES, THE ASSASSIN.

THE narrative to which this trial relates, is terribly tragic in its every feature, even in the fate of the assassin. The details bear a strong resemblance to the recent horrors of Stanfield Hall, although the modern murderer far outdid this culprit of the period of the Commonwealth. The record of Strangwaye's crime is curious, in its giving some insight into domestic life at the time of the Protectorate.

George Strangwayes was the third son of Thomas Strangwayes, Esq. of Muston, by Anne his wife, dau. of John Bonham, Esq. of Charlton-Adam, co. Somerset, and grandson of Giles Strangwayes, Esq.* of Muston, whose father, George Strangwayes, of Muston, was seventh son of Thomas Strangwayes, Esq. of Strangwayes Hall, co. Lancaster.

George Strangwayes was a man of stout and active body, and generally reputed of a brave and generous soul; he was tall of stature and framed to the most masculine proportion of man. His character stood high with all who knew him, until he was hurried on by ungovernable passion to the committal of the villainy here related,

As his constitution, in his youth, qualified him peculiarly for military service, he early entered the army; became, in the service of Charles I. a good and effective cavalier soldier; and soon rose to the rank of major. He fought with great bravery and gallantry, during the whole course of the civil war. He also had a reputation for sagacity, and much acquired knowledge, and was, indeed, altogether a finished gentleman, just such a "*preux chevalier*," as we might picture in plumed bonnet, and glittering harness, fighting by the side of royalty, at Edge Hill or Newbury.

The reverse of this fair portrait is truly sad: the subsequent events of Major Strangwayes' life blighted all his fame as a soldier.

The father of Major Strangwayes died about ten years before the catastrophe happened.

At his death the Major was left in possession of Mussen farm, and his eldest sister, Mrs. Mabella Strangwayes, was constituted executrix by will.

This sister, being then a maiden lady, rented her brother's farm, and stocked it at her own cost; engaging herself to him in a bond of £350. which she borrowed towards the procuring of the stock. The Major, presuming upon her continuance of a single life, and expecting that the greatest part, if not all of her personal estate, would in time revert to him as her heir, entrusted her, not only with the bond, but also with that part of the stock, and such utensils of the house, as by his father's will

* Henry, a younger brother of Giles Strangwayes, of Muston, married Margaret, sister of the celebrated Edmund Ludlow.

probably belonged to him. His reason for doing this was, that they would be more secure by passing for hers, forasmuch as his whole estate was liable to sequestration; by which, at that time of day, a great many thousand loyal gentlemen were ruined.

His land being thus in a fair probability of being preserved from the fangs of the Commonwealth, who had then the administration of public affairs, he lived for some time very happily at his farm of Mussen, with his sister, of whose prudence and discretion he had a very high opinion.

But on a sudden the scene altered, and she whom he thought sufficiently proof against all inclinations to matrimony, found a suitor in Mr. John Fussel, a gentleman well esteemed at Blandford, the place of his residence, and of much repute for his eminent abilities in matters of law.

Mrs. Mahella Strangways contracted an engagement with Mr. Fussel, and she made it the least part of her care to disguise her sentiments concerning him; so that it was not long before her brother came to a perfect knowledge of their mutual resolutions. Whether it was that he had any former dislike to the man, or that he imagined one of that profession might injure him in his property; or whether it was only the being disappointed in the hopes he had conceived of enjoying after his sister the whole substance of the family, is not easy to determine; but certain it is, that he no sooner heard of a proposal of marriage between this gentleman and his sister, than he shewed himself absolutely against it, and took an opportunity of telling his sister privately, how much he disapproved her design. Mrs. Mahella, as freely told him how steadfast she was in her purpose; upon which he broke out into most violent expressions of passion, affirming with bitter imprecations, that if ever she married Mr. Fussel, he would certainly be the death of him soon afterwards.

These family quarrels soon occasioned a separation between the brother and sister; and the rupture still increased by mutual complaints between them. She pretended, that he unjustly detained from her much of the stock of the farm, which, either by her father's will, or her own purchase, was lawfully hers; at the same time she denied that ever she scaled the afore-mentioned bond, insinuating, that it was only a forgery of her brother's. The Major, on the other hand, cried out as loudly against his sister, accusing her with nothing less than a design to defraud him of part of his estate, besides the money due by the bond. These were the differences which first fomented a rage that was not to be quenched but by blood.

Soon after their parting, Mrs. Mahella and Mr. Fussel were married, and the grievances between the brother and sister commenced a law suit; for the prosecuting of which, as well as for the carrying on of several other causes which he was employed in, he being a man of great business, Mr. Fussel was come up to London, it being Hilary term, at the unhappy time when he lost his life, in the following manner.

Mr. Fussel lodged up one pair of stairs, at the sign of the George and Half-Moon, three doors from the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple-Bar, opposite to a pewterer's shop. He came in one evening between nine and ten, and retired to his study, which fronted the street, sitting behind a desk, with his face towards the window, the curtains being so near drawn that there was but just room enough left to discern him. In this manner he had not sat above a quarter of an hour, before two bullets

shot from a carbine, struck him, the one through the forehead, and the other about his mouth; a third bullet, or slug, stuck in the lower part of the timber of the window, and the passage, by which the two former entered, was so narrow, that little less than an inch over or under had obstructed their passage.

He dropped down upon his desk without so much as a groan; so that his clerk, who was in the room at the same time, did not at first apprehend any thing of what was done; till at last perceiving him lean his head, and knowing him not apt to fall asleep as he wrote, he imagined something more than ordinary was the matter. Upon this he drew near, to be satisfied, when he was suddenly struck with such horror and amazement at the unexpected sight of blood, that, for the present, he was utterly incapable of action. As soon as he had recollected himself, he called up some of the family, by whose assistance he discovered what an unhappy accident had befallen him of his master. Instantly they all ran down into the street, but could see nothing that might give them the least information, everything appearing, as they conceived, more silent and still than is usual at that time of night, in the public parts of the town. Officers were sent for, and Mr. Fussel's son (for he had been married before) was acquainted with the melancholy news; who immediately made use of all the means he could think of to discover the authors of this horrid fact.

Several places were searched in vain; and a barber who lodged in the same house with Mr. Fussel, was apprehended on suspicion, he having been absent at the time when the deed was perpetrated.

While they were considering what could induce anybody to such an action, young Fussel called to mind those irreconcilable quarrels which had for some time subsisted between his father and his uncle Strangways; and thereupon proposed the apprehending the latter to the officers, which they approved of.

They proceeded to put it in execution, and between two and three in the morning, the Major was apprehended in his bed, at his lodging, over against Ivy-bridge in the Strand, at the house of one Mr. Pym, a tailor, next door to the Black-Bull-inn, which is now Bull-Inn-court.

Being in the custody of the officers, he was had before Justice Blake, to whom he denied the fact, with an undaunted confidence. However, as there was so much room for suspicion, the justice committed him to Newgate, where remaining till next morning, he was then conveyed to the place where Mr. Fussel's body was. When he came there, he was commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and touch his wounds before the coroner's inquest, a method mightily relied on at that time by the defenders of sympathy.

But there having been nothing discovered by this experiment, he was remanded back to prison, and the coroner's jury proceeded in their inquiry, though with little hopes of satisfaction. Several ways were propounded by the foreman, for the detection of the murderer; one of which was, that all the gunsmith's in London, and the adjacent places, should be examined what guns they had either lent or sold that day. This, in the opinion of most of the jurymen, was an impracticable task; and one Mr. Holloway, a gunsmith in the Strand, who was one of the number, told them all, that the men of his profession were so numerous, that he thought it next to impossible for them to make such an inquiry without missing many; that, for his own part, he had that day lent a carbine, and did not

question but several of the trade did the same every day that passed. This saying of Mr. Holloway's was presently taken hold of by the foreman, who desired him, for the satisfaction of them all, to declare whom he lent the said piece to: Mr. Holloway, after some small recollection, answered, to one Mr. Thompson in Long-Acre, who had formerly been a Major in the king's army, and was now married to a daughter of Sir James Aston. Upon this, a speedy search was made after Major Thompson, who being abroad, his wife was taken into custody, and detained a prisoner till her husband should be produced, though she cleared herself from having any knowledge of borrowing, or even seeing any such thing as a gun.

Mr. Thompson was that morning gone into the country, on some urgent occasion; but on the first news of his wife's imprisonment, he returned hastily to London, where being examined before a justice of the peace, he confessed that he had borrowed a carbine of Mr. Holloway, at the time mentioned, for the use of Major Strangways, who told him that all he intended to do with it, was to kill a deer; and that having loaded it with a brace of bullets and a slug, he delivered it to Major Strangways, in St. Clement's Churchyard, between the hours of seven and eight at night.

This was all the certain intelligence they could get of what passed before the firing of the gun. Thus much further they learned of Major Thompson, that between the hour of ten and eleven, Major Strangways brought back the gun to his house, left it, and retired to his lodging.

These circumstances were enough to increase the suspicion of the inquisitive jury, and when they were told to Mr. Strangways, he seemed to be struck with terror, so that he continued some moments in profound silence; afterwards he acknowledged in a very pathetic manner, that the immediate hand of God was in the affair, for nothing less could have brought about such a wonderful detection. He further owned, that the night the murder was committed, he left one at his quarters to personate him, whom he took care to introduce about seven in the evening, while the people of the house were employed in their necessary affairs, and not at leisure to take any notice of his actions. This friend, he said, walked about the chamber, so as to be heard of all the family, which occasioned them to give a wrong deposition, concerning his being at home, when he was examined before the magistrate. He added, that when the fact was committed (by whom, he would never clearly confess, though it may naturally be supposed by himself,) he returned to his lodging, found means to discharge his friend, then hastened to bed, and lay there till he was apprehended, at three in the morning.

On the 24th of February, 1657-8, Major G. Strangways was brought to his trial, at the session-house in the Old Bailey; where his indictment being read, and he commanded to plead, he absolutely refused to comply with the method of the court, unless, he said, he might be permitted, when he was condemned, to die in the same manner as his brother-in-law had done. If they refused this, he told them, he would continue in his contempt of the court, that he might preserve his estate, which would be forfeited on his conviction, in order to bestow it on such friends as he had most affection for, as well as to free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet.

Many arguments were urged by the Lord Chief Justice of the Upper

Bench, John Glyn, and the rest of the Court, to induce him to plead; particularly, the great sin he committed, in refusing to submit to the ordinary course of the law, and the terror of death, which his obstinate silence would oblige them to inflict upon him. But these, and all the other motives they made use of, were ineffectual; he still remained immovable, refusing either to plead, or to discover who it was that fired the gun; only affirming, both then and always afterwards till his death, that whoever did it, it was done by his direction.

The chief justice then passed upon him the terrible sentence of "*the peene forte et dure*," which awaited those who refused to plead. This barbarous punishment disgraced our code until as late as the twelfth year of the reign of George III., when it was abolished by an act which ordered the same judgment and execution to pass upon a person who refused to plead, as if he had been convicted by verdict or confession. This savoured of cruelty too, and the law was again very properly altered by the 7 and 8 G. IV., c. 28, s. 2, by which it is enacted that if a person arraigned shall stand mute of malice, or will not answer directly to the indictment, the court may order the proper officer to enter a plea of "Not Guilty" on behalf of such person, and the plea so entered, shall have the same force and effect as if such person had actually pleaded the same.

But to return to Major Strangways. The sentence passed on him was in substance that he should be put into a mean room, where no light could enter; that he be laid upon his back; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, one to one side of the prison, and the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs; that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he could bear, and more; that the first day he should have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next day he should drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison door, but no spring or fountain water; and that should be his punishment till he died.

Sentence being passed upon him, he was remanded back to Newgate, where he was attended by several eminent and pious divines till the day of his death, namely—Dr. Wild, Dr. Warmstrety, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Norton.

Monday, the last day of February, was the fatal day appointed for executing the judgment passed on him, when about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, accompanied by several of their officers, came to the press-yard in Newgate. After a short stay, Major Strangways was guarded down, clothed all in white, waistcoat, stockings, drawers, and cap, over which was cast a long mourning cloak. From whence he was conducted to the dungeon, the dismal place of execution, being still attended by a few of his friends, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Warmstrety, to whom turning, he said, "Sir, will you be pleased to assist me with your prayers?" The doctor answered, "yes, Major, I come on purpose to officiate in that Christian work; the Lord strengthen your faith, and give you confidence and assurance in Jesus Christ."

After they had spent some time in prayers, the Major addressed himself to the company in general, and with a voice something more elevated than ordinary spoke as follows:—

"I thank my God, I never had a thought in my heart to doubt the truth of the religion I profess; I die a Christian, and am assured of my interest in Christ Jesus, through whose merits I question not, but before long, my soul shall triumph over her present afflictions in an eternity of glory, being

reconciled to God by the blood of my Saviour. The Lord bless you all in this world, and bring you at last to a world of blessedness, which is the reward of the elect. The Lord bless me in this last and dreadful trial. So let us all pray, Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!"

Having said this, he took his solemn last leave of all his lamenting friends, and prepared himself for the dreadful assault of death, which he was speedily to encounter. We spare the reader the detail of the rest : suffice it to say that a heavy weight being laid purposely on his heart, the Major died in a few minutes.

While he was under sentence, Major Strangways wrote the following letter to Major Dewey, a member of parliament, who had married one of his sisters :—

DEAR BROTHER,

I hope forgiveness from you and the rest of my friends, for my conscience bears me witness that I was grievously provoked by my brother-in-law's wrongs. It was after he had abused me by prosecutions, and refused to fight me in single combat, that I suffered myself to be tempted to do what I did, though I intended only to have terrified, and not killed him. In a word each hath his desert ; he fell to my revenge, and I to the law. I suffer willingly, being satisfied that my crime is cancelled before the Almighty. From your dying brother,

G. STRANGWAYS.

It is said the Major had often fallen into most impetuous storms of rage at the sight of Mr. Fussel, and had offered him odds in length of weapon, to fight with him ; once in particular, he met him in Westminster-hall, when they had a cause there depending, and told him that Calais sands was a much fitter place for them, who were both cavaliers, to dispute in than that court, where most of the judges were their enemies. But Mr. Fussel not only refused that way of deciding their quarrel, but indicted him as a challenger, which added fuel to his former rage, and put him upon the dreadful manner of satisfying his wrath, for which he suffered. Bonham Strangways, a descendant of the Major, removed into Somersetshire, where the family became located at Charlton-Worthorn and Shapwick.

CHAPTERS ON TRADITIONS.

CHAPTER II.

CONTINUATION OF THE TRAGÉDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND.

YEARS passed by, and still the young brood of Sir John Eland's enemies abode at Brereton Hall. Of these, the boldest, most froward and reckless, was young Lockwood of Lockwood, the son of him who had been so cruelly slain on that fatal night. As his father stirred up anew the old feud between the fierce knight of Eland and Exley, and drew Sir Robert Beaumont, and his neighbour Quarumby into the quarrel, so he, with like perseverance in evil, and full of deadly hatred, never ceased to remind his companions of their injuries, and to urge them to take revenge. The gentle Lady Beaumont, spirit-broken by her misfortunes, and fearful of coming evils, would fain have given other counsel, and bade the young men wait till the death of the powerful knight, or the offices of friends might compose these differences, and allow them to return to their own estates in peace. But young men eye think themselves wiser than their elders, and would rather buy their experience, and hazard a draught themselves at the bitter cup of human woe. Hugh Quarumby entered heart and soul into Lockwood's devices. He too, was a bold and resolute youth, the king of wrestlers, skilful at the bow, and strong as Hercules. Adam Beaumont was not a whit behind the other two in skill and bravery, but he was of a nobler mind, and kindlier heart, and, bating the cruel murder of his father, would have inclined to better courses. He thought it shame to stay behind when his companions were engaged, and, though he loved his mother well, her words of peace fell idly on his ear, and he was falsely persuaded that honour compelled him to avenge one crime by the commission of another. To these were also joined one Lacy or Lacie, as the ballad hath already taught us. He was of the ancient stock of the Lacies of Cromwellbotham Hall; his lands joined the manor of Eland, and though a kinsman, he too had fled, having had some dispute with the fierce knight, who lived there. These four, having one common cause, held together, firmly linked for good or evil; they spent their days in feats of arms, and oft, at midnight, were planning how they might best accomplish their purpose; revenge themselves upon their enemy, and return to the homes of their childhood. It was, they knew, no easy matter, for Sir John Eland was as wily as he was hold. Quarumby at length grew impatient, and he said gloomily to his friends, that one must go into the country, and learn how matters stood; who this should be the lot must tell. It fell on Adam Beaumont, but Quarumby, who loved the youth right well, and knew that his mother would oppose such a risk, at once said he would take his place, for all his men at Quarumby were leal and true, and, if needs be, they would muster strong in his defence.

Hugh Quarmbly went, and was absent certain days, so that his friends wot not what had happened, but feared he might have fallen into the toils of that fierce knight; but Lockwood was moody and sad, and said bitterly that Quarmbly intended "to bring down the quarry himself," meaning thereby that he would seek to avenge his quarrel with a single hand. At length Quarmbly was seen again at Brereton, and with him two men, hight Haigh and Dawson, retainers of his house, who were witnesses of his father's death, and eager to join and aid in this dark conspiracy. With them was nightly much consultation, and it was at length agreed that they should return to Quarmbly, and seek out a fitting time and opportunity for executing their deed of vengeance." So far the tradition. We gather from other sources that Sir John Eland was sheriff that year, and that it was his custom to hear and determine matters appertaining to his office, at various places within his jurisdiction. It so happened, that on a certain day he gave out he should "keep the turn" at Brighouse, which is a village situated on the Calder, about three miles from Eland Hall; and it was conjectured that he would return home from thence. Dawson and Haigh lost no time in apprising Quarmbly of this fact, and they accordingly received orders to gather together such of the retainers of the families as they could rely upon, and to meet them the previous night in Strangstrighte wood, which is on the left bank of the river. Here they accordingly met, and before break of day, passing singly over the river, and at different places, made their way to Cromwellbotham Wood, through which the road ran from Brighouse to Eland Hall. Being near Lacy's house, they rested and refreshed themselves there for a few hours in an outbuilding, and then took their station at a spot whence they could command the road. The place was well suited to the deed. Lofty banks, covered with oaks, and patches of underwood, closely hemmed in the glen, while grey jutting rocks of sandstone, protruding their bold fronts, or raising their massive pinnacles aloft, still further increased the gloom and horror of the place. A small, but noisy brook fretted in the bottom, amid piles of disjointed rock, and close to this the road was seen to wind sometimes on its very margin, sometimes many yards above, where the smooth front of the cliff, protruding to water's edge, forced the road over the steep ascent. For so dark a purpose a fitter place could not be conceived. The men occupying each side of the glen, easily concealed themselves in the fissures of the rocks, behind, or in the hollows of the ancient and decayed oaks, or even among their branches, and it is said that many an inhabitant of Eland Manor, retainers of its lord, passed through Cromwellbotham Wood that day, without seeing or suspecting anything amiss.

"Adam of Beaumont there was laid
And Lacie with him also;
And liegemen who were not afraid,
To fight against the foe.

And Lockwood, too, so eager was,
That close by the road he stood.
And Quarmbly stout, who quailed not,
To work this deed of blood."

"The day was far spent," saith the tradition, "when Adam Beaumont,

from his seat on a high cliff, saw a distant company wind round the hill, and, crossing the river, take the road towards Cromwellbotham Wood. Giving the signal, he hastened down, and planting himself athwart the road, awaited the arrival of the fierce knight, who, little wotting what was prepared for him, had ridden forward apart from his company.

"From the Lane End then Eland came,
And spied these gentlemen ;
Sore wondered he who they could be,
And val'd his bonnet then."

Adam Beaumont was the first to speak, rudely seizing the bridle of Sir John Eland's horse, and throwing him back on his haunches.

"Thy court'sy vails thee not, Sir Knight,
Thou slew my father dear ;
Sometime Sir Robert Beaumont hight,
And slain thou shalt be here."

To strike at him still did they strive,
But Eland still withstood ;
With might and main to save his life,
But still they shed his blood."

It was a valiant defence that bold knight made ; for, throwing himself off his horse when Adam Beaumont seized the reins, he drew his short sword, and laid about him with right good will. "False loon art thou, and cowardly traytor," shouted he to Quarmby, who had already wounded him sore ; had I had thee but single-handed, or even with Beaumont only to back thee, I would soon send ye both to rot with your fathers." "How many swords hadst thou, false knight, to back thee when thou camest on our kin, and, like a craven fox, slew them in the night ?" quoth Quarmby. As soon as Sir John was slain outright, and his bloody corse lay in the road, pierced with many wounds, besmeared too, with dust and dirt, for in his death throes he had struggled on the ground with Lockwood, whose foot had slipped in the dreadful fray, the party quickly dispersed, each taking to the deep shades of the rocks and woods, and making the best of his way to a place, where by agreement, they were to meet again that night. And the retinue of the proud sheriff, who had seen him only that self-same day in the seat of power, and all the vigour of his manly strength, now found him upon the bare road a stiffened corse, and conveyed him, on a bier made hastily of oak boughs, to Eland Hall. And all his friends and servants resorted thither, and greatly bemoaned him ; for, though relentless and fierce to his foes, he was ever generous and kind to those who lived under him, and shewed himself at all times a steady and bounteous friend to our Holy Church, as the Monkes of Whalley can testify right well.

"They tolled the bell, and the mass was said,
And the lady sorely wept her lord ;
'But mother,' the young heir questioned,
'When may I draw my father's sword ?'

'Forbear, my child,' the mother said,
'That sword hath brought us ill;
Four noble heads are now laid low,
More blood we may not spill.'"

On the sad news of the sheriff's death, all the country was speedily up, and many marvelled who the slayers might be, and the friends of the late Sir John Eland made for many days diligent search for the murtherers, and would gladly have wreaked their vengeance upon them. But Beaumont and his company had hastily fled, and, passing over into Lancashire, had crossed the dangerous sands in Morecumbe Bay, and hid themselves among the dark Fells of Furness, where Beaumont had friends. Here, being in security, they openly "boasted of their misdeeds," and how that they had avenged the death of their fathers. And, not even now satisfied with what they had done, they plotted more mischief, and they had spies to inform them of all that passed, and they laid their plans the more openly, inasmuch as that fearful knight, Sir John, was now quiet and harmless in his grave.

"Thus sin to sin doth always lead,
As sure as day to night;
If once the hand is dipped in blood,
The heart is hardened quite.

The ladye of Eland Hall, however, lived a life so quiet, and surrounded herself and her family with so many faithful dependents of her house, that years passed on, and, as Beaumont and his friends never appeared in the country, it was thought that the feud was now at an end, and that nothing further need be feared. The young knight grew up brave and good, and he lived, aye, in his father's halls, and among his father's kin, and he, too, was a friend to holy Church, and demeaned himself in all respects as a good and devout member thereof. In his days the Town of Eland did greatly increase; he obtained from the king many privileges and immunities notwithstanding his youth, and he gave and confirmed to the church of Eland for ever, all that close of meadow land called Langstrakes, together with the croft adjoining thereto, and the messuage which was anciently built thereon." So endeth the second chapter of this notable tragedie; in the third chapter the reader will find how it was brought to a mournful conclusion.

GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

BY WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS," &c.

"The British kingdoms of Deyfir and Bryneich (latinized into Deira and Byrnicia) were divided from each other by a forest, occupying the tract between the Tyne and Tees.* This border-land, now the Bishoprick of Durham, does not seem originally to have belonged to either kingdom; but in subsequent times, the boundary between Deira and Bernicia,† was usually fixed at the Tyne."—*Palgrave*,

THE FLYING DRAGONS OF LINDISFARNE.

The Anglo-Saxon chronicle states that in "793 dire forewarnings came over the land of the Northumbrians, and miserably terrified the people; there were excessive whirlwinds and lightnings; and fiery dragons were seen flying in the air. A great famine soon destroyed these tokens; and a little after that, on the 6th before the Ides of January, the ravaging of heathen men lamentably destroyed God's Church, at Lindisfarne, through rapine and slaughter." In some cases dragons might be comets, which were according to the chronicle which mentions them under their proper name, always attended with famine. In 1275, a comet in the appearance of a great dragon terrified the people at Newcastle.

Thomas Hill states that in 1532 "in mayne countries, were dragons crowned seene flying, by flocks or companies, in the ayre, having swines snowtes; and sometimes were there seene 400 flying together in a companie." Such appearances abound in old chronicles, being styled *Fire Drakes*, and are at once explained by a passage in the statistical account of Scotland in 1793, par. New Machar, Synod of Aberdeen, "in the end of November and beginning of December last (1792), many of the country people observed a very uncommon phenomenon in the air (which they call *Dragons*) of a red fiery colour, appearing in the North and flying rapidly towards the East, from which they concluded, and their conjectures were right, a course of loud winds and boisterous weather would follow." It is superfluous to add that these sights were nothing more than those auroral displays so common in the north, and seen so advantageously in all their red and draconic flights in this country a week or two ago.

The old term has given way to that of *Lord Derwentwater's Lights*, the aurora appearing so vivid on the night of the unfortunate Earl's execution that some of his zealous partizans imagined they saw in this novel appear-

* "Teis" is the "bordering flood (who thought herself divine,) Confining in her course, that county Palatine."

† I have never been able to make my mind fully up as to the relations of the bishoprick to Deira and Bernicia.

ance, *men without heads*; and the peasantry of Northumberland still believe that on that fatal day, the *Divel's water* (Dilston Brook), a rivulet near his residence, ran blood. In some parts of Yorkshire the ignorant imagine that this was the first appearance of the kind.

THE AYCLIFFE BRAWN.

"A knightly effigy of gigantic proportion [an excessively rare characteristic] lies in the churchyard [of Aycliffe], on the south side of the church. The hands are elevated and clasped on the breast; the sword sheathed; a plain shield on the left arm; the legs are crossed, and the feet rest on a couchant hound."—*Surtees*.

This colossal figure is now taken within the altar rails, elevated on an altar tomb, and smeared with a thick coat of whitewash. It is marked W. B. in Roman characters, and is said to represent Walter Bois of Woodham Burn, who slew, by the aid of the faithful dog, which serves as a footstool, a dreadful and voracious boar of Aycliffe Wood, which is now the name of a farm, N.N.W. of Aycliffe, between it and School Aycliffe. A family called Wild-boar formerly resided at the latter place, (qu. from Wild-boar-fell) and some of them are buried in Wolsingham churchyard.

THE GILPIN BRAWN.

On the great Barnard Gilpin's tomb at Houghton-le-Spring, is an escutcheon charged with a boar resting against a tree, with a crescent on the side of the boar. This alludes to the feat of his Westmoreland ancestor, Richard Gilpin, who is said to have killed a wild boar, which had infested Kentmere, in Westmoreland, and to have had Kentmere manor given him by the baron of Kendal for his services in peace and war, temp. John. The Gilpins, never, however, held the manor of Kentmere, though they resided there. The arms of Gilpin were "Or. a boar passant, sa. armed gu." Barnard was a younger son. In the vicinity are Gresmere or Grismere (now Grasmere, qu. from the *grise*, or wild swine) Grisedale, Boardale, Stybarrow, &c.

THE BRAWN OF BRANCEPETH.

The boar, or brawn of *Brancepeth*, made his lair on Brandon Hill, and reigned from Wear to Gaunless, his track, it is said, leaving us the name of *Brawn's-path*. Near Cleves-cross, where an old grey-stone, a remnant of the cross-memorial of the exploit remains, Hodge, of Ferry, dug a pitfall in his track, covered with boughs and turfs, and toling on his victim by some bait to the spot, stood armed with his good sword across the pitfall. The gallant brute fell into the snare, and the rustic champion sleeps beneath a coffin-shaped stone at Merrington, sculptured with his means of victory, the sword, spade, and cross. The seal of Roger de Ferie still exists, exhibiting his old antagonist, the boar, according to the common heraldic custom of perpetuating such exploits, his daughter Maude, wife of Alan de Merrington, also gives the boar's head couped. A rough mis-

shapen stone trough at a house in Ferryhill, is said to have been used by the boar, without any further account.

The marshy, and formerly woody vale, extending from Croxdale to Ferry-wood, was one of the brawn's favourite haunts, affording roots and mast, and the luxurious pleasure of volutation :

The muse may sing how in a northern wood
In olden time, a bristled brawn was seen,
Of giant size, which long the force withstood
Of knight well armed with club or dagger keen.
And how, when Dian held her nightly reign
And silvery moonbeams slept on Vedra's breast,
The monster scoured along the silent plain,
And roaring loud, disturbed the peasant's rest.*

THE BRAUN OF WEARDALE.

The destruction of the Weardale Boar after many failures, was so great a blessing, that the Roman prefect dedicated an altar to Sylvan Mars, which was found in a glen of Weardale, inscribed "SILVANO INVICTO SACRUM C. TETIUS VETURIUS Micianus Pref. ALAE SEBOSINLE OB APRUM EXIMIE FORME CAPTUM, QUEM MULTI ANTECESSORES EJUS PREDARI NON POTUERUNT, VOTUM SOLVENS LUBENTER POSUIT."

THE WOLVES OF WEARDALE.

There is an ancient illiterative rhyme current, something like,

A Tweedale —,
A Redesdale rogue,
A Tindale thief,
A Weardale wolf,
A Tresdale tupe.

The latter designation, of course, refers to the gallant sheep of the district. The Weardale Wolf is a man rather than a quadruped, and the more modern nickname of *A Weardale gowk* is still more abominable. Yet the saying would arise from something, and when England had moor, morass, and forest, wild animals may have been more troublesome than we have any idea of. Wolves were by no means exterminated by Edgar. The monks of Fors, in Wensleydale, about 1180, had a dangerous grant from Alan, Earl of Richmond, of the flesh of all wild animals torn by wolves within their own dale, and they existed in Scotland and Ireland till the close of the 17th century. Reginald gives three deviations of Wolsingham. 1, the dwelling of Wlsus; 2, the habitation of a wolf; 3, the howling of a wolf as expressed in the English tongue; and as to Wolsivon Richard *the snarer*, (an awkward name for a Bishop's gamekeeper,

* This elegant stanza first appeared in a Guide to Durham City, of small proportions but great compass of useful matter, which was attributed to the editorship of Robert Henry Allan, Esq., F.S.A., now of Blackwell Hall. Whose then is the stanza?

yet when wild beasts were afloat, probably one of honour) gives as his seal a *wolf passant*. *Wormhill*, Derbyshire, has certain lands called *Wolvehunt* because those that held them were obliged to hunt and destroy the wolves that formerly infested those parts.

A MYTH OF MIDRIDGE.

Talking about Fairies the other day to a nearly octagenarian female neighbour, I* asked had she ever seen one in her youthful days, her answer was in the negative, "but," quoth she, "I've heard my grandmother tell a story that *Midridge* (near Auckland), was a great place for Fairies when she was a child, and for many long years after that." A rather lofty hill, only a short distance from the village, was their chief place of resort, and around it they used to dance, not by dozens, but by hundreds, when the gloaming began to shew itself of the summer nights. Occasionally a villager used to visit the scene of their gambols in order to catch, if it were, but a passing glance of the tiny folks, dressed in their vestments of green, as delicate as the thread of the gossamer, for well knew the lass so favoured, that ere the current year had disappeared she would have become the happy wife of her only love; and also, as well ken'd the lucky lad, that he, too, would get a weel tochered lassie, long before his brow became wrinkled with age, or the snow white blossoms had begun to bud forth upon his pate. Woe! to those, however, who dared to come by twos or by threes with inquisitive and curious eye within the bounds of their domain; for if caught, or only the eye of a Fairy fell upon them, ill was sure to betide them through life. Still more awful, however, was the result, if any were so rash as to address them, either in plain prose, or rustic rhyme. The last instance of their being spoken to, is thus still handed down by tradition:—It was on a beautiful clear evening in the month of August, when the last sheaf had crowned the last stack in their master's haggard, and after calling the "Harvest Home," the daytale-men† and household servants were enjoying themselves over massive pewter quarts foaming over with strong beer, that the subject of the evening's conversation at last turned upon the Fairies of the neighbouring hill, and each related his oft-told tale which he had learned by rote from the lips of some parish granddame. At last the senior of the mirthful party, proposed to a youthful mate of his, who had dared to doubt even the existence of such creatures, that he durst not go to the hill, mounted on his master's best palfrey, and call aloud at the full extent of his voice, the following rhymes:—

"Kiss little Lads,
 Gett' your iron gads,
 And set the Rab o' *Midridge* bane!"‡

* My good friend Mr. M. Aislabie Denham, of Piersebridge on the Tees, *loquitur*. The legend is evidently of some antiquity.

† Men hired by the day.

‡ Pronounced *A'yam*. The word occurs in the rhyme

"O the oak, and the ash, and the bonnie ivy tree,
 They flourish best at hame in the north countrie,

which is well known in the Bishoprick, and throughout the Northern counties. It forms the burden of "the Northern lasses lamentation," a beautiful old ballad in Evans's collection.

Tam o' Shanter like, elated with the contents of the pewter vessels, he nothing either feared or doubted, and off went the lad to the Fairy Hill; so being arrived at the base, he was nothing loth to extend his voice to its utmost powers in giving utterance to the above invitatory verses. Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, ere he was nearly surrounded by many hundreds of the little folks, who are ever ready to revenge with the infliction of the most dreadful punishment, every attempt at insult. The most robust of the Fairies, who I take to have been Oberon, their King, wielding an enormous javelin, thus also in rhymes, equally rough rude, and rustic, addressed the witless wight :—

"Silly Willy, mount thy filly,
And if it is'nt weel corn'd and fed,
I'll ha' thee afore thou gets hame to thy midridge bed."

Well was it for Willy, that his home was not far distant, and that part light* was still remaining in the sky. Horrified beyond measure, he struck his spurs into the sides of his beast, who, equally alarmed, darted off as quick as lightning towards the mansion of its owner. Luckily it was one of those houses of olden time, which would admit of an equestrian and his horse within its portals without danger; lucky also was it that at the moment they arrived, the door was standing wide open: so considering the house a safer sanctuary from the beligerous Fairies than the stable, he galloped direct into the hall, to the no small amazement of all beholders, when the door was instantly closed upon his pursuing foes! As soon as Willy was able to draw his breath, and had in part overcome the effects of his fear, he related to his comrades a full and particular account of his adventures with the Fairies; but from that time forward, never more could any one, either for love or money, prevail upon Willy to give the Fairies of the hill an invitation to take an evening walk with him as far as the village of Midridge!

To conclude, when the Fairies had departed, and it was considered safe to unbar the door to give egress to Willy and his filly, it was found to the amazement of all beholders that the identical iron javelin† of the Fairy King, had pierced through the thick oaken door, which for service, as well as safety, was strongly plated with iron, where it still stuck, and actually required the strength of the stoutest fellow in the company, with the aid of a smith's great fore-hammer, to drive it forth. This singular relic of Fairy-Land was preserved for many generations, till passing eventually into the hands of one who cared for none of those things, it was lost, to the no small regret of all lovers of legendary lore.

* My southern readers may be amused when I inform them that *part* in the Palatine signifies *considerable*.

† Methinks I hear more than one "Carping Critic," cry out "Phoo! What have *bona fide Javelins of Iron*, or any other of the paraphernalia of Fairies, used either in offence or defence, or their horses, or their dresses, to do with legitimate Fairyology;—they are things which we *mortals* are truly permitted to see, *but never, no never to touch!* Phoo! Phoo! It's all stuff and nonsense." Although I am perfectly aware that nothing about a Fairy can be touched or handled—the whole being of that thin shadowy nature which enables it to be embraced by the imagination alone, still I may be allowed quaintly to observe that I am relating a *Myth*, not writing an *Essay* on the Fairy Mythology of my native county. Fortunately we have, nevertheless, certain

FAIRY HAUNTS.

The belief in fairies is a *strange* episode in the history of mankind—strange that it should have weathered all attacks upon it, and should exist in our times so strongly. From the Fairy Hole in Bishopley Craggs to the seagirt *Fairy Coves* at Hartlepool (which were probably places of concealment) the belief in such creatures extends far and wide over the bishopric as over England. The *Fairy Coves* are circular excavations in the rock of about five feet in diameter, and about twelve feet above the shore, having communications with each other sufficiently large to admit a human figure. They have evidently been formed by human means as chisel marks are still distinctly visible. (*Sharp*).—At Middleton the little creatures of Tower Hill left little pats of butter here and there, perhaps the fungous excrescence mentioned by Brand, as being found about old tree roots, and called *Fairy Butter*. “After great rains and in a certain degree of putrefaction, it is reduced to a consistency which, together with its colour, makes it not unlike butter, and hence the name.” In Wales, a substance found in limestone rocks in their crevices at a great depth, is called *Menwyn Tylua Teg* or *Fairies’ Butter*. Brockett says that *Fairy Butter* found in a house is lucky. But fairies are not seen by all persons, and blessed be the wight of Northern England who possesses the four-leaved clover which opens his eyes of fairy land.

Ritson deduces “Ferry Hill”* from “Fairy Hill;” modern antiquaries from a ferry over the monks’ swan-pool there. Let not me, so partial to the fairy elves, give any opinion on the matter.

The site of the old fortress of Conyers, at Bishopton, called Castle Hill, is hollow, if folk-lore be true, and the abode of fairies. The same may in truth be said of almost every circular mound in the north. A most notable specimen near Thirsk, a large tumulus, possesses the euphonious cognomen of Pudding-pie-hill, inasmuch as the fairies there were positively so good as to furnish pies and puddings for their juvenile votaries, who went for the good things of the fairies of its palaces within.† Moreover, they heard the fairies’ music, which thing may be believed, as they had to go so many times round the hill before they put their giddy heads to the ground to hear the strains of the little green people. Between Eppleton and Hetton is a remarkable tumulus consisting entirely of field-stones gathered together. There are remains of a similar one at Piersbridge, in the riverbank, over a lead coffin of immense weight, both instances reminding one forcibly of the great heaps of stones raised as memorials over Achan, the King of Ai, and Absalom, mentioned in the Old Testament. Well, at the top of the Hetton heap is a little hollow, that is the *Fairies’ Cradle*, and there, says village superstition, which has ever saved the little green mound from the plough’s

Fairy relics which, falling into more conservative hands than the Javelin of Midridge, have, after passing through many generations, descended to the present day: witness the Cup of Eden Hall, in Cumberland, and also a Sacramental Cup, still used in one of the Churches of the Isle of Man, which tradition, equally with that of Eden Hall, asserts to have been acquired in much the same way, from a gathering of festive Fairies. These surely are to me as a host in support of the Myth of Midridge, which I tell to others as ‘twas told to me!—M. A. D.

* Round about Ferry Hill, high for hett!

There’s many a bonny lass, but few to get.—*Popular Rhyme*.

† The appointed day for all this condescension was Pancake or Shrove Tuesday.

attacks—there danced the Fairies in their moonlight circles, whistling their roundelays to the wind right merrily,—

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn'd within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd Church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

Sings Sir Walter, but unlike the Scotch Fairies, the Hetton love-lings spoke with a voice most small and mild. The fairies of different countries, differ materially in their habits, indeed Master Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, says that they are so accommodating as to wear plaids in the Highlands and suanocks in Ireland, and that "the verie divels conjur'd in any countrey, do answer in the language of the place." Accommodating truly, and let me add that the Durham sprites love also some fairy hills at Billingham, if Ritson speaketh true; Middleton has also a very famous fairy-hill, called the *Towerhill*, close to Pountey's Lane (*vulg.* Countys Lane). A person informs me that his grandmother frequently asserted that she had seen the fairies go from the hill to the Tees to wash themselves and wash their clothes also. Moreover she once found a fairy, like unto a miniature girl, dressed in green, and boasting a pair of brilliant red eyes, composedly sitting on a small cheese-like stone near her house. She took this stranger into the kitchen, and set it by the fire, and gave it some bread and butter with sugar on it, which it ate; but cried so bitterly that she was obliged to convey it back to where she found it. She, however, kept the elfish stone, and it may be in existence unto this day. The old woman preserved it most religiously, not suffering it to be touched, and always had it under the table in the pantry, for what purpose is forgotten. The name of the hill resembles the *Castle Hills* at Blackwell and Bishopton, and it in all probability is identical with *Castellarium* mentioned as a boundary in Ralph Surteys's charter to the Convent of Durham of "all the land betwixt the road which tends from Pounteys (*a ponte Teyse*) towards Sadberge and Gildussit, and from Gildussit ascending by the runner betwixt Morkerflatt and *Castellarium*, as far as the same road," for a house of charity for poor travellers, the which may possibly leave its remains in the extensive foundations opposite the hill.

THE SAINT OF FINCHALE AND THE FIENDS.

The monks tried to make sad havoc with the popular notion of fairies. In the Saxon poem of Beowulf, the fens and wilds are peopled by troops of elves and nicers, of seadrakes and serpents (*wyrm-cynnes fela*) in the Saint legends these, like ladies, are transformed into devils always tempting. Among other legends those regarding treasures kept by Satan himself in various shapes are extremely numerous. "All these things are mine," said the impure spirit to Jesus, "and to whomsoever I will, I give them." Saint Godrick of Finchale was one day informed by a fiend where he might find a hoard of gold. The pious man knew full well that he was dealing with the evil one, but somehow he was so much pleased with the hint that he quite forgot his Bible and the declaration that his informant was a liar from the beginning, and to work he went with pickaxe and shovel, thinking, without being an avaricious man, that he might do

much good with the gold. When he had dug some depth, he was alarmed at seeing, instead of treasure, several dwarfish imps. They were in fact very small (as is usual in mediæval legends), and what was still more suspicious, they were very black. They issued from the hole, and with screams of laughter pelted the saint right lustily with fireballs, who, conscious of being in fault, decamped with all expedition, and it is needless to add, never attempted to search for unconsecrated gold again.

With the cessation of monachism and witch-creed, fairies and imps of all kinds have rolled back to their harmlessness and frolicking dances round the "green-sour ringlets—whereof the ewe not bites."

The saint's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, weary with digging, he had stopped to rest himself, when a suspicious strange man suddenly appeared and stared some time at the saint, at last he spoke and accused the good man with idleness, and told him he did not work half so hard as the saints of former times used to work. The saint, who at first thought it had been a messenger of God sent to instruct him in his duty, answered, "Do you then first set me an example." And he gave him the spade and left him, for it was then his customary hour of devotion, and he promised to return soon and see how much work he had done. The strange man took the spade and worked most vigorously; and when Godric returned, he was astonished to find that in the space of an hour his new laborer had dug as much ground as he himself could dig in eight days. "There," said the stranger, "that is the way to work!" Godric was seized with a ghastly fear, for he now was sure it could not be a real man; and, indeed, appearances were much against him, for he was very dark and hairy, and somewhat tall; and what appeared oddest of all, though he had worked so hard, yet he shewed no signs of weariness, and did not even sweat. Then Godric went to his cell and concealed a little book in his bosom, and returned and said, "Now tell me who thou art, and why thou hast come here?" "Do you not see that I am a man like yourself?" was the answer. "Then," said Godric, "if you are a man, tell me if you believe in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and join with me in adoring the Mother of our Lord?" And again the hairy gentleman replied and said, "Be not solicitous about my belief, for it is no concern of yours." Godric now became more suspicious than before; he took the book out of his bosom—it contained pictures of our Lord, and of the Virgin, and of St. John [the rood]—and he placed it suddenly against the other's mouth, telling him if he believed in God to kiss it devoutly; on which the goblin *laughed* very heartily at him and vanished. Godric, like a pious man, watered with holy water the ground which had thus been dug, and let it lie uncultivated for seven years.

Wright, in his essays says, "In the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury, who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found anything undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivably short space of time." It may be observed that the family Brownie, of Shetland, is described as having generally appeared as a tall man and very hairy.

After all, the hermit of Finchale must have had an uncomfortable life of it. "He lived in that heat of devotion, that he used to stand praying

up to the neck in the river which ran by his cell, which holy custome so anger'd the Devill, that once he stole away his clothes, as they lay on the bank. But Godrick spying him, back he straight brought him with an Ave-Maria; and forcing the Devill to be just, against his will, made him restore them, which were so coarse, that I think he that stole them would scarce have worne them. For his jerkin was of iron, of which suits of apparell he wore out three in the time of his hermitage, a strange coat, whose stuff had the ironmonger for the draper, and a smith for the taylor: neither was his lodging much unsuitable to his clothes, who had the ground for his bed, and a stone for his pillow. His tutelarie angel oft play'd the sexton, and rang his bell to awake him to his nocturns, who, for want of beads, used to number his prayers with peble stones. His dyett was as coarse as his coat, and as his shirt was of sackcloth, so half the meale that made his bread was ashes. The Devill used to act Proteous before him, and with his shapes, rather made him sport than affrighted him. Only once, as St. Godrick sate by the fire, the Devill came behind and gave him such a box of the eare, that had fel'd him down, if he had not recovered himself with the sign of the crosse. He had the psalter continually hanging on his little finger, which, with use, was ever after crooked."* He died in 1170.

* Hegge's Legend of St. Cuthbert, 1625.

HISTORIC RHYMES.

No. III.

TRAFALGAR.

THE bands of France have gather'd
 In their might upon the coast,
 And doubt has fall'n on England
 At the must'ring of that host.
 And in thy bay, Trafalgar,
 The fleets of Gaul and Spain
 Have met to sweep for ever
 Britannia from the main.

At length a people's wailings
 Reach Merton's calm retreat
 Where spell-bound couch'd Nile's hero
 Before the syren's feet.

And now no more he heeded
 How her accents gently fell;
 The heart was sad within him
 For the land he lov'd so well.

The syren mark'd these yearnings,
 She broke off in her song,
 All motionless her fingers
 The harp-strings spread along.
 But brief with her such weakness,
 Her soul was one of flame;
 She lov'd the man, but dearer
 She priz'd the hero's fame.

The syren mark'd these yearnings,
 And lov'd him all the more;
 Her eyes then brightly sparkled,
 Her cheek was reddened o'er;
 Her bosom, you might see it,
 Was throbbing 'neath her vest;
 And rising then full proudly
 She spoke from lab'ring breast.

"Up, Nelson, up where glory
 Awaits thee on the wave;
 Again go forth, my hero,
 To honour or the grave.
 Go forth where o'er the waters
 New hopes, new fame, salute thee;
 Our England now expects
 Each man will do his duty."

Up started then the hero
 Like lion when the air
 Brings down the cry of human
 Who seek him in his lair.—
 "Brave Emma! dearest Emma!
 How few resemble thee;
 If England had more Emmas,
 More Nelsons too would be.*

I go where glory calls me,
 And those brave words of thine
 Shall be old England's signal,
 And lead her battle-line.
 Oh yes, what you have spoken
 Shall be our battle-cry,
 And nerve the hearts of thousands
 To conquer or to die."

He speeds through light, through darkness;
 Yet to that soul of fire
 The gallop-pace is tardy,
 The flying horses tire.

* With the exception of the second line in this verse, these are nearly the exact words of Nelson as given by Southey.

The port is reach'd, as morning
Up climbs the eastern steep,
Where float Britannia's bulwarks—
Her castles on the deep.

And at his name once whisper'd
The people gather round,
And through the town awaken'd
There runs a mighty sound—
A sound as when the waters
Are struggling to get free,
Then breaking from their fetters
Roar headlong to the sea.

All throng to greet the hero,
To kiss his garment's hem,
And for the band they battle
That so oft has fought for them ;
And mothers in the distance
Hold their children up the while,
Who'll tell in years long after
How they saw Him of the Nile.

Away o'er the blue waters !
Away before the wind !
Trafalgar is before them,
Old England far behind.
What means the shout of triumph,
That rolls along the tide ?
Again the breezes bear it,
Again the sound has died.

From twenty gallant vessels,
That watch a shrinking foe,
Came those cries of joy and triumph
While their bosoms warmer glow.
The weather-beaten seamen
To each deck are rushing fast,
And every eye is gazing
At the banner from his mast.

" Aye, now, we shall have fighting ;
Our Nelson is not one
To sleep upon his pillow
When there's work that should be done.
He'll drag you from the shelter
Of harbour and of bay ;
And when did Nelson combat
And fail to win the day ? "

In evil hour for Gallia,
In evil hour for Spain,
Their fleets defy the hero,
None e'er defied in vain.
When broke the dawn of morning,
It shewed their double line,
And white each sail was glancing,
But waved no battle-sign.

He saw and sternly smil'd,
 For to his vision mingle
 Triumph and shades of death
 Too blent for hope to single.
 Then from his mast outflew
 The signal taught by beauty,
 "England expects this day
 Each man will do his duty."

The breeze had scarce unfolded
 His banner o'er the main,
 Then oh! it wrought to madness
 Like wine upon the brain.
 Loud cheer on cheer responded,
 From every ship around;
 Both Gaul and Spaniard heard it
 And startled at the sound.

But now again was silence,
 The silence of the grave;
 And came a solemn shadow
 O'er the faces of the brave,
 As England's sea-borne castles
 Sweep downward on the foe
 Fast as the tides can drift them,
 Or fav'ring winds can blow.

A flash! a peal like thunder!
 The battle is begun;
 Its wrath has still'd the billows,
 Its smoke obscures the sun—
 The crash of shatter'd timbers,
 The cannons' deaf'ning roar,
 The tortur'd screams of seamen
 Who sink to rise no more,

The shells like fiery meteors
 Hurtling, whizzing through the air,
 The sheets of flame incessant,
 Make it seem as hell were there;
 And they who work amidst it,
 Fit actors in such scene,
 With gory, blacken'd faces
 Scarce wear the human mien.

Hurrah for Death, the mower,
 Who well his scythe can wield!
 Was never seen such reaper
 In Autumn's yellow field.
 Hurrah for fame and glory!
 'Tis better thus to die
 Than on a bed of sickness,
 Like kennel'd hound to lie.

And die they did by thousands;
 Wider spreads the battle wreck,
 But ah! that fatal bullet!
 Nelson sinks upon his deck.

"I have it now!" he murmur'd;
 "But bear me quick below,
 It might unnerve my brave ones
 To see their Nelson so."

They've borne him 'mongst the wounded,
 Where pain in every form
 Is writhing and out-groaning
 The battle's thunder-storm.
 They've borne him 'mongst the wounded,
 And oh! brave hearts and true!
 Hush'd was the sob of anguish,
 When his pallid face they knew.

The eye in death that's swimming,
 Yet turns to learn his fate;
 And all in stifled silence,
 For the leech's doom await.
 'Tis told by looks, not spoken;
 For who that word could speak,
 Except the dying hero,
 So strong when all are weak?

"You know I'm gone—I feel it;
 Something rises in my breast,
 But how goes on the battle?—
 I soon shall be at rest.
 But how goes on the battle?
 Never pause to look on me;
 Let me hear it while I'm able—
 I hear but cannot see.

"How, how goes on the battle?"—
 "The battle now is won;
 Twenty ships have struck to England,
 The day is well nigh done."
 "Then I'm content—what darkness!
 What bickering forms salute me—
 Those shouts! then England owns
 Each man has done his duty."

G. S.

A NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER II.

WE left our gallant captain at home and quiet for awhile, so far as he could ever be said to have a home or to be in quiet. But his was a time, in which a spirit of enterprise prevailed to a degree that we can now scarcely form a notion of, and while the sparks of excitement were flying about on all sides, it would have been strange indeed if some of them had not lighted upon a subject so fitted for their reception.

Amongst the many distinguished adventurers of those days, was Bartholomew Gosnoll, though he is no longer known to any except the readers of our early voyages and travels. He had not long before returned from Virginia, full of enthusiasm for the new country, and was seeking, on all sides, for such assistance as might enable him to profit by its supposed advantages. Smith, as may be imagined, was easily persuaded to join in a scheme so agreeable to his restless humour, and it was not long before they found other and no less staunch allies in Edward Maria Wingfield, a merchant, Robert Hunt, a clergyman, and divers kindred spirits. Still a whole year passed without their being able to carry their project into effect, when "by their great charge and industrie it came to be apprehended by certain of the nobilitie, gentry, and merchants, so that his Majestie by his letters patent gave commission for establishing councils to direct here, and to governe and to execute there." Even when this charter was obtained, another year elapsed before they could provide all the supplies and essentials for such an enterprise. By that time they had procured three ships, one of a hundred tons, another of forty tons, and a pinnace of ten; so small was the craft in most cases to which our early adventurers trusted themselves and their fortunes when crossing what might then almost be termed the unknown atlantic. "The transportation of the company was committed to Captaine Christopher Newport, a marriner well practised for the western parts of America. But their orders for government were put in a box not to be opened, nor the governours knowne untill they arrived in Virginia."

The charter granted to the company bore date April 10th, 1606, and on the 19th of the December following, the vessels sailed from Blackwall upon a voyage which commenced under no very favourable auspices, either as regards the composition of the crew, or the state of the weather. For six weeks they were detained in the Downs, by contrary winds, and discontents already began to arise, which could be appeased only by the unremitting exhortations of Mr. Hunt, who at all times would seem to have exercised a steady and beneficial influence over the minds of the whole party. Yet this excellent man had as strong inducements to

abandon the concern as any one well could have; he was exceedingly ill at the time, and was continually tantalized during this long delay by the sight of his own home, which lay only ten or twelve miles off, and must have offered a painful contrast in recollection to the scene about him.

At length the wind became more favourable, though the weather was still tempestuous, and after a rough passage they reached the Canaries, where, after having staid only long enough to water the ship, they again set sail for the land of promise. Disputes now ran higher than ever. A strong party, of which Mr. Edward Wingfield appears to have been the head, was now formed against Captain Smith. "He was restrained as a prisoner, upon the scandalous suggestions of some of the chiefs (envying his repute), who fained be intended to usurpe government, murder the counsell, and make himselfe king, that his confederates were dispersed in all the three ships, and that divers of his confederates that revealed it, could affirme it." Having thus deprived themselves of the services of the most able man amongst them, if not of the only one competent to their guidance, "we traded," says the narrator, "with the savages of Dominica; three weeks we spent in refreshing ourselves amongst these West India isles. In Guardalupa (Guadaloupe) we found a bath 'so hot as in it we boyled porck as well as over the fire. And at a little isle called Monica, we tooke from the bushes with our hands neare two hogs-heads full of birds in three or foure boures. In Meris, Mona, and the Virgin Isles, we spent some time, where, with a lothsome beast like a crocodil, called a gwayn (iguana), tortoises, pellicans, parrots, and fishes, we daily feasted." And no bad feasting either. It ought, in all conscience, to have had the usual effect of good feeding in putting the gourmands into better temper. But this it certainly failed to do; like ancient Pistol over his leek, they ate and grumbled all the while, and having "passed their reckoning," the crews of the different ships became well nigh ungovernable in their eagerness to return home—just as had happened to Columbus in the same seas a century before. Captain Radcliffe, the commander of the pinnace, was amongst the foremost of those who "desired to beare up the helme to returne for England. But *man proposes and God disposes*, says the adage; and even so it proved on this occasion. A violent storm arising in the night, they were driven to their destined port, which otherwise it was most unlikely that any of them would have ever seen, the first land they made being named by them Cape Henry. Here some thirty of the party, with the usual impatience of sailors who have been long at sea, chose to go ashore, when they were "set upon by five salvages, who hurt two of the English very dangerously." How this came about, this beating of thirty men by five, we are not informed, and perhaps like some other marvels, it is all the better for being left unexplained.

The next night the box was opened, which contained the orders and regulations from the government at home; and it then appeared that Bartholomew Gosnoll (Gosnold), John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall, were named to be the council, with power to choose from among themselves a president for the year. "Matters of moment were to be examined by a jury, but determined by the major part of the counsell in which the president had two voyages;" an arbitrary form of government, it must be

allowed, but perhaps the best adapted to an infant colony, where man quickly relapses into the wild state from which civilization had for awhile withdrawn him, and becomes much like the untamed horse, with whom it is not safe to relax the curb even for a single instant. Wingfield, who appears to have been a man of no resolution or ability, was elected president, while Smith, notwithstanding the royal orders to the contrary, was altogether excluded from the council.

The place where they first landed being found unsuitable to the purposes of a colony, they now set out in search of a more convenient spot. After some days they reached a great river, to which they gave the King's name, while with a better show of reason they called the northern point of its entrance, Point Comfort, on account of its excellent channel and anchorage. Here, upon the flats, they found oysters in abundance, while the plains afforded an ample supply of large strawberries, and what was of far more importance to them, in their situation, they were met by a party of natives, who invited them to the Indian town of Keooughton, where Hampton now stands. On this occasion the "salvages," as Smith and his fellow-adventurers always call them, would seem to have been upon their best behaviour; they regaled their visitors with cakes of maize, not forgetting the usual accompaniments of tobacco, and farther entertained them with an Indian dance. To these courtesies the white men replied by gifts of beads and other trinkets, all valuable in the eyes of savages, after which, they continued their voyage up the river until they were met by a second party of armed Indians, whose chief, Apamatica, holding in one hand his bow and arrow, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, demanded the cause of their coming. The Europeans easily comprehending the chief's meaning from his actions, though they could not make out a word of what was said to them, answered by signs that they had come in peace, which reply being understood and accepted by the Indians, they received the strangers with the usual hospitalities.

Again, the adventurers resumed their voyage, and after more than a fortnight thus spent, on the 13th of May, they had the good luck to fall in with a peninsula of a more promising appearance, where the ships when moored to the trees would be lying in six fathom water. Here they had not been long, before they were visited by another chief, named Paspaha, who upon being made acquainted with their wishes readily offered them as much land as they required. On this spot, then, the adventurers pitched their tents and resolved to make a settlement, calling the place, James Town. "If town it might be called, that town had none." And, now "falleth every man to worke, the councill contrive the fort, the rest cut downe trees to make place to pitch their tents; some provide clappbord* to relade the ships, some make gardens, some nets. The president's overweening jealousie would admit no exercise at armes or fortification, but the boughes of trees cut together in the forme of a halfe moone, by the extraordinary paines and diligence of Captain Kendall."

* *Clappbord*—i. e., clapboard, a word which, strangely enough, is omitted in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, though it is found in the older Lexicon of Bailey, who explains it by—"a board ready cut for the cooper's use;" or, in other words, to make cask-staves, in which sense it is used here. According to Webster, it signifies amongst the present Americans, who are always taking barbarous liberties with the English language—"a thin narrow board for covering houses."

It is not easy to understand, why the president's jealousy of his own people should have made him unwilling to fortify his new settlement against the savages in case they should change their moods, a thing not only probable, but certain. Not less difficult is it to reconcile the duresse of Smith—for at this time, we are told, he is still a prisoner—with his being sent, as we now find him amongst twenty others, under Captain Newport, to trace up the river to its head, when "hy divers small habitations, they passed in six dayes, they arrived at a towne, called Powhatan," (now Richmond,) "consisting of some twelve honses, pleasantly seated on a hill; before it three fertile isles, about it many of their corne fields; the place is very pleasant and strong by nature. Of this place, the Prince is called, *Powhatan*, and his people, *Powhatans*. To this place the river is navigable; but higher within a myle, hy reason of the rockes and isles, there is not passage for a small boat; this they call the Falles. The people in all parts kindly intreated* them, 'till being returned within James Town, they gave just cause of jealousie; hnt had God not blessed the discoverers, otherwise than those at the fort, there had beene an end of that plantation, for at the fort, where they arrived, the next day, they found seventeen men hurt, and a hoy slaine hy the savages; and, had it not chanced a crosse harre shot from the ships, strooke downe a hough from a tree amongst them, that caused them to retire, our men had all beene slaine, being securely all at worke, and their armes in dry fats."

It is not explained how this quarrel originated, whether with the "salvages," or their visitors, but the attack prodnced so wholesome a sense of alarm in the president, that in spite of his jealousy he allowed the fort to be pallisadoed, the ordnance mounted, and the men duly armed and exercised. But, indeed, it was high time for these, and all other precautions in their power if they did not wish to be murdered, for the Indians having once fallen into the angry mood seemed resolved to continue in it, and from being hospitable friends had become determined enemies;—"many were the assaults and amhuscades of the salvages, and our men, by their disorderly straggling were often hurt, when the salvages, hy the nimhleness of their heeles, well escaped." This ohliged the colonists to divide their numbers, and while one party was employed in cutting down trees, preparing the ground, sowing seed, or reloading the ships, another was appointed to guard the labourers from the sudden attacks of the Indians. Nor was it less necessary to keep a constant and steady watch dnring the night,—for the warlike tactics of their enemy consisted chiefly in surprises, and allowed them little or no repose. Still they persisted in carrying on their works with unabated energy; and, six weeks having been passed in this manner, it was time for Captain Newport to return home as he had only been engaged to bring over the adventurers, and he had nothing to detain him any longer there, now that the reloading of his vessel was completed. This made it requisite for the president and his party to adopt some decisive measures in regard to Smith, and seeing no ready escape from the difficulties into which they had plnnged themselves, they would fain have persuaded him to accept a remission at their hands, or as it is quaintly, and somewhat ambiguously worded hy the old narrator, "they pretended out of their

* Intreated—i. e., treated or used them.

commissions to referre him to the councell in England, to receive a check, rather than by particulating his designes make him so odious to the world as to touch his life, or utterly overthrow his reputation." But our valiant Captain, who had knocked out the brains of terrible Tartar chiefs, and cut off the heads of mighty Pachas, was not to be frightened or cajoled by these false fires, and positively refused to "*receive a check*" from any one—a delicate phrase, which may be supposed to mean, that he was to submit himself to their mercy, whereupon they could graciously transmit to England such a modified account of his evil doings as might subject him only to a reprimand. Not for a single moment would he give ear to this insidious proposal, and conducting himself with equal prudence and determination he made himself popular with all except his immediate accusers, and even managed to bring over those who had been suborned to hear false testimony against him. Thus armed he demanded and obtained a public trial, for however unwilling they might be to grant, they no longer dared to refuse it, and the result was the president's being adjudged to "give him two hundred pounds, so that all he had was seized upon, in part satisfaction, which Smith presently returned to the store for the general use of the colony."

This wise liberality of course rendered our Captain more popular than ever with his companions, and by the influence of the clergyman of the party, Mr. Hunt, he was received into the council. At this juncture, too, peace was concluded with the savages at their own solicitation, in which happy condition of the settlement, Captain Newport set sail for England, leaving behind him a hundred colonists. He was to come back in twenty weeks with fresh supplies, a long period if measured by the average length of the voyage in our days, and still longer in reference to the probable necessities of those who were to benefit by his return; but even in the 17th century—at least in the early part of it—the art of navigation would seem to have been but imperfectly understood. Had he, however, been able to return with all the speed of modern seamanship, he would yet have been too late to save the colonists from much loss and suffering. Hardly had he left them ten days, when "scarce ten amongst us could either goe or well stand, such extreame weakness and sickness oppressed us. And thereat none need marvaile if they consider the cause and reason, which was this: whilst the ships stayed, our allowance was somewhat bettered by a daily proportion of hysket, which the sailers would pilfer to sell, give, or exchange with us for money, saxefras, furras, or love. But when they departed there remained neither tavern, beere-house, nor place of relief, but the common kettell. Had we heene as free from all sinnes as gluttony and drunkenesse we might have heene canonized for saints; but our president would never have heene admitted for engrossing, to his private, oatmeale, sacke, oyle, aqua vitæ, beefe, egges, or what not but the kettell; that, indeed, he allowed equally to be distributed, and that was halfe a pint of wheat and as much harley, boyled with water for a man a-day; and this having fryed som sixteen weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many wormes as graines, so that we might truly call it rather so much bran than come; our drinke was water; our lodgings castles in the ayre. From May to September, those that escaped, lived upon sturgeon and sea-crahs; fiftie in this time we buried; the rest seeing the president's projects to escape these miseries in our pinnace by flight, (who all this time had neither felt want nor sick-

ness), so moved our dead spirits as we deposed him, and established Ratcliffe in his place (Gosnoll being dead), Kendall deposed. Smith newly recovered,—Martin and Ratcliffe, was (were) by his care preserved and relieved,—and the most of the soldiers recovered with the skilful diligence of Mr. Thomas Wotton, our chirurgian general. But now was all our provision spent, the sturgeon gone, all helps abandoned, each house expecting the fury of the savages; when God, the patron of all good indeavours, in that desperate extremitie so changed the hearts of the salvages, that they brought such plenty of their fruits and provision, as no man wanted."

But, although "no man wanted," yet the settlers with the usual impatience of feeble minds, grumbled not a little at their evil prospects, which they imputed to the council at home in having sent them out so ill-provided. They could see no faults of mismanagement, or want of foresight in themselves. Against this, however, Smith argues reasonably enough,—"the fault of going was our owne; what could be thought fitting or necessary we had; but what we should find, or want, or where we should be, we were all ignorant; and, supposing to make our passage in two months with victuall to live, and the advantage of the spring to worke, we were at sea five months, where we both spent our victuall and lost the opportunitie of the time and season to plant by the unskillfull presumption of our ignorant transporters, that understood not at all what they undertook."

The new president and Martin were not long in discovering that they had neither the judgment nor the energy requisite to govern their turbulent subjects, or to provide resources against the dangers and difficulties that were starting up in some new form with every hour. They willingly, therefore, resigned the troubles of office to Smith, while they retained its name and dignity; and by so doing, it is likely enough they saved themselves and the rest from destruction. No sooner had he got the power into his own hands, than the presence and workings of a master spirit began to be felt on all sides. Incited by his example, no less than by his fair promises, the men set to work in earnest, instead of wasting the time in fruitless complaints and quarrels; some mowed and bound thatch, others built up rude houses, others covered them with the grass and reeds provided by the mowers, and all laboured with so much vigour, and under such wise direction, that most of the party were in a few weeks provided with sufficient shelter against the weather.

By the time this first necessary task was completed, the supplies from the savages began to fall off so much, that it became evident some new mode of subsisting in the colony must be found without delay, or it would infallibly be starved. But the spirit and talents of our adventurer were fully equally to the emergency, great as it was. He forthwith embarked in the shallop with six or seven of his people, upon what seemed, and no doubt would have been, a hopeless expedition under any other than himself, if, indeed, it had ever been undertaken; but in the simple, though energetic language of the old voyager, "the want of the language, knowledge to manage his boat without sailes, the want of a sufficient power (knowing the multitude of the salvages), apparell for his men, and other necessities, were infinite impediments, yet no discouragement." The worst part of the story was, that the savages thoroughly understood the situation of their visitors; and with ss much cunning rapacity as if they

had served an apprenticeship in Mark Lane, raised the price of their commodities in consequence. Partly in derision of their wants, and partly to make a better market of them, they would offer a handfull of corn or a piece of bread in exchange for a sword or musket, till the captain, finding that nothing was to be made of such chapmen by fair words, ran his boat ashore, and fired into the midst of them, whereupon, they all fled as fast as their legs could carry them into the near forest. This decisive, but not very justifiable measure, he followed up by marching towards their huts where he found considerable heaps of corn and other useful supplies, which, however, he would not allow his hungry companions to touch, suspecting that the Indians, when they had recovered from their first alarm would return to the attack, "as not long after they did with a most hydeous noyse. Sixtie or seventie of them, some blacke, some red, some white, some party-coloured, came in a square order, singing and dauncing out of the woods with their *Okee* (which was an idoll made of skinnies, stuffed with mosse, all painted, and hung with chains and copper) horne before them; and in this manner, heing well armed with clubs, targets, bows and arrowes, they charged the English, that so kindly received them with their muskets loaden with pistoll shot, that downe fell their God, and divers lay sprawling on the ground; the rest fled againe to the woods, and ere long sent one of their Quiyough-kasoncks to offer peace and redeeme their *Okee*." To this proposal the conqueror gladly acceded, observing, however, much caution in his proceedings, though it does not appear to have been at all necessary, the severe lesson the Indians had just received having taught them it was better to traffi, than to fight with their hungry visitors. Venison, turkeys, wild fowl, bread, and other dainties, were now produced in abundance, so that the voyagers were enabled to carry off with them enough to meet the more immediate necessities of the colony.

It is seldom that men find their prudence much increased by privation and suffering, any more than their morals are improved by jails and treadmills. And so it was seen here. Far from having learnt frugality from the severe lessons of starvation, the settlers had acquired a yet more reckless spirit; and as if to make amends for past suffering by present indulgence, they ate, drank, and were merry, consuming the provisions with so little economy that their new stock was soon on the eve of being exhausted without there heing the least prospect of any immediate supply when it should be gone. To anticipate this evil, if possible, Smith gave directions that the shallop should be prepared for a longer voyage; and in the meanwhile, that no opportunity might be left unemployed, he made several short excursions, in one of which he discovered the people of *Chickahamania*. But in his absense every thing went wrong. Sickness prevailed among the settlers to an alarming extent—they grew dissatisfied with their president, whose weakness and inefficiency became more apparent as the difficulties of his situation increased, and they were again harrassed by the Indians, whom they had neither the art to conciliate, nor the skill to subdue. The two discarded members of the council, availing themselves of so favourable an opportunity to renew their intrigues, persuaded many of the most discontented, that it would be much better to leave the country, and at all hazards return to Europe. Their plan was to seize the pinnace, which, by this time, had been got ready for the prosecution of farther discoveries, according to

Smith's orders when he left them. Fortunately for the continued existence of the settlement, he returned in time, though not till the very last moment, when the plot was betrayed to him by one of the confederates. Without a moment's hesitation, he opened upon the boat so heavy and well-directed a fire, that the mutineers soon found they must either submit or be destroyed, and they adopted the wiser alternative. As it was, the action cost the life of Captain Rendall, which, perhaps, was not much to be regretted, though the example did not prevent others, and even the president himself, from making similar attempts to return home. The fact is that all, except Smith himself, were more or less tired of America, and would gladly have found themselves again in England. His firmness, however, remained unshaken; and if he could not always infuse a portion of his own undaunted spirit into the other settlers, he yet managed by prudence, and energy, and the natural influence of a superior mind over the weak, to keep the colony together, and to detain those on the spot who were most anxious to get away. The late discoveries, moreover, had been the means of once again introducing a more abundant supply of food of every kind, so that the colonists were actually living in all the luxury of wild fowl, corn, beans, and pumpkins, and had every reason to be content with their situation. But like the Jews of old, they rebelled in the midst of abundance, and the council, who did nothing themselves, now found fault with Smith for not "discovering the head of Chickahamania river;" he had been, they said, "too slow in so worthy an attempt." Unjust as was this imputation, it stimulated the captain on his next voyage to go so high up the river that he was obliged to make a way "by cutting of trees in sunder;" and when he could proceed no farther in his boat, he left her at a safe distance from the land, and getting into a canoe with two of his people, and as many Indians, he strictly enjoined the others on no account to venture ashore till his return. Pursuing his route to the meadows at the head of the stream, he himself landed with one of the Indians for his guide, while the other remained with the Englishmen in charge of the canoe.

While Smith was thus perilling his life for the general good, and throwing himself into dangers, out of which he carefully kept the rest of his party, all his caution had been well-nigh rendered unavailing by their general spirit of insubordination. No sooner was he out of sight, than regardless of his wise injunctions to the contrary, the men in the boat thought proper to land. The consequence was, that a body of three hundred savages, under the command of King Pamaunkee, nearly cut the whole of them off, and did actually surprisè one, from whom they learnt which way the captain was gone, when they immediately set out in pursuit. By the time they came up with him, he had "got to the marshes at the river's head, twentie myles in the desert." Seeing this large body advancing upon him, and evidently with hostile purposes, Smith bound the Indian guide with a garter to his left arm by way of shield, and stood so successfully upon his defence, wounding many, and killing three, that "all the rest would not come neere him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more than his way, slipped up to the middle in an oasie creeke, and his salvage with him; yet durst they not come to him 'till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then, according to their composition,

they drew him forth and led him to the fire where his men were slaine.* Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs. He demanding for their captaine, they showed him Opechankanough, King of Pamaunkee, to whom he gave a round ivory double compass dyall. Much they marvelled at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly, and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by the globe-like jewell, the roundnesse of the earth and skies, the spheare of the sunne, moone, and starres, and how the same did chase the night round about the world continually—the greatnesse of the land and sea, the diversitie of nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other like matters, they stood as amazed with admiration,"—as well they might, though how the valiant captain contrived to teach his pupils without understanding their language, or they comprehending a word of his, is a mystery, much greater, we should imagine, than anything he shewed them. Neither did his scholars turn out very grateful for his instructions: "within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him; but the king holding up the compass in his hand, they all laid downe their bowes and arrowes, and, in a triumphant manner, led him to Oropaks, where he was, after their manner, kindly feasted and well used. Their order in conducting him was thus. Drawing themselves all in fyle, the king, in the midst, had all their pieces and swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great salvages, holding him fast by each arme; and on each side six went in fyle with their arrowes nocked.† But arriving at the towne (which was but onely thirtie or fortie houses, made of mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents), all the women and children staring to behold him, the souldiers first all in fyle, performed the forme of a bissone,‡ so well as could be, and on each flanke officers or serjeants to see them keepe their order. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dancing in such severall postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of arrowes, and at his back a club; on his arme a fox, or an otter skinne, or some such matter for his vambrace;|| their heads and shoulders painted red with oyle and pocones§ mingled together, which scarlet-like colour made an exceed-

* Meaning the men left in the canoe, whom they had discovered and slain before they came up with Smith himself.

† i.e., placed upon the nock, or notch, to be ready to shoot at a moment's notice. Thus, Chapman:—

"Then took he up his bow, and nockt his shaft."

‡ *Bissone* is a corruption or anglicizing rather of the Spanish *Bisone*, a cant name for a soldier, which the old dictionaries tell us was first given to certain Spanish troops in Italy, who, picking up a few words only of the Italian language, used to go about saying, "*bisvigno carne, pane,*" &c. (I lack or want meat, bread, &c.) Hence they came in time to be called *bisognos*, or lackers. As to the word "forme," that is unquestionably a misprint, caught by a very common mode of typographical blundering from the preceding word, *perFORME*. Probably we should read *part*,—that is, to say, the Indians performed well the part of bisonos or soldiers.

|| *Vambrace* or *vanbrace*, i. e. a GAUNTLET—a curious piece of armour for an American Indian; but the captain avouches it, so there's no more to be said for the matter.

§ *Pocones*; a Spanish name for a Virginian plant, with thin long roots that grows on the mountains. When dried and pounded, they yield a red dye, with which the Indians, as we see in the text, are used to paint themselves. It is also said to soften swellings.

ing handsome show; his how in his hand, and the skinne of a bird with her wing abroad (spread out), dried, tyed on his head, a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snocks tyed to it, or some such-like toy."

These introductory ceremonies being concluded, they conducted him to a hut where "thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him; and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twentie men. I think his stomacke at that time was not very good; what he left, they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him; all this time not one of them would eate a bit with him, 'till the next morning they hrought him as much more, and then did they eate all the old and reserved the new as they had done other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yct in this desperate estate, to defend him from the cold, one Macassater hrought him his gowne* in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrivall in Virginia."

Two days after this, an Indian, whose son was seriously wounded, would have killed Smith, had not his guard interfered to save him, and most probably, because he attributed to him the witch's power of producing sickness. Ever fertile in expedients, the captain took advantage of this, to persuade his very doubtful acquaintance that he had a magic water at James Town, of virtue to cure the patient, if they would only allow him to go and fetch it. To this the savages demurred, but promised him "life, liberty, lands, and women," if he would advise them how they would best attack James Town. Smith replied, by enlarging upon the extreme danger to themselves in the attempt, from "the mines and great gunnes, and other engines," and at length prevailed upon them to take a letter to the fort, which he told them would not fail to cause the sending of the things he wanted. At the same time, in this epistle—"part of a table-hook," the old chronicler says,—Smith took care to direct his friends how they should receive the savages, in order that the fact might agree with the account he had given, so exactly as to maintain his high character amongst them.

The result fully justified his sagacity. The savages were not only repelled in the way he had foretold, but on seeking in the spot described by him they found an answer to his letter, with which they returned to astound the rest of the tribe, who looked with awe upon the *speaking-leaf*. They now became as anxious to learn his real intentions towards them, as he before had been earnest to discover their designs towards him. For this purpose they had recourse to art-magic. "Early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently come skipping in a great grim fellow all painted over with coale mingled with oyle; and many snakes and wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was as a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of

meale; which done, three more such-like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red; but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like mutchato's* along their cheeks; round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest, with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces. At last they all sate downe right against him, three of them on the one hand of the chiefe priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe priest layd downe some wheate cornes; then straying his armes and hands with such violence, that he sweat and his veines swelled, he began a short oration; at the conclusion they all gave a short groane, and then layd downe three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before 'till they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little sticks prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of corne. 'Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke, and then they feasted merrily with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony, the meaning whereof they told him was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their country, the circles of corne the bounds of the sea, and the stickes his country."

Absurd and trifling as all this may appear, it might have been easily matched at the same period by the superstitions, beliefs, and practices of our own country. We even doubt, whether the more ignorant of our own peasantry would not in the year 1606, have agreed with the savages that the world was "flat and round like a trencher, and they in the middle," though they might not like them, have preserved "a bagge of gunpowder 'till the next spring to plant as they did their corne, because, they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede."

The captain now became quite a lion amongst his new acquaintance. He was invited, or we should rather say, carried about from place to place, 'till at length they brought him before "Powhatan, their emperor. Here, more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster, 'till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of Rarowen, (Rackoon) skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a grim wench of 26 or 28 years, and along on each side the house two rowes of men, and behind them as many women with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds; but every one with something; and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towell to dry them."

After such a reception, it would naturally be supposed, he was in high

* Though this word is so written, both in the edition of 1627 and that of 1632, there can, I think, be little doubt of its being a misprint, or, perhaps, a blunder of Smith himself, who always makes wild work with the Spanish language; for Motayez, is a nation of Indians in Brazil.

favour. By no means. A long consultation was held between the emperor and his painted council, when "two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then, as many as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head; and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes and laid her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat, the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper."

Now, again, it would have been only reasonable to suppose, that the unlucky captain was received into full grace; but the variable humour of his new masters had by this time become too familiar to Smith for him to put the slightest trust in them; and he constantly felt, to use the beautiful and emphatic language of Scripture, "That in the midst of life he was in death." It was plain that when most kind they were not the least to be feared, for they seldom kept in the same mind for many hours together. At length, however, this frightful state of suspense seemed to be drawing to a conclusion. Two days after the scene just described, "Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfulest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after, from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then, Powhatan, more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James Town to send him two great gunnes and a gryndstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne, Nantagoud." The captain acceding to this proposition, the refusal of which would probably have cost him his life upon the spot, he was sent to James Town with twelve guides. Contrary even now to his expectations, they did not put him to death by the way, and the next morning they reached the fort in safety, when according to his promise, he presented his late captors with two demi-culverins and a mill-stone.

But "they found them somewhat to heavie. When they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe that the poore salvages ran away halfe dead with feare." Wisely, as well as good-naturedly, Smith endeavoured to tranquillize them, and having with some difficulty succeeded, he gave them a variety of toys that sent them all away in high contentment. And well it was for the colonists that he did so, for "now, ever once in four or five days, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that else for all this had starved with hunger."

The savages were not the worst or most dangerous foes he had to deal with. Another conspiracy was formed among the discontented spirits of the colony to run off with the pinnace and attempt the voyage homeward; but this scheme also he defeated, as he had done the others, by firing upon the hoat with so much skill and determination as compelled the mutineers to yield, if they did not prefer being sunk. Enraged at being thus haffled, and looking upon Smith as the only hindrance to their wishes, they took counsel with the president to put him to death by the Levitical law, under pretence that it was by his fault the two men had been murdered whom he took with him in the canoe: but he soon laid by

the heels these expounders of the Mosaic code, and so kept them till he had an opportunity of sending the prisoners to England.

No linnet ever stuck to his rock more pertinaciously than did our unconquerable captain to Virginia; and it must be owned that his undeviating success in every thing he undertook, fully justified this confidence in his own resources. In addition to the supplies afforded by the kindness of Pocahontas, he was continually receiving presents from their kings, as he calls their chiefs, while, for "the rest, he, as their market-clarke, set the price himself, how they should sell, so he had enhanced these poore soules, being their prisoner."

This favourable disposition was confirmed and increased by the verifying of his prediction in the return of Captain Newport, and almost at the exact time he had foretold, so that they esteemed him for an oracle. Here, again, the petty jealousy of his companions stept in to their own disadvantage, no less than his. By way of raising their estimation with the savages, they gave them four times as much for their commodities as Smith had appointed by his tariff; and the evil thus produced was not a little augmented by the license given to the seamen to truck and trade without restriction of any kind. Their improvident liberality in a short time so raised the price of every thing, that a pound of copper would no longer buy what had before been gladly given for an ounce. No one produced more mischief to the colony in this way than Captain Newport himself, who, in his extreme desire to enhance his dignity with Powhatan, had from the first been unbounded in his presents. So far as he was alone concerned, the plan no doubt answered. Powhatan became desirous of seeing one who, from his gifts, he concluded must be of the highest importance; and in compliance with these wishes, Captain Newport set out in the pinnace accompanied by Smith, though, when it came to the point, "a great coyle there was to set him (Newport) forward."

The emperor received his guests with infinite state and pomp, "straining himselfe to the utmost of his greatnesse to entertaine them, with great shouts of joy, orations of protestations, and with the most plenty of victualls he could provide to feast them. Sitting upon his bed of mats, his pillow of leather imbrodered (after their rude manner, with pearle and white beads), his attyre a faire robe of skiunes as large as an Irish mantell; at his head and feate a handsome young woman; on each side his house sat twentie of his concubines, their heads and shoulders painted red, with a great chaine of white beads about each of their neckes. Before those sat his chiefest men in like order in his arbour-like house, and more than fortie platters of fine bread stood as a guard in two fyles on each side the door. Foure or five hundred people made a guard behinde them for our passage; and proclamation was made none upon paine of death to presume to doe us any wrong or discourtisie."

After two or three days had been spent in feasting, the wily savage thought it time to come to business—all this civility being intended only for a prelude to incline the Europeans to greater liberality in their dealings. To do him justice, the most practical diplomatist could not have set about the matter more craftily. Pretending that it was beneath his dignity to trade as his subjects did, he said to Captain Newport, "lay downe all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in recompence give you what I thinke fitting their value." The captain

was simple enough to be taken in by this proposal, the consequence of which was, an immediate rise of a hundred per cent. on the imperial market. Smith, who had witnessed this transaction with high indignation, determined, if possible, to turn the tables upon his host. For this purpose, "he glanced in the eyes of Powhatan," some blue beads, and so dexterously did he manage, that in a short time the Indian was dying to possess them. But "Smith seemed so much the more to affect them, as being composed of a most rare substance of the colour of the skyes, and not to be worne but by the greatest kings in the world. This made him half madde to be the owner of such strange jewells," and in the end he gave two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound of blue beads, and, moreover, parted from his guests on the most friendly footing.

They now returned to James Town, and notwithstanding much damage was done to some of the colonists by an accidental fire, they would have fared well enough, but that the ship stayed fourteen weeks when there was no occasion for her staying so many days, by which the greater part of their stores were consumed. To make matters much worse, instead of attending to the cultivation of the soil, while the ship yet remained, they employed their time in collecting a sort of yellowish isinglass, which they mistook for gold dust. And now "there was no talke, no hope, no worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, loode gold,—such a bruit of gold, that one mad fellow desired to be buried in the sands least they should by their art make gold of his bones." Smith did all in his power to allay this golden epidemic, but the major part of the people siding with the president, "his hornes were too short;" and his only satisfaction was, when the ship sailed, "that not having use of parliaments, plaies,* petitions, admiralls, recorders, interpreters, chronologers, nor justices of peace, he sent Master Wingfield and Captain Archer home, that had ingrossed all these titles, to seeke some better place of imployment."

Here, for the present, we must drop anchor. In our next we hope to resume our American voyage in company with the worthy captain.

* Plaies, i. e. *pleas*.

DAVIE CAMPBELL:

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR HARRY BURRARD NEALE, DURING THE
LAST WAR, WHILE ATTENDING ON HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.
AT WEYMOUTH.

A NUMBER of years ago, there lived in a small village of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, a family named Campbell, consisting of a man and his wife, who were considerably beyond middle life, and their only son, a boy of fourteen years of age. The Campbells had retired on a trifle realized in trade, and their only care now centered in their child, David. Davie, as they called him, was not an ill lad, but he was a little flighty and wilful, as most only sons are, from over indulgence. In particular, it was somewhat grievous that he manifested a poor taste for learning, and greatly preferred playing with mimic boats on Duddingston Loch to attending the parish school. The truth was Davie's young imagination had been fired with the ambition of being a sailor, in consequence of listening to tales of sea-life related by old Sandy M'Taggart, now a jobbing gardener in the village, but in former days a mariner on board the British fleet.

Of course, like all boys who go crazy about a sea-life, Davie Campbell knew nothing of the hardships of the profession, and looked to the supposed pleasures of sailing about the ocean, and seeing strange and distant parts of the globe. Accident effected what his parents never would have permitted. In company with old Sandy, he went on a little pleasure voyage on the Firth of Forth, and on landing at night at Leith, they were seized by a pressgang, and taken on board a man-of-war vessel lying in the roads. In the morning, when the age of Sandy was ascertained, he was dismissed; but Davie, it can scarcely be said against his will, was entered on the ship's books.

What a dreadful blow was this to the Campbells! Their only hope in life vanished. As soon as they came to their senses, they set off for Leith to make inquiries as to the ship, and, if possible, to bring home their son. Their excursion was useless. The ship was gone, and no one could tell whither. What a melancholy evening was that in the once happy cottage! The demon War had carried off its victim. But a long succession of melancholy days followed: three years elapsed, and, yet, not one word was received from the lost son. Had the unhappy pair possessed a reasonable knowledge of the world, they might have found means to discover whether Davie was in the land of the living, and in what vessel he was rated. But they were simple in manners, and had little knowledge of business. Oppressed with their feelings of bereavement, they seem to have considered that no other means of discovering their lost son was open to them but that of personal inquiry. Confirmed in this idea, they actually at length set off on a pilgrimage in quest of their boy.

We are writing of an incident which occurred when the process of travelling was considerably different from what it is at present. The notion of the Campbells was, that they would somehow get intelligence of their son

in London, and to the metropolis, therefore, they bent their way; taking places in a waggon, which was to perform the journey in little more than a fortnight. The way was long and dreary; but love and hope imparted a ray of cheerfulness to the travellers, and at last, with unabated determination, they arrived in the vast metropolis. Fortunately, the waggoner was an honest man, and before he left them, he saw them comfortably housed in a respectable though humble inn in the city, where they might recover from their fatigue before they commenced their search on the morrow. Scarcely had the itinerant venders of milk, watercresses, and other necessities and luxuries commenced their daily cries, than the old couple sallied forth, supporting each other's steps; and, by making numerous inquiries, at last found their way down to the river's side. Here, to their inexpressible disappointment, they discovered only a crowd of small schooners, brigs, and cutters, for it was in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate; and even they could discern that such were not the craft they could hope to find their son on board. They were told, however, that larger ships were moored lower down the river; so, after returning to their inn to breakfast, they once more set out in their search.

This time they reached a part of the river below the Tower of London, where the docks are now to be found. Here they saw a number of large ships; but when they asked if any of them were king's ships, some people laughed at them, others thought them silly, and scarcely deigned an answer; nor for a long time could they obtain any information to guide their proceedings. At last a seaman, who was standing on the quay chewing his quid, turned round as they were making inquiries of some other persons, and, in good honest Scotch, asked them what they wanted, telling them that the chances were that those they spoke to did not comprehend a word they said. The old people, highly delighted at finding a countryman, and one who appeared willing to assist them, were not long in explaining their wishes.

"If your son has gone on board a man-of-war you will not find him here," replied the honest sailor. "You must seek for him at Portsmouth or Plymouth; but to tell you the truth, I don't see that you have much chance of finding him. A hundred to one that you may have to travel half round the world before you fall in with him. However, if you are determined to look after him, go down to one of those ports, and make inquiries on board all the ships there, and perhaps you may find some one who knows him." So good did this advice appear to Campbell and his wife, that they determined to follow it, and thanking the Scotch sailor for his kindness, they immediately returned to their inn.

On making inquiries, they found that the Portsmouth van, which was to start the next morning, was full, but there was one about to set off for Southampton—a town, they were told, on the sea, close to Portsmouth; and as their geographical knowledge was not very extensive, they fancied that they were as likely to find their son at the one place as at the other. So eager were they to proceed, that on the same evening they commenced their journey.

In those times coaches occupied the best part of twenty-four hours in performing the journey between London and Southampton, and light vans, as they were called, upwards of two days; so that the patience of the old couple was tried considerably before they reached the latter town. Eagerly they hurried down to the water's edge to look for a king's ship:

but not one was to be seen in the harbour. Mournfully they stood gazing on the lovely expanse of the Southampton water; for they were strangers in a strange land, and there was no one to help them. Those were stirring times; there were few idlers on the quay to answer their questions; so they once more turned their steps to the inn where the van had deposited them. Here they found the driver, who, having a friend just about to start with his waggon for Poole, recommended them to go by it, as he affirmed that they were there more likely to find ships than at any other port.

"But we are wishing to go to a place called Portsmouth or Plymouth, where the bigships come, said old Campbell.

"And Poole is on the way there," answered the rascally waggoner, who, provided he got his fare, cared little for the inconvenience to which the old couple might be put. The result, at all events, was, that to Poole they went. Poole is a town in Dorsetshire, on the coast, close to Hampshire, and from it the high cliffs of the Isle of Wight at the entrance of the Solent are clearly seen. A river with low mud banks flows past it, but is not navigable for vessels of any size; so that when the anxious parents hurried down to the quay, they were again doomed to suffer the bitter pangs of disappointment.

Thinking that the nearer they got to the sea, the nearer they should be to him whom they sought, they walked to the very end of the wharf extending along the side of the river, their eyes wandering over the blue shining waters of the Channel, now rippled over only by a gentle summer breeze from the north. While standing there, they were accosted by a fisherman whose boat was made fast to the quay.

"What are you looking after, master and mistress?" he asked.

"We want to find our son, sir—our only son—who is in some king's ship; but though we have already wandered many a weary mile, we have not yet met with any one who can tell us where he is to be found," answered the dame.

"Well, it's no easy job you will have to find him among the hundreds of ships in the navy," said the fisherman. "But if you want to go on board a king's ship, there's one now just coming out by the Needle Passage, and mayhap you will find your son on board of her. Now, if you will give me ten shillings, I will run you alongside of her with this breeze in no time.

"And is that truly a king's ship?" exclaimed the old people together, looking towards the spot to which the fisherman pointed. "Heaven be praised if we should find our son on board of her!"

"There's no doubt about her being a king's ship, and a fine frigate to boot," answered the fisherman; and in that respect he spoke the truth, though his only object in inducing them to embark was to get their money. Without for a moment considering the expense, and forgetting all their fears of the water, they eagerly took their seats in the boat, which was only just large enough to bear them safely; and the fisherman, loosening his sails, ran down the river, and shaped his course so as to cut off the frigate, which was standing close-hauled along the coast.

The frigate seen by our old friends was the *San Fiorenzo*, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, and was now on her way from Portsmouth to Weymouth to receive on board his Majesty King George III., of whom Sir Harry was most deservedly an especial favourite. The King was

at that time residing at Weymouth, to enjoy the benefit of sea-air, when he constantly made short excursions on the water on board the *San Fiorenzo*. As Sir Harry was pacing the quarter-deck, conversing kindly with some of his officers, he observed, some time after they cleared the Needles, a small boat standing out to sea.

"Where can that fellow be running to?" he asked of his first lieutenant. "Is he not making signals to us? Take your glass and see."

"Yes, sir; there are two people in her waving to us," answered the officer, after glancing through his telescope.

"It will not delay us long," observed Sir Harry, partly to himself; so "heave the ship to, Mr. —, and we will see what it is they want."

The main-topsail was accordingly thrown aback, and in two minutes more the boat with the old Campbells was alongside. A midshipman then hailed them, and asked them what they wanted.

Speaking both together they endeavoured to explain themselves.

"What is it the people in the boat want?" asked Sir Harry.

"They are a man and woman, and as far as I can make out, sir, they are asking for their son," replied the midshipman.

"Let them come on board, and we will hear what they have to say," said the kind-hearted captain; and with some little difficulty old Campbell and his wife were at length got on deck, and conducted aft to Sir Harry.

"For whom are you inquiring, my good people?" asked the captain.

"Our bairn, sir: our bairn!" answered the mother. "For many a weary day have we been looking for him, and never have our eyes rested on his face since the fatal morning when he was carried off from Leith."

"What is his name?" inquired Sir Harry.

"David, sir; David Campbell. He was called so after his father," answered the old dame.

"We have a man of that name on board," observed the first lieutenant to the captain. "He is in the watch below."

"Let him be called on deck," said Sir Harry; "and we will see if these good people acknowledge him as their son."

The name was passed along the deck below, and in a minute a fine, active youth was seen springing up the main-hatchway. A mother's eye was not to be deceived. It was her own Davie. "It is—it is my ain bairn!" she cried, rushing forward to meet him; and regardless of the bystanders, before the youth had recognised her, to his utter astonishment, she clasped him in her arms and covered his cheek with kisses.

Little more need be said. The Poole fisherman was dismissed, and old Campbell and his wife were allowed to remain with their son till the ship again sailed from Weymouth. Satisfied that their son was well and happy, they returned with contented hearts to their cottage at Duddingston, where young David some time after paid them a visit, and employed his time so well, before he again went to sea, in learning to write, that they never again had to remain long in suspense as to his welfare.

Sir Harry Burrard Neale used frequently to narrate the extraordinary circumstance of the old couple, without the slightest clue to guide them, discovering their long-lost son on board his ship. Indeed, the incident is so strange, that, unless vouched for by some such authority, it would not possibly be believed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONASTERY.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—Neither you, nor any of your readers, will, I hope, suspect me of intending the slightest disrespect to the genius of Sir Walter Scott if I venture to point out an error, into which he has been betrayed by trusting too much to his very retentive memory. The matter, as Pepys says of the rent in his cloak, is not much, but still it is as well to be correct even in trifles, if it were only for the sake of habit in things of more importance. This by way of excuse for myself, and not to impeach Sir Walter, who indeed, as we all know, has placed himself on so high a pedestal that even those who are most dexterous in throwing stones and mud at talent of any kind, might find it no easy thing to reach him.

In the novel of *THE MONASTERY*, the plot turns much upon a meeting between the youthful hero and the White Lady of Avenel. The former demands of the spirit a means of retorting the insults that he imagines his rival, Sir Piercie Shafton, has been heaping upon him, and the spirit in answer gives him a silver bodkin from her hair which she desires him to shew,

“When Piercie Shafton boasteth high.”

Upon this incident of the novel Sir Walter observes in a note,* “The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Piercie Shafton by presenting him with a bodkin indicative of his descent from a tailor is borrowed from a German romance by Treck, called *Das Poter Manchen* (*Poter Männchen*) i. e. *The Dwarf Poter*. This being who gives name to the tale is the *Burg-geist*, or *Castle Spectre*, of a German family, whom he assists with his advice, as he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But he is so unfortunate a counsellor that all his advice, though producing success in the immediate results, is in the issue attended with mishap and with guilt. The youthful baron, the owner of the castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady on account of his own superiority of descent. The lover repulsed and offended returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Poter how he may silence the count and obtain the victory in the argument the next time they enter on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron or pupil a horse-shoe, instructing him to give it to the count when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has its effect accordingly. The count, understanding it as an allusion to a misalliance of one of his ancestors with the daughter of a blacksmith, is thrown into a dreadful passion with the young lover, the consequences of which are the seduction of the young lady, and the slaughter of the father.”

* *Waverley Novels*, vol. xix., p. 355.

Singularly enough Sir Walter's memory has deceived him upon every point of this account. The work in question is not by Treck, who indeed neither would nor could have written any thing of the kind, but by Henry Spiess, a very inferior author, and a regular trader in tales of diablerie, which however he often endeavours to elevate, as he does in this case, by giving them the form of allegory. Whatever absurdities he may indite, and Meinherr Spiess is a perfect miracle in that way, he never fails to season them with a spice of morality. The unsuspecting reader, who has hargained for veritable diablerie, is led along by a series of supernatural events, that sooner or later are sure to turn out nothing more than so many allegorical shadows, the object of which, it must be owned, is much better than the execution, for his aim is at all times to convert the devil into a practical instructor of morals by shewing what misfortunes are sure to flow from keeping such bad company. This allegorical mode of handling the devil is indeed a very favourite one with German writers, from Göthe downwards, through Baron de le Motte Fonque, Apel, and many others till we come to the lower regions occupied by Meinherr Heinrich Speiss and his brethren. The plan is accompanied by this especial advantage, if the author is more than usually absurd, he has only to fling himself back upon his allegory, and plead that albeit his exoteric, or open meaning, is foolish enough, yet there is a deep esoteric or inward meaning, if the reader had but the wit to penetrate it.

Setting aside the allegory, the pivot, on which the German tale turns, more nearly approaches the *Monastery* than Sir Walter Scott in his imperfect recollection of it seems to have imagined. The provocation was not exhibited in the form of a horse shoe, nor had the misalliance contracted with the daughter any relation to a blacksmith. The ancestor of the German count, like the ancestor of Sir Piercie Shafton, was a tailor; and the talisman, which provoked his ire, was cater-cousin to the White Lady's bodkin, being neither more nor less than a "Knaul-zwirn der um und um mit Nähnadeln gross und klein hesteckt war"—i.e. a skein of thread stuck full of needles, large and small. Neither was the trafficker in these articles an unlucky counsellor, or a castle-spectre; he was *bona fide* a devil, whose object was to lead his victim, Rudolph, gradually on from bad to worse till he finally qualifies him for a seat in the infernal college. He begins by trying to persuade him that "slavery and marriage are two such synonymous terms that the best judge cannot distinguish them—"Sklaverei und Ehestand sind zwei so gleichbedeutende Ausdrücke, dass sie der grösste Kenner nicht zu unterscheiden weiss." He then gives Rudolph the needles and thread just mentioned, and Rudolph, as he is directed, shews them to the count under the idea of winning his favour. They produce however quite the contrary effect, throwing him into a mighty rage, which ends by his ejecting the lover from his castle with little ceremony. The latter then returns home, no less furious against his adviser; but not being able to meet with him, is on the sudden seized with a violent fever from want of some object to vent his wrath upon. In the height of this distemper the Peter-Manikin again makes his appearance, and very artfully persuades him that the best thing he can possibly do is to marry the lady without asking any other consent than her own. All things are arranged accordingly, but at the very crisis when the secret marriage should take place, the treacherous Peterkin so contrives it that the castle-chaplain falls sick, the consequence of which

is the seduction and death of the intended bride, and the murder of her father.

Having dipped Rudolph thus deep in crime, the tempter next puts on a very sanctified air, and preaches the poor fellow a sermon upon his sins with so much unction that he is absolutely ashamed to look his reprover in the face. Of all the masks that human wit has ever fashioned for the devil this is certainly one of the most original. So completely is Rudolph deceived by it that he is melted into a sudden fit of repentance, in which excellent disposition he pays a visit to the grave of his beloved, and would no doubt have reformed altogether had not diabolus had a card in reserve, borrowed from the story of the widow of Ephesus, but reversed, and the widow turned into a wife. To be brief, he sees the mourning spouse of a knight then in Palestine, forgets the sleeper in the grave, falls in love with the new face, and takes her home to his castle.

In due time the husband returns from the Holy Land, and discovering his wife's infidelity brings her for judgment before the assembled nobles, when she is condemned to death. In the meanwhile Rudolph is searching everywhere for his lost paramour, roaming through wold and forest till he stumbles upon his old friend, Peterkin, chained to a rock like Prometheus of old, though without the accompaniment of a vulture. Here again, as we often find is the case, the devil so potent to help others is little able to help himself, and not being able by his own skill to break these fetters, he bargains to save the condemned if the knight will only set him free. The proposal is accepted, his chains are struck off, but so faithless does he prove to his contract that Rudolph arrives but just in time to see the head rolling from the body of his mistress. Strange to say this breaks no squares between the friends, the less so perhaps as the artful Peterkin leaves his protégé no time for reflection, but flings a fresh temptation in his way, which is only resisted for the moment because he feels himself bound both in honour and conscience to seek out the husband of the defunct and dispatch him. At this crisis his better genius, or virtue, appears in the shape of an old woman, and attempts to put him in the right path; but giving the lady, or spirit, or genius, or whatever else she may be, all due credit for the goodness of her intentions, still much cannot be said in favour of her judgment; old women are by no means attractive instructors for young men, and we are not at all surprised at her failing upon this occasion, although for the better securing of her refractory pupil she locks him up in a high tower. Into this allegorical stronghold of virtue, of course Peterkin is unable to penetrate, so he whispers his temptations through the window-bars, assuring Rudolph that if he will only commit one little peccadillo the doors will open of themselves. True it is that the allegory somewhat limps here—but when did allegory ever keep steadily on its feet for long together?

It would be useless, or at least foreign to my present purpose to pursue the story through all its details. The end is that Beelzebub having cheated Rudolph in a contract for thirty years, appears in person to demand livery and seisen in virtue of his bargain. To this Rudolph naturally enough demurs; he denies the justice of the claim made upon him, and would fain plead his penitence in acquittal. To this Beelzebub replies by calling in Peterkin as a witness, and having by right diabolical constituted himself both judge and accuser, finds that he has good and lawful claim to the soul of the unlucky knight. But as the kernel

cannot be got at without first cracking the shell, he dashes the culprit's body against the walls, and flies off with the spirit.

I have but one more remark to add. Sir Walter Scott concludes the note referred to by saying, "If we *suppose* the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of our human nature—that law in our members which was against the law of our minds—the work forms an ingenious allegory."—Now there is no occasion for any doubt or supposition upon the subject. Spiess is himself at some pains to expound the secret meaning of his allegory. Not satisfied with this, he then goes on to shew that his tale is also historical, there really having been such a person as his hero, under the name of Rudolph of Westerburg, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and fell into exceeding bad odour with the monks of a certain convent, he having taken back by force and without paying the redemption-money, the lands pawned by his ancestors to the monastery. There was also a prototype of the Peter-Mannikin in an old dwarf, whom Rudolph's father had brought from Palestine, and whom Rudolph had taken for his confidant and counsellor although he was no Christian. Bating that he did not possess devilish power, he did everything that we find attributed in the romance to dwarf Peter. By the interference of the emperor, Rudolph was compelled to give up the lands again to the monks, at which he was so highly offended that he betook himself to Palestine. After the lapse of a few years he returned accompanied by a man of gigantic stature, whom the people held for a magician, but who was probably the captain of a powerful band of robbers. With him he concluded a league, and as they possessed great wealth, they soon collected about them the more dissolute and ferocious of the neighbouring knights, and carried on so extensive a system of robbing and violence that the giant, who was the leader in their expeditions, acquired with all good people the name of *Monksdevil*. At length the general cry became so loud against them that the whole force of the empire, secular and spiritual, was united to put them down, and so successfully, that the band was broken up, and Rudolph himself fled to Thuringia, where in a fit of frenzy he flung himself from his castle walls, and was dashed to pieces.

C. V.

SONNET.

THE following Sonnet, by W. De Rythre, Esq., was suggested by the circumstances connected with the death of Brigadier-General Pennicnick, and that of his heroic son, Ensign Alexander Pennicuick, of her Majesty's 23rd Regiment, as detailed in the annexed statement, extracted from the "British Army Despatch," of the 17th March, 1849.

"The 24th Regiment marched on the 13th of January against the Sikh army. It was unsupported—exposed to the full sweep of the Sikh batteries, and to the deadly play of their destructive musketry.

More than one half the regiment went down in ten minutes: the remainder still stricken by the artillery—assailed by thousands of infantry, and menaced by swarms of cavalry, could no longer keep their ground. General Pennicnick had fallen, and two soldiers attempted to carry him, while still breathing; but the Sikhs pressed them so closely, that, unable to contend, they dropped their honourable burden, and drew back.

The gallant boy, the son of the noble dead, only seventeen years old, now first aware of his misfortune, sprang forward—sword in hand, bestrode his father's body for a moment, and then fell—a corpse—across it!"

Where famed Hydaspes rolls his ancient flood,—

Where fought the Grecian victor of the world,

War wakes again, and pours heroic blood.

Anidst the lethal shower there densely hurled

By rampant strife, in honour's grandest mood,

The laurelled sire and son—whilst round them curled

Death's wreathing sulphur-shroud—undaunted stood

'Neath England's flag, in floating folds unfurled.

The chieftain falls, whilst his retiring band

Fast sink beneath red battle's whelming tide;—

His glorious child, instinct with pious pride,

Forth bounding from the shattered column, sword in hand

Across that bleeding body dared to stand,

Whereon by hosts assailed, a deathless death he died

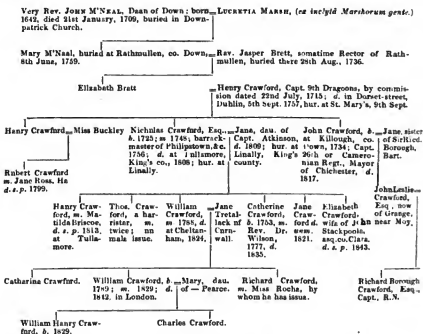
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

.....Co. Armagh, 7th Oct., 1849.

SIR,—In your number of the “St. James's Magazine” for the present month, there is a statement of William Smith O'Brien's descent from the celebrated Lord Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

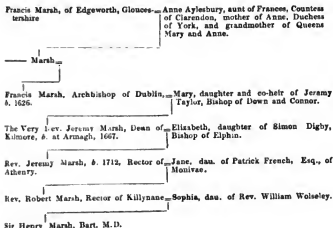
The branch of the family of Crawford, from which I descend, claim kindred with the Chancellor through our ancestress, Lucretia Marsh, who was closely related to the Hydes, and through them, to the sovereigns of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen Mary II, and Queen Anne. My object in addressing this letter to you, is, to ascertain whether any of your readers, versed in genealogical lore, can supply the precise link which connects the said Lucretia with the Chancellor's family. The following particulars of the descent are unquestionable:



The inscription on the monument erected to Dean M'Neal, in Down Church, describes him as “claris natalibus oriundus;” and of his wife, Lucretia Marsh, who is

inferred along with him, the same record says, "Lucretia, ex inclytâ Marshorum gente."

Many of the minor circumstantial traditions that illustrate or embellish a pedigree, are in our family; such as the wedding gifts of a splendid dress and a cabinet being presented by Queen Anne (then Princess), to her cousin, Lucretia, on the marriage of the latter with M'Neal. I now proceed to shew you the mode in which I believe the present Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., of Dublin, claims kindred with the Hydes, and through them, with Queens Mary and Anne.



Now, Sir, any reader of yours, who can ascertain the exact position of Lucretia Marsh in the family pedigree, will very much oblige me by communicating his information.

Your faithful servant, C.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—The writer of the very interesting "Wanderings by the Bandon River" in the first number of your periodical, ascribes the erection of Ballinacarrig Castle in Carbery to "Randal MacCarthy," on the faith of the initials "R. M.," still to be seen on a stone in the upper chamber of the castle; and on this ground, he dissents from Charles Smith, the historian of Cork, who says it was built by "Randal Oge Hurley."

The initials, however, would just as well suit the latter name, which in Irish is *Murilly*; add to which, the whole tribe of Hurleys in that district are familiarly known in the popular language of the country, as "*muintir na Carrig*;" "the people of the rock;" which accords with the notion that Ballina-Carrig was once the principal abode of their chieftain. I therefore think the author of the "Wanderings" may perhaps have been precipitate in dissenting from Smith. It is, however, certain, that the M'Carthys in former days possessed large estates in that district. Possibly some of your readers may have accurate information as to who the founder of the castle really was. It was built in 1585.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

SCRUTATOR.

To the Editor of the St. James's.

SIR—The insertion of my communication referring to Lord Clarendon and Mr. Smith O'Brien, in your last Number, encourages me to send you a few more "Curiosities of Genealogy," and I shall continue to supply occasionally similar contributions until the subject, or rather the patience of your readers is exhausted.

It has often occurred to me that a very interesting Paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr. Borlase remark that "the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have, their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline and death." Take for example the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevills, the three most illustrious names on the Roll of England's Nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in Royal position, in personal achievement, our HENRYS and our EDWARDS? and yet we find the great great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a COBBLER! at the little town of Newport in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the Royal Arms, it would soon be discovered that

"The aspiring blood of Lancaster"

had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the Royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, hatcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square.

The last male representative of the great Dukes of Buckingham, Roger Stafford, born at Malpas in Cheshire, about the year 1572, was refused the inheritance of his family honours on account of his poverty, and sunk into utter obscurity. This unfortunate youth went by the name of Fludd; indignant that his patronymic of Stafford should be associated with his humble lot.

Of the Nevills—the direct heir in the senior line, Charles, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, lived to an advanced age in the low countries "meanly and miserably," and George Nevill, who was created Duke of Bedford by King Edward IV., that he might be of suitable rank to espouse the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, was eventually degraded from all titles and rank, on the ground of indigence.

One more instance of a peer's decadence, and I have done. Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw John, Earl of Traquair, the cousin and courtier of King James VI., "hegging in the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1661." "He was," (these are Fraser's own words) "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and panniers breeches, and I contributed in my quarters in the Canongate towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he was standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant."

Your well wisher,

HERALDICUS.

THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

BOSCOBEL; A HISTORY.*

By JOHN HAY.

XII.

CALM and serene were the outcast's slumbers in the secret room at Moseley Hall for the remainder of the night of Sunday, the 7th of September, and far, far into the Monday morning. The happy contrast of his circumstances,—the undisturbed security of the last night-march—the liberal increase of personal comforts—and last, though not least, the constant peril which, now that it was past, made quietness seem security—all concurred to make the king's slumber at Moseley a complete self-abandonment, during which even dreams could not invade the cloistered security of Charles's position. But if "Queen Mab" had been with him that night, and instead of displaying the future, that "fairy's midwife" had shown the phantasmagoria of the past, what a startling series of "dissolving views" must have confused the slumberer's faculties. For look at the events, and say whether there were ever such a "set of slides" used to embellish any optical illusion whatever. Wednesday comes with a fierce and bloody conflict—its evening follows with a terrible panic, and a forced and perilous flight. The morning which should bring security, brings scarcely hope, and the dripping and drooping Spring Coppice shews the outlaws anything but "merrie under the greenwood tree." Thursday night exhibits a painful march into Shropshire; and Friday gives a shadowy luxuriant indulgence in the straw of a Royal barn. Night brings again its apparently necessary journey, and Saturday has its unique picture of a sovereign perched from morn till eve in the branches of an oak. The sabbath has come and passed away, and left its calm and holy influence, and the evening has seen the fugitive pass unquestioned and undisturbed from one security to another and a better, till he is fed, and clothed, and lodged, and attended in such sort as makes the regal blood once more circulate freely. Strange visions! Striking events! Does the uncrown'd

* Continued from p. 179.

King dream thus? or have grief and danger deadened Royal imagination, and does Charles rest in the unmoved torpidity of a lowly clown, sleeping easily because his head does *not* wear a crown?

Never mind. The calm sleep found joyful waking, and the wanderer rose as a giant refreshed. Well was the guard kept round Moseley all Monday and Tuesday, and constant was the communication kept with Bentley. The two trusty Penderels still continued their services, and Charles shewed no more impatience or anxiety than if the land he lived in still lovingly called him Lord. Squire Whitgreave's mother resided at Moseley, and between her and the king an attachment, certainly platonic, appears to have quickly sprung up. She comforted him, and employed his mind, and with the squire himself, as an occasional companion, and with books from the old library there, the King found his time pass almost too agreeably.

A favourite—because a secure—spot for the King was a little chamber over the porch of the old hall: from thence he could discern the road from Wolverhampton to Stafford, and spied many stragglers from Worcester fight, who being of the Royalist army, and consequently fugitives, or being of the irregulars of the Parliamentary force, and consequently disbanded, were now seeking either their own homes, or some “pastures new.” Some of these having apparently a knowledge of Moseley, turned up the drive to beg at the house-door, and the King, from his resting place, could hear as well as see them.

Tuesday evening brought a regular alarm. A party of Roundhead soldiery turned from the public road up to the door of Madeley. But there was no deficiency of watch and ward, and though Charles was sitting in forgetful ease in the parlour of the house, he had ample time to remove to his secret cell before even the foe reached the door.—There was a man lived in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, named Southall, whose exertions in carrying out the provisions of the Penal Acts against Romanists, were so remarkable, that he was commonly known by the name of “The Priest-catcher.” He had on this occasion a party of soldiers at his disposal, and had two great objects in view. One to discover if Mr. Whitgreave had himself been at Worcester fight, and another to strive to seize some clue to the King's position—for, as I have before stated, his progress up to a certain period, had been ascertained with a degree of certainty, that left small space for doubt.

This was not the first time Squire Whitgreave had his self-possession tested, and he was on this occasion enabled to baffle the Priest-catcher's wiles, and to entirely avoid the snare for himself, while he saved his King. And, finally, on Tuesday evening, Colonel Lane arrived from Bentley, bringing a horse for the King, but not approaching Moseley Hall, lest some suspicion should be excited—waiting in an orchard for the poor pilgrim, and making a concerted signal for his appearance. It is to be presumed that old Mrs. Whitgreave had carefully studied the King's tastes while under the same roof with him, for before parting, “she stuffed his pockets with sweetmeats.” Father Huddlestone, who felt in his own frame the searching coolness of the autumn night, lent Charles his own cloak—and both Whitgreave and Huddlestone knelt at their King's feet at parting—not only to salute the Royal hand, but with earnest tears that would not be restrained to offer up prayers, fresh and warm from the heart's core, for the safety and success of the wanderer.

The last adieus are spoken—Moseley is left behind, and Charles rides through the dark night with another of his loyal subjects, and by midnight is safely ensconced in one of the servants' apartments at Bentley.

XIII.

The slumbers of the fugitive were broken at an early hour on the morning of Wednesday, September 10th, for Colonel Lane had to give him an important lesson. Clothes had been prepared for him, and a fresh costume was donned—a suit of ordinary homespun grey, such as was worn by the farmers of the neighbourhood. Will Jones the woodman of Boscobel, descends from the scene by the "trap," and enter "William Jackson, son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants." It would be a pretty sight to see the Colonel acting as gooom of the chamber on this occasion, and to think how amusing the new transformation must be to the light-hearted King. I fancy I see him taking a pride in benefiting by the sedate Colonel's teaching, and resolving what a pattern groom he would be. But the Colonel was not satisfied with mere verbal teaching,—he knew the vital importance of the King's passing unsuspected of being ought *but* a groom; so, after clothing and directing him, he led him to the stable, and made him perform all the details of his new duty. This is a study for the imagination. The high-born and loyal colonel, with his chivalric deference to his Sovereign, more than redoubled by his Sovereign's painful position, compelled to teach menial details in a very limited space of time. "May it please your Majesty to take up the saddle—so—and place it so. If your gracious Majesty should do as you are now doing, it would be actually necessary for a gentleman to lay his whip across your shoulders." Yes, this must have been a delicate and distinctive lesson, and one hardly knows which to admire most, the teacher Colonel or the pupil King. I can almost fancy that some of the Colonel's most grave warnings would be touching the due deference to be shewn by a groom to his young mistress. The King clearly shewed afterwards, that whether Colonel Lane had taught it or no, he had learnt that lesson perfectly.

Thoroughly taught in his new vocation,—finding, apparently, a Royal road to the learning of a groom, the King now mounted the nag which bore Jane Lane's pillion and rode steadily up to the front door of Bentley to take up "his young mistress." But he had an old mistress too, and as she was kept profoundly ignorant of the masquerading, she favoured poor Charles with a taste of her authority, for it appears that in assisting Miss Lane to mount her steed, he gave her the wrong hand, which immediately brought down upon him the rebuke and ridicule of Mrs. Lane (the colonel's mother), who doubted very much the taste and prudence of her son in selecting an untaught clown to accompany his sister across the kingdom.

But at last all is arranged, and the party is setting forth. A sister of Colonel Lane was wedded to Mr. Petre, a Buckinghamshire gentleman, and the pair had been visiting Bentley, and were on their return. They rode for a considerable distance with Miss Lane, but had no knowledge of the King's presence. A Mr. Lascelles, who was also at Bentley, was taken into the secret for many reasons, and accompanied the party on his own horse; and as a sort of collateral security, Lord Wilmot and Colonel Lane, with several attendants mounted also; and accompanied by dogs as if for

a sporting party, rode out at the same time, and though not on or in immediate sight of the road by which the travellers went, yet for two or three hours they managed to keep nearly on a parallel line and within hail of the main body in case of alarm.

But no alarm was excited, though an accident threatened delay, and aptly illustrated the King's presence of mind.

About two hours after the start, the horse on which the King and his fair companion rode, cast a shoe, and it was necessary to stop at the first smithy to have the defect repaired. During the operation, a conversation naturally sprung up between "William Jackson" and the smith, in the course of which the lusty son of Vulcan indulged in some free remarks upon the conduct of "that rogue, Charles Stuart," and expressed his regret that he had not been captured. Poor Charles joined in this gratifying conversation with apparent ease, and said, with much emphasis, that "he deserved all he got, for bringing the beggarly Scots into England." After the completion of the shoeing, the party again set forward, and an hour or two after arrived at Wootton. But on the point of entering the town, they espied what would have made the boldest turn pale, and that was—a troop of Republican cavalry halting to refresh. Mr. Petre, though unaware of the character of one, at least, he travelled with, was sufficiently alarmed on his own account, as a Royalist, to turn aside up a convenient lane; but the King, with his fair companion and Mr. Lascelles, had the courage and coolness to pass steadily on, and rode through the straggling and dismounted troop unharmed and unsuspected. No pause was made in Wootton, and on the south side of the town Mr. Petre again joined the royal party, and rode with them through Stratford. Soon after, the Petres left them to return into Bucks; and about four miles beyond Stratford the party halted, as arranged, at the mansion of Long Marston, where a trusty friend of Colonel Lane's dwelt.

XIV.

Long Marston was the residence of a Mr. Tombs; but, though his hospitality was accepted on this occasion, the perilous secret of the King's presence was not confided to him. Here, then, Charles was left to his own ingenuity to preserve his disguise; for, while Mr. Tombs entertained Mr. Lascelles and Miss Lane, "William Jackson the groom" was introduced to the kitchen, after having first given proper attention to the steeds. Seated there while the cook was preparing the bountiful meal for her master's guests, she called upon the stranger to assist her, by winding up the jack. Charles, after one or two bungling pretences, was obliged to confess that he could not, from ignorance, perform the difficult operation; and the cook, with the true cook's redhot temper, rated him soundly, and told him she had not a doubt but he would be active and clever enough in eating the victuals, though he was too stupid or lazy to assist in cooking them. Charles answered, and must have chuckled inwardly, that he was but the son of a poor tenant of Colonel Lane's, and they rarely had roast meat at *their* poor house. His quiet manner and plausible story pacified the cook, and his clumsiness was forgiven and forgotten. The fugitive must have felt a pleasurable contrast, even in his menial position, between this Wednesday night and the last, when he was flying from his fierce foe, and

glad of the shelter of the Spring Coppice ; and, habituated as he had become to his position, he slept soundly and easily in the humble bed allotted to Jane Lane's groom.

On the following (Thursday) morning, the party again set forward on their prescribed route, without any danger, or even alarm, being encountered ; though their precautions and anxieties were increased, for they were now passing through a part of the realm where the populace was most favourable to the Commonwealth. Passing Camden, they rested for the night at Cirencester at an inn. Here Lascelles arranged for his "servant" to sleep on a truckle-bed in his own room ; and when he had retired and made fast his door, the King occupied the better bed, and Lascelles slept on the "truckle."

On Friday, September 12th, a long and important march was made. They rode through Bristol unobserved and in due time reached Abbot's Leigh, the seat of Mr. Norton, and the proposed bourne of their hopes. Of course, in announcing her own intended visit, Miss Lane had made no particular mention of her servant, and it required some delicacy and discrimination to obtain for him some superior treatment more than belonged to his apparent degree without exciting suspicion in a time so especially suspicious. Miss Lane herself, who was not a stranger, applied to the butler, telling him that her attendant was a poor tenant's son of her brother's, and was just recovering from an ague, and begging for some comfort and privacy for him. The butler whose name was Pope—and his name deserves a record—secured poor Will Jackson a private room ; and this extreme condescension from a butler to a groom would appear strange, even in spite of the fair Jane Lane's winning interference, were it not for what follows. For Master Pope had at once recognised Royalty in the garb of servitude, and was proud and pleased to serve the King at any risk. Pope had held some post in the royal household when Charles was Prince of Wales, and he had also served as a soldier during the civil war. Prudently keeping his own council he did not that night even inform Miss Lane of his discovery but set himself stedfastly to work to increase the wanderer's comforts without appearing to take any lively interest in him ; and so managed that Charles both supped and slept alone, and supped and slept in comfort. In the morning such complete privacy could not be obtained, and the King arising with a glorious appetite sought the "buttery," and mixing with the household played an excellent part among the victuals and drink, of which there was bountiful profusion.

Among the servants present was one who had actually been at Worcester fight, and it chanced on the present remarkable occasion he chose to indulge himself and his fellows with a soldier's narrative of that eventful day. He had been in the King's own regiment, and praised him with all the rough energy of an eager partizan. His description of the King's conduct on that day so much awakened the interest of his audience that he was pressed to complete the picture by supplying the royal portrait. Nothing loth he gave many free strokes for the outline, and suddenly supplying the filling-in by saying, "Altogether he is a good deal like Will Jackson, *only he is at least two or three fingers taller !*" Poor Will Jackson scarcely admired being thus called upon to supply the royal features ; and owing, no doubt, to his invincible modesty he took the earliest opportunity of retiring, the more readily, perhaps, that he had by this time perfectly satisfied a by no means delicate appetite.

Pope, the butler, felt some alarm lest other and keener eyes should fancy Jane Lane's groom had a kingly countenance, and he therefore soon made known to Miss Lane that he had recognised the King. She, much alarmed, consulted with Lascelles, and they wisely determined to take Pope entirely into their council. He was, accordingly, formally introduced to Charles, and "kissed hands on his appointment as a Privy Councillor." Right honourable indeed was Pope in heart if not in title, and during the Royal rest at Abbot's Leigh he proved a sincere and unfearing friend, and an excellent and judicious adviser.

XV.

At Abbot's Leigh, in comfort and security, the king remained until Tuesday the 16th of September. As Jane Lane had not contemplated so long a stay, it was given out in the family that poor Will Jackson was so imperfectly recovered of his ague, as to need a little nursing; and as in those halcyon days tenants were, however poor, really the objects of the kind care of their liege lords and ladies, it was not deemed at all surprising that Jane Lane should evince such anxiety for "the son of a poor tenant of her brother." But these apparently idle four days at Abbot's Leigh were not squandered. Lord Wilmot, who had left Bentley and followed the King within easy distance, was now at Bristol, where he had made known to some tried friends the King's propinquity, and was striving to obtain a passage to the continent for him in some vessel then in harbour. Earnest and ceaseless were their endeavours, but not more earnest than vain. Bristol was then entirely in the hands of the Commonwealth, and the ships in the port afforded no feasible means of escape. This foiled, the Bristol scheme, like the Welsh coast scheme must be abandoned, and a fresh plan chalked out for a retreat. At the suggestion of Lord Wilmot the King was to seek for a time the secure hiding of Trent House, and to throw himself upon the honour and hospitality of the gallant Colonel Wyndham.

Trent House is in Somersetshire, between Castle Carey and Sherbourne, and not far from Yeovil. In it was a secure hiding place; for, though Colonel Wyndham was a Protestant, he had married the heiress of the Roman Catholic Gerards of Trent, and taken up his abode in her paternal mansion. Colonel Wyndham had served through all the civil war, but had retired to his own hearth after the beheading of Charles the First; and he was one of those who deemed the time was not yet come to strike a blow for royalty, and therefore had not joined the second Charles at Worcester.

All the arrangements for the King's reception at Trent were made by Lord Wilmot, who appears to have been so little known in this part of the kingdom, as to go about with but little precaution or disguise. Colonel Wyndham, who knew nothing of the King's fortunes since the day of the fatal field of Worcester, gladly engaged in his Majesty's cause, and at once placed his house and himself at his sovereign's disposal.

On Tuesday the 16th September, the King left Abbot's Leigh without a doubt arising as to the reality of poor aguish Will Jackson of Bentley. Again Miss Lane was seated behind her groom, and again Lascelles rode beside, as a gay escort of the lady. The journey was made without incident, and the night passed in security at an inn at Castle Cary.

Meanwhile, Colonel Wyndham took measures for securing the King's

comfort and safety, which, if they had not been perfectly successful, must have been characterized as indiscreet. He first communicated his secret to his own wife; next to his cousin, Juliana Coningsby, who was then staying with him; then to his trusty henchman, fellow-soldier, and body-servant, Henry Peters; and, last, and most remarkable of all, to two female domestics, named Eleanor Withers and Joan Halesnoth. Such unrestricted confidence sounds dangerous; but Colonel Wyndham believed he should require the co-operation of all; and the result proves the soundness of his trust in the fidelity of his dependants and followers.

On the morning of Wednesday the 17th of September, one fortnight after the morning of Worcester fight, the King and his companions set out from Castle Cary, and at about the same time Colonel Wyndham and his lady set out from Trent for a sauntering walk in the direction of the last-named town. Ere long, they were aware of a lady seated on horseback behind a pale and meanly-dressed young man, and accompanied by a stately and well dressed gentleman. There was an increased pulsation in the gallant Colonel's heart, as well as in that of his fair dame; but before the old soldier had fairly recognised his King, and while yet some distance from each other, the King recognised the Colonel, and, with a loud and cheery voice, he shouted, "Ah, Frank, Frank! and how dost thou do?" Joyful indeed was that meeting; great was the King's gladness, and large the Colonel's welcome. Jane Lane and Lascelles shared the general hilarity, and the party sped on to Trent, under most favourable auspices. Here Mrs. Wyndham determined that Jane Lane should be a "dear cousin" come to her on a brief visit, and that she should return, though without her groom, in the company of Lascelles on the morrow. The King was lodged in the private apartment of the lady of the mansion, because it communicated directly with the secret closet to which the Royal guest was to retire on any suspicious circumstance occurring. Nothing but sanguine anticipations are felt this night at Trent. The apparent absence of all alarm through the whole journey from Bentley, has evidently given to the easy-hearted King, a confidence which was, perhaps, too bold; and the meeting with an old fellow-soldier cavalier has brought the same exhilarating influences which had before stirred the King's blood, when he found the unconquerable Carliss at Boscobel. Hospitality spreads the table for the refreshment of the body, and Elegance and Intellect offer to the throneless King a charm which, even in his perilous circumstances, must have entirely banished for the time all doubt or anxiety.

Before the Monarch retired to his repose, Colonel Wyndham had suggested a means of escape by the nearest southern shore of the island, and promised to ride over in the morning to his neighbour, Sir John Strangeways, of Melbury, a fine Cavalier, and a more influential man than himself, to concert with him some scheme for the King's salvation.

XVI.

On Thursday, the 18th of September, Colonel Wyndham went to Melbury, a few miles to the S.W. of Trent, to seek an interview with Sir John Strangeways. In this he failed, but he found a son of Sir John's, who had held the rank of Colonel in the Royal Forces under

Prince Rupert, and who, though he could not give any advice that appeared to lead to any prospect of the King's escape, gave what was equally needed, namely—money. He sent one hundred pounds in gold by Colonel Wyndham for the King's service, and promised to make every exertion in his power to provide some means for the King's escape. It does not appear, however, that the services of Colonel Giles Strangways or of his father, Sir John, extended beyond the advancing of the pecuniary loan (or gift as it might be), for Colonel Wyndham was obliged to turn his thoughts in another direction, and obtain assistance from another quarter. It must not be forgotten for a moment that Lord Wilmot still remained in such proximity, that a very short period sufficed to bring him into communication with the King and those around him, and that he was incessantly employed in consulting with the known Cavaliers of the neighbourhood, and devising plans to ensure the King's safety. Where Wilmot lingered, or how he disguised himself, is not accurately known. The peril of the sovereign keeps the mental eye so entirely fixed on him, that one has not either time or inclination to watch the subtle and bold devices of Wilmot, who, nevertheless, so managed matters, that he pursued his steady purpose, and worked continually for the King's deliverance without exciting suspicion, either against himself or the King.

With many friends thus working incessantly in his behalf, the King remained in perfect security at Trent during the days following his arrival there, and on Saturday, the 20th of September, another highly dramatic incident occurred to grace this varied history. On that day, some troopers who had served in the army of Cromwell, and been at the battle of Worcester, being disbanded, returned to their own homes. In the village adjoining closely to Colonel Wyndham's mansion, this return gave rise to much excitement. The villagers gave vent to their highly wrought feelings by the usual English means:—the church bells were rung—a bonfire was lighted, and in the light of its blaze much good ale was jovially drunk on the village green. For the inhabitants were arrant Roundheads, and Colonel Wyndham must have been a most excellent man in his private character to have avoided the destruction of his property, or the invasion of his premises by the crowd of intoxicated zealots. But the cream of the jest is, that from the window of his hiding place, the King could not only see, but hear, all the Roundhead demonstrations, and he must have intensely relished the cool impudence of one of the returned soldiers, who told his greedy auditory that he, at Worcester, had killed the King with his own hand:—and producing a handsome buff coat, or upper military garment, he assured the gaping villagers that it had been the King's, and that he had taken it from his body. All this absurdity was eagerly swallowed by his enthusiastic auditory, who little deemed what eyes and ears had cognizance of their grand proceedings.

While this rich bit of farce was being enacted at Trent, the graver business of life was steadily progressing. Colonel Wyndham, guided by suggestions thrown out by friends in his own neighbourhood, had ridden forth to Lyme, a port on the coast of Dorsetshire, to seek counsel and aid from Captain Ellesdon.

Nor did he seek in vain, for Ellesdon immediately suggested an escape from the less known part of the shore between Lyme and Charmouth,

and pointed out the commander of a trading hoat as a likely man to give his services in the emergency "for a consideration." But Colonel Wyndham did not mention the King to Ellesdon, but merely said that he sought the means of escape for Lord Wilmot and *another unfortunate Cavalier*. This did not affect Ellesdon's earnestness, and he soon managed to obtain a confidential interview with Limhry, the sea-captain referred to, who was, in fact, a tenant of Ellesdon's, and as I have before stated, tenants were in those days bound by the strongest of ties to their chiefs. Ellesdon told Limhry that there were three or four gentlemen "who supported the King" who wanted to get to France, and that if he would convey them to the opposite shore he should have a handsome pecuniary reward, and though the service might be performed without any risk, it might ultimately become a source of great advantage. Limhry did not think much of the prospective benefit, but agreed to land the parties on the coast of France on condition of receiving £60, on which terms the bargain was concluded by Captain Ellesdon, who communicated the result immediately to Colonel Wyndham. It was finally arranged that the Cavaliers should proceed to Charmouth on Monday evening, and that after nightfall, Limhry's vessel should await them at a favourable part of the shore between Charmouth and Lyme, where they might embark unobserved; and to complete the plan, Peters, Colonel Wyndham's servant, went over to Charmouth and secured an apartment for Monday evening for "a runaway bridal party" who were trying to escape to France.

Full of confidence, Colonel Wyndham returned to Trent, and the ensuing Sabbath—like each that had passed since the flight from Worcester—was a day of rest and peace and promise!

XVII.

On Monday, September 22nd, the Royal forces marched from Trent. Charles now received some promotion, for instead of woodman, or groom, he personated the runaway bridegroom, the fair Juliana Coningsby acting the bride, and occupying the pillion behind her sovereign. The Colonel rode beside as a friend of the fugitives, and at a moderate distance followed Lord Wilmot and Peters. Before reaching Charmouth, they were met by Captain Ellesdon, who thought they had better not proceed to that town so early, and who, therefore, came to guide them to a lone house, among the hills near Charmouth, belonging to his brother. Here the King remained for some hours, and made himself known to Captain Ellesdon, presenting him at the same time with a gold coin, through which he had, during his retreat at Trent, bored a hole and passed a ribbon to suspend it as a medal. Ellesdon was much affected when he found it was his Sovereign whom he was assisting, and congratulated himself on the precautions he had taken, and the apparent success that attended on his designs. When it became dark, Ellesdon accompanied the party to Charmouth, where they found their room properly kept for them, and very soon after their arrival, Limhry himself called, and informed Captain Ellesdon of the exact spot for the embarkation, and the precise hour when the state of the tide would permit it.

As every one's anxiety was to save the King from fatigue as much as possible, it was arranged that Colonel Wyndham and Peters should keep watch on the point of the coast to which Ellesdon guided them, and that the moment the vessel appeared to be nearing the shore one of the faithful sentinels should fetch the King and Lord Wilmot, which would have been easily accomplished by the time a boat could reach the land. Ellesdon left the Colonel and his companion on the spot appointed, and returned to his own home. Patiently through the dim night did the cavaliers watch for the ark of their hopes, and as the tide reached its height their straining eyes gazed wistfully into the boundless waste of darkness that surmounted the murmuring sea. Minute after minute passed slowly and painfully by, but nothing disturbed the heavy and mournful monotony of night. Now and then a sound or a shadow revived drooping hope, and sent a fresh energy to the throbbings of the heart, but no ship shewed her outline near the shore—no boat crept stealthily to land, and after watching through succeeding hours till even the receding tide left them no shadow of a chance, they returned to Charmouth grieved and angry, sorrowful and indignant at this terrible and mysterious disappointment. The King and Wilmot, who had sat in the inn suffering the same anxiety as their scouts, were persuaded to take a little rest, and as soon as daybreak permitted, Peters was sent over to Lyme to find the cue to this strange riddle. But here the cue was not to be readily found. Ellesdon was at his home in happy security, and reposed in the belief that the hunted Monarch was then rapidly approaching the shore where disgrace and danger would no longer dog his steps. He heard with perfect amazement the account of Peters, and utterly bewildered by the failure of plans which appeared so perfect he began to fear that there must have been a betrayal: so without staying to inquire how the evil had arisen, he adjured Peters to return with all possible speed to Charmouth and press Colonel Wyndham to lose not a moment in departing with the fugitives from Charmouth. Peters needed no spur to his loyal zeal, and but a short time elapsed ere the King, Miss Coningshy, and the Colonel were on their way along the coast to Bridport, leaving Lord Wilmot and Peters to follow after a short interval. It seems surprising that these strange movements at Charmouth should be suffered to pass unnoticed, but there is no doubt that the innkeeper there was a friend to the Cavaliers, and was known to Captain Ellesdon as such; and though she had no suspicion of harbouring Royalty she must have easily seen through the flimsy bridal veil.

But we must tell the story of Captain Limbry to its denouement, and it is important enough to tell in another chapter.

XVIII.

There was a lady in the case! This must be Limbry's plea, for Captain Limbry had a wife; and as it appears, she was in Cassio's words, "our Captain's Captain." No variability, "like the shade by the light quivering aspen made," belonged to the heart of Mrs. Limbry. She was his "true and lawful wedded wife"—and she had a will of her own—and she had two fair daughters who loved and honoured and imitated their mother:—so that amongst the three ladies the amount of conjugal and filial feeling appears to have been very considerable and very strongly

marked. They had not only "too tender" but likewise "too firm" hearts, and they contrived to mingle the "Lover's" and the "Roman's" parts, to the captain's discomfiture. Limbry would appear to have a due deference to his ladye-love, but he did not admit her into his full confidence as regards his engagement to transport the Cavaliers, but made all his arrangements complete without intimating to his better half his projected voyage. He had good reason to fear she would scarcely approve the scheme, and apprehending a bit of conjugal disputation, he deferred it to the latest possible period. It was not till near to the appointed hour for sailing that he went home to obtain his sea-chest, and to announce with as much calm dignity as he could assume, that he was going to put to sea *instantly*.

The natural—the wife-like question of "Where are you going?" was not quite so easy to answer; and it was only by dint of persuasions—first friendly—then pathetic—then stormy and consequently irresistible—that Captain Limbry was brought to confess his design of aiding the escape of some fugitive Cavaliers. Alas! poor Limbry,—it was not that Mrs. Limbry loved Cavaliers less, but that she loved Limbry more, and she (gentle and amiable creature) had been at Lyme Fair that very day, and there she had very carefully spelt over an ominous placard—liberally displayed—which contained the Parliamentary proclamation of rewards for discovering, and penalties for concealing, fugitives from Worcester fight. Alarmed by the intelligence wrung from her *cara sposa*, she silently determined in her own large heart that to sea that night Captain Limbry **SHOULD NOT GO**. Then commenced the attack of herself and *aides* upon the husband and father, with every dangerous variety of weapon from a woman's armory. She remonstrated—she argued—she intreated—she commanded—she pleaded—she wept:—but in spite of that rule which we are all obliged to acknowledge—sometime or other—more or less—the rule which must endure as long as man has eyes or a heart—the rule—the sway—the sovereignty of lovely woman:—in spite of that rule, I say, to which Limbry was too often a victim, he determined on this occasion to keep the faith he had pledged as an English seaman; and having in vain tried to reason—in vain tried to soothe—he resolutely entered his chamber to withdraw from thence the needful sea-chest. Ah! fatal entry,—ah! too easy descent to Avernus;—the key of that doomed apartment was on the outside, and ere Limbry could move his chest, the key was rapidly turned in the lock, and he was in durance vile. In vain did he struggle as a lion in the toils—in vain did he try the weapons his fair dame had lately used—prayers—rage—tears—threats were all spent in vain; Mrs. Limbry was a firm woman, and proved now inexorable. When at last Limbry began to use violence to the door, she coolly informed him that if he persisted she would instantly send for some troopers from the town and at once make known his intentions. Every way foiled, the brave seaman could at once perceive that for the soldiers to have knowledge that Cavaliers were trying to escape from that part of the coast would be attended with greater danger to them than even his breach of faith that night could bring, and he therefore submitted with a sorrowful heart to his cruel thralldom, and his wife did not unlock his prison door until she knew that the state of the tide would prevent any sailing *that* night.

Of Limbry's after fate history affords no memorials.

XIX

On the arrival of Charles and his friends at Bridport they found that they had literally dropped into a nest of hornets; for there, on that unlucky day, was the head-quarters of the Parliamentary troops, who were proceeding to the attack of the Channel Islands. Nothing daunted, the King rode holdly into the principal inn-yard, with his fair hurden behind him, amid crowds of stern looking soldiery; not now assuming the consequence of the runaway bridegroom, but sinking again into the character of the groom:—not the "poor tenant's son" of Colonel Lane, but the experienced, well-dressed, and impudent servant of a lady of quality. When discharging his equestrian duties his acquaintance was somewhat abruptly claimed by the burly ostler. "I am sure I know your face." The King cautiously enquired where his new friend had heretofore resided, and the reply was that he had lived for some time at an inn in Exeter, "near to Mr. Potter's house." At the house of this Mr. Potter, Charles, Prince of Wales, had made a considerable stay with his staff during the Civil War. But no change came over the King's countenance, and he said, readily and easily—"Oh! I lived with Master Potter above a year, but I can't say I remember you." The ostler was quite delighted with the recognition, and immediately proposed a pot of beer to celebrate the meeting, to which the King readily assented, providing only that the jollification should be deferred until his work was done. Lord Wilmot and Peters shortly after rode in from Charmouth, but went to another inn to put up their steeds, and afterwards joined the royal party in council.

The determination then come to was that the only present hope for Charles was to return to Trent, while efforts were made to obtain a conveyance to France from some other part of the south coast. Accordingly the King, with Colonel Wyndham and Miss Coningshy, very soon departed and took the road to Dorchester unquestioned, followed by Lord Wilmot and Peters.

At this inauspicious moment the Royal fugitive was in the greatest and most immediate peril. The ostler of the inn at Charmouth where the "Bridal Party" had stayed was an old Roundhead soldier, and though he held his peace, his suspicions had been highly excited by the mysterious movements of the night which the party passed there. To confirm his jealous doubts, Lord Wilmot's horse required shoeing, and we are led to suppose that there existed at that time a mysterious free blacksmithy, for the smith declared that the three shoes then on the nag's feet had been put on in three several counties, one of which was Worcester. This intelligence assured the ostler that they had been receiving foes; and he lost no time in making known his suspicions to his mistress. Probably she had deeper and truer suspicions than he had, but she had no desire that her suspicions should be confirmed, and she rated her servant soundly for meddling with matters not in his department, and suggested, politely but positively, that he should mind his own business.

¶ The demon of doubt was not so easily laid. The ostler only saw in his mistress a weak trimmer, and determined to make application in a quarter where he could promise himself better success. He went directly to the house of a man named Westley, the puritan minister of the place, to pour into an ear that he knew would be greedily open all his grievance.

Providentially the pious Mister Westley had just commenced his "morning family exercise," and no interruption of that long worship was permitted: so Leathers was compelled to wait, and thus afforded the poor flying Cavaliers the advantage of more than a clear hour's start. Leathers must have felt,—like Dugald Dalgetty, when he listened in Argyle's chapel to the "sixteenthly—seventeenthly—and to conclude,"—something akin to despair at the prolonged service, but he lost no time in making known his fears and hopes when the service *had* concluded, and succeeded in exciting Mister Westley to as great a state of fever as he himself suffered. But Mister Westley imagined he could do more with mine hostess than Leathers had done, and accordingly repaired at once to the inn. "So, Margaret, I find you are a Maid of Honour?" "What do you mean, Mr. Parson?" "Why, Margaret, Charles Stuart lay here last night, and he kissed you before he departed this morning, and that is the mode of creating a Maid of Honour." The reply of the irate dame confirms the view that she was a Cavalier in petticoats and hated Republicanism and Puritanism. She fired up and said, with that peculiar distinctness and volubility which are patent to the sex, "You are a scurvy, impudent fellow to talk so, and had better be attending to your own duties. But if it *was* the king, I am sure I shall think better of my lips all the days of my life. So get you out, Master Parson, or you shall be kicked out."

Mister Westley, not daunted by his want of success in this quarter, went to the nearest justice of the peace, and receiving no encouragement there proceeded to the quarters of Captain Macy who commanded the nearest piquet, and who turned a ready ear to his reverence's story. His troop was hastily mounted, and very quickly in Bridport, and learning there the course the party had taken he followed almost close to their heels on the Dorchester Road.

But our party—divinely guided—had suddenly and capriciously left this main road a few miles from Bridport, turning up a bye lane to the left with no very defined object, and Captain Macy and his troop apparently considering that the party were hastening towards London, galloped on steadily to Dorchester where no trace of the fugitives could be found, and after a while returned to their quarters, praying earnestly, no doubt, for the repose of both ostler and parson.

In the mean time the king and his companions reached the village of Broad Windsor, and men and horses being thoroughly weary, and Colonel Wyndham knowing the landlord of the inn, it was determined to pass the night there. Colonel Wyndham told the host that his companion was his brother-in-law, who had been a prisoner to the Republicans, but had broken his parole, and consequently must be concealed. The careful and knowing landlord accordingly assigned them apartments in the upper part of the house, which if deficient in comfort were at least secure, and to them the party early retired.

XX.

But the perils of this attempt at escape were not yet over. Scarcely had the party made themselves comfortable in their lofty lodgings, than the inn was invaded by a detachment of soldiers with their baggage—or,

as a very wicked chronicler states it, "their wives and other baggage,"—on the march to join the Channel Islands army at Bridport. There were forty persons in all, and as the inn would scarcely accommodate the whole there was much fear that the guests in the top of the house would be discovered. But here comes a story which I really must tell, though I scarce know how: for if not told my faithful history will lose one of its salient points.

As I before said, the usual feminine accompaniments of military marches were at Broad Windsor, and the fair helpmate of one bold dragoon chose to select that especial locality for producing to the world her firstborn. This is but a trivial event in campannals, but the overseers of Broad Windsor in the year of grace 1651, were very sharp fellows indeed, and they feared that the *enfant du regiment* had made its appearance maliciously and with a view to some future tax upon the Scot and Lot men of Broad Windsor. And these sharp fellows had the courage to assert their authority even in the teeth of the sturdy dragoons, and they proved, with all the law of a Coke, and the logic of a Bacon, that the child ought not to have been born at Broad Windsor, and therefore, for all legal purposes, was *not* born there. The termination of these astute arguments—the decision of authority on this vital question—has not been recorded: but the grateful historian of the salvage from the wreck of the Monarchy, acknowledges devoutly the occurrence of a strange incident which, by occupying the general attention throughout that night at Broad Windsor, prevented a discovery which at one time appeared inevitable. The troopers marched early the following morning, ignorant of the rich prize which had so strangely evaded their grasp. That morning was Wednesday, September 24th, three weeks after the Worcester fight, and the King and his friends leisurely returned to Trent unharmed, and there he remained until Monday the 6th of October.

During this long interval, very little exertion could be made to favour the King's escape, for again some clue seemed to have been found by the Parliament to his whereabouts, and the neighbourhood was frequently searched, and an evidently close watch kept. Lord Wilmot was concealed in Salisbury, but travelled continually between that city and Trent during the night time, seeking or bringing news.

On the morning of Sunday, September 28th, a faithful tailor from the Roundhead village communicated to Colonel Wyndham that it had been tolerably well ascertained that some one was in concealment at the mansion, and a search by the military might be expected. Lord Wilmot had arrived from Salisbury the previous night, and availing himself readily of this event, Colonel Wyndham told his humble friend that it was true that he had a relative staying with him, but to prove that no suspicion need attach they were both going to attend public worship in the church that day.

It appears that Colonel Wyndham, like most of the true Cavaliers, felt a profound contempt for the Puritanical form of worship now generally used, and had offended his neighbours no little by his studied absence from the parish church. The concession now made to them was particularly grateful, and especially to the preacher, and so far did this influence spread that Trent was no more threatened; nor did the appearance of Lord Wilmot at the church, as the relative of Colonel Wyndham, lead to any danger to that bold and reckless peer. But the late suspicions led to

renewed precautions. The King was even supplied with food surreptitiously and compelled to cook it himself in the secret chamber: the lesson first learned at Boscobel was repeatedly conned at Trent; and as the fugitive must needs have arrived at some degree of excellence in the savoury art, I am only surprised that after the Restoration, "Cotelettes Mysterieuse," and "Collops of Captivity" did not become favourite and fashionable dishes. On one occasion the arrival of a troop of horse at Sherborne excited so much alarm that it was deemed important to learn their intentions, and as an agent not likely to be suspected, Mrs. Wyndham was sent over to glean intelligence; she was not very successful but she judged that they were not hound for Trent, and her judgment proved correct.

Lord Wilmot and the friends with whom he was able to consult had decided upon making the next attempt at escape from the Sussex coast, and Charles was therefore to proceed in the first instance to Hele House near Ameshury, where also there were hiding places, from whence he was to journey farther eastward as circumstances permitted.

XXI.

On Tuesday, the 7th of October, the King again set forth disguised as before, and riding before Juliana Coningsby. On this occasion Colonel Wyndham was, much against his will, left behind, and Colonel Phelips of Montacute, a neighbour and trusted friend of Wyndham, supplied his place. They rested at the little town of Mere. Here the host, with a wink to the groom, while his mistress was dining, said, "Are you a friend of Cæsar's?" The groom nodded his assent, and the host quickly produced a foaming tankard of ale, and proposed the King's health. The groom begged to concur heartily and finished the cup. On reaching Hele House, which was a seat of the Hydes, they were most cordially received by Mrs. Hyde, then a widow, and during the evening she lavished so much attention on the King that her brother, who was present, but not in the secret, was perfectly amazed. On the following morning, by advice of Mrs. Hyde, the party left Hele as if to proceed, but ere long Colonel Phelips and Miss Coningsby left the King alone amid the ruins of Stonehenge, and returned together to Trent in safety. The King passed the remainder of the day at Stonchenge, and amused himself by counting the stones, the massive bulk and strange positions of which, though they evidently belong to some gigantic edifice, still afford ample food for the speculations of archæologists. As soon as night fell, Charles returned to Hele House, where Mrs. Hyde, with only her sister, received him and conducted him to the secret chamber. For five weary days did the King remain in this uncomfortable concealment; during which time the untired Wilmot was most actively engaged with Dr. Henchman, a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and Colonel Gunter, a Sussex loyalist, in providing a vessel in which the King might embark. Colonel Gunter had made a communication through Mr. Mansel, a merchant of Brighton, with Tattersall, the owner of a vessel trading coastwise, and having received sufficient assurance that Tattersall might be depended upon, he had given Mansel full authority to close a bargain.

On the evening of the 11th of October, Colonel Gunter brought the

glad tidings of his success to Hele House, and it was arranged that the King should start on Monday morning, the 13th. Thus again, as through the past month, making the Sabbath a day of thankful rest.

On Monday morning the King bade a grateful adieu to his kind hostess, and, followed by her loyal prayers, set out on foot, accompanied only by Dr. Henchman. After travelling about three miles they were joined by Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, his brother Mr. Thomas Gunter, and by Colonel Phelps, who had returned to the neighbourhood full of devoted anxiety for his proscribed King. They had a horse for the King, and were followed by some greyhounds, so that they appeared as if merely going over the downs to course. Dr. Henchman immediately returned after seeing the King among friends, and the party proceeded onward and arrived in the evening at Hambleton, Hampshire, where lived a Mr. Symons, who had married a sister of Colonel Gunter's.

The King's costume had been somewhat changed, and he travelled as an acquaintance of Colonel Gunter's, who was merely going on to Brighton. It was not deemed advisable to confide in Mr. Symons, though Colonel Gunter informed his sister of the true character of her guest. Mr. Symons was from home when the party arrived, and when he came in, it was very evident that he had been with boon companions, and had not failed in his own portion of the Bacchanal rites. He welcomed all his visitors with roystering jollity, but took great offence at the King's deficiency in the flowing curls which should adorn the pate of every gentleman Cavalier. Poor Charles's locks had not recovered from the ruthless shears of William Penderel, and the jovial host eyed him askance, as if he thought his kind brother-in-law had brought him a suspicious sort of visitor. And when inspired by wine, and warm with welcomings, the hearty Symons larded his discourse with a few more and rounder oaths than properly belonged to the speech even of a Cavalier, and when the King, somewhat forgetting himself, quietly rebuked him for this disagreeable excess, Squire Symons waxed furious and told his Majesty that he believed he was no better than a sanctified Roundhead rogue, and he had no pleasure in his company. It must have been pleasant to have exchanged stolen glances with Wilmot and Gunter at the delivery of this speech of the Squire's, and pleasant, too, to have heard Charles very earnestly asseverate that "he wished as well to the Royal cause as any man in the kingdom!" He was even earnest enough to convince the jolly host, and received from him a "hundred thousand welcomes," though the half inebriated cavalier, during the whole evening persisted in good humouredly addressing him as "Brother Roundhead."

XXII.

The following morning, Tuesday, October 14th, the King bade Colonel Phelps a cordial and hopeful farewell, and set out on his way to Brighton, accompanied by Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter. In the course of the journey, they were met by, and passed through a detachment of Parliamentary soldiers, under Colonel Morley—unstayed and unquestioned, and arriving without adventure at Brighton, went direct to the George Inn, then kept by a Mr. Smith, when they found Mr. Mansel and Captain Tattersall waiting their arrival. They all supped together, and strange to

say, both Tattersall and Smith recognised King Charles. Smith had held some situation about the Court in by-gone days, and Tattersall's little vessel had been captured by Charles himself, when he commanded a small fleet for his father against the Parliament a very few years before. On that occasion, Tattersall had been permitted to resume the command of his craft, and proceed unscathed on his voyage. As to Smith, the King recognised him as well as he the King, and taking an opportunity of speaking to him after supper, Smith made immediately the most solemn pledges of fidelity, and these were amply fulfilled. Tattersall, too, took the opportunity of speaking to Mr. Mansel, and told him that he recognised the King; but Mansel, who was not in the secret, most strenuously denied it, and fairly overbore Tattersall as to his own conviction.

But this jumbling confusion of ideas gave to Tattersall's manner during the evening, such a strange restraint and embarrassment, so contrary to the ordinary frankness and freedom of a sailor, that there stole on the King's mind a most unpleasant reminiscence of the default of poor Limbry, and such a fear of another cruel disappointment, that his most gracious Majesty deemed his wisest course would be to keep the seaman fully engaged over the bottle until the hour of embarkation should arrive. For Captain Tattersall's vessel lay near to Shoreham, and the tide would not serve for embarkation till about four o'clock on the following morning: so the wine was circulated round the table for many hours, while, perhaps, there never sat together, before or since, a party so apparently cordial in whose bosoms throbbed so many painful pulses of doubt and faith—of anxiety and hope. But events were rapidly progressing, and at the proper hour in the early morning of Wednesday, October 15, the King bade adieu to Colonel Gunter and Mr. Mansel, and with Lord Wilmot and Captain Tattersall, took his way to Shoreham. In spite of the long night's drinking, the heavy responsibility hanging over every one of the party, had kept all sober. Steadily they paced under the pilotage of Tattersall to the spot where the boat was to await them;—the low hail of the seaman was instantly answered by his ready boat's crew,—the King and Noble stepped into the boat and were in a very few minutes safely on board the coaster. Charles and his faithful companion instantly dived to the cabin, and the wind serving, the vessel was by four o'clock silently stealing out to sea. As soon as sufficient way was on her, and her head in the right direction, Tattersall descended to the cabin, and kneeling by the rude berth where the King lay, he told him how he had recognised him, and recalling the affair of the capture, he pledged himself to lose his life and all else that was dear to him in the King's service if needful. And some farther management was necessary, for the destination of Tattersall's vessel had been the Isle of Wight, and he had not sufficient confidence in his crew to trust them with the secret of his having cavaliers aboard, nor to steer out of the prescribed course without consulting them, or giving them some explanation. Tattersall fully explained to the King this peculiar position of the affair, and pointed out what he conceived the best way of proceeding. Acting on his advice, as soon as daylight had fairly appeared, the King and Lord Wilmot came on deck, and requesting permission to speak to the master and crew, the King addressed them and said that he and his companion were merchants who had been most unlucky in their speculations, and were forced to fly from their creditors

anywhere, so they got away from England. (How true, with a change of names, this story was.) But, he added, if they could only get to Rouen, there were parties there who owed them a little money, and could they but obtain ever so little, it would enable them at least to live awhile, until their affairs could be arranged by friends. There was no prospect for them in England, but a prison; but if they could only keep themselves out of England but a short time, better days would surely dawn. The sailors were all won by this simple story, and cheerfully complied with their Captain's wish to "put the poor devils ashore in France." The vessel's head was put right, and before noon, the long-hunted, and soul-weary fugitives took their farewell of the chalky cliffs, and felt that their heads were now their own.

XXIII.

It is a strange and striking story! It is a charming record of varied but unsullied fidelity! It is a memorial honourable to all concerned! To the thoughtless King, whose courage, patience, and submission, were exemplary; who never *quite* desponded, and who often hoped against hope; who endeared himself more and more to those who came about him to aid him; and who taught those who honoured the Sovereign to love the man. To the high-bred and high-souled English nobility and gentry whose

—Loyalty was still the same
Whether it won or lost the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although no longer shined upon.

To fair ladies who let none of the delicate susceptibility of their nature prevent their engaging courageously and cheerfully in the cause of loyalty, though it was the cause of signal peril. To bold yeomen whose sires had drawn bows at Agincourt, and who had themselves tasted the fiery sweetness of war even against their own countrymen during the great Rebellion. To peasants to whom Heaven had given true nobility. Aye, even to Captain Limbry's grey mare, who if she did not understand abstract chivalry, knew the value of a good husband, and determined not to risk him. And to the pleasant hostess of Charmouth, who thought so much better of her ruddy lips for being kissed by a runaway king. To all honourable—to all MOST HONOURABLE. It is a very pleasant story to write, and I will venture to hope that it may be a pleasant story to read.

It is grateful to the sense thus to pause in the middle of the great highway of history, and to rest awhile, in gipsy fashion, on a bit of greensward that lies beside the dry and dusty road, and explore all its pleasant nooks—its sunny hillocks and its shady corners. It is enough for the historian—the be-gowned and be-wigged professor of the philosophy that teaches by example, to say, Charles was defeated at Worcester—he was preserved by unparalleled zeal and fidelity; and he escaped to France. As far as regards kings and kingdoms that is enough: the "example" is sufficient, and philosophy makes its deduction. But it is not altogether an unworthy study to peer into the thoughts and motives of men; to note small things, and to record trifles, and so make a record of the human heart, which is ever interesting if true. Let this be my apology.

Charles lost sight of the shores of his own realm just six weeks after he had led his gallant army into the field of Worcester, namely on Wednesday, the 15th of October, 1651. Nearly at the same hour, his brave and amiable friend and champion, the Earl of Derby, made his escape also—not from England only, but from this wicked world, on a public scaffold in his own town of Bolton. I will not repeat any encomium on this singularly admirable man, but I will say that if Charles had known that day of the grievous loss he had sustained, even his own marvellous escape would not have consoled him; and if Derby had known on the scaffold of his King's safety, I cannot say he would have died more submissively or more cheerfully—but an additional ray of Heavenly light would have gilded his transit from time to eternity.

Through that day, and through another gloomy night, the barge of Tattersall bore Cæsar and his fortunes. The voyage was slow but safe, and by daybreak on Thursday morning, Charles and Wilmot were put ashore at a little town called Fescamp, only a league or two from Rouen. His arrival was soon made known to his mother and to his relative, the King of France; and Louis the Fourteenth welcomed his dethroned brother, with such kingly kindness, that the entrance of Charles into Paris, was quite a triumphant pageant. Let philosophy teach by example the value of kingly promises both as regards Louis' good faith to the English king, and the English king's good faith to himself and his people. My story is done; "And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

NO. IV.—THE CASE OF DON PANTALEON SA, THE BROTHER OF THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR AT THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

THIS extraordinary case is a grand instance of the stern and haughty justice with which Oliver Cromwell wielded the government of England. Great as were the ambition, the hypocrisy, and the crimes of the Protector, none can deny the power and the wisdom of his rule. He it was, who more than any other, first gave dignity and awe to the British name throughout the world—who made this country so mighty abroad that it was truly though quaintly said at the time, and as some suppose, by Cromwell himself, that “he would have England resemble her own lion, for when she roared all other nations should hold their breath.” This maintenance of the majesty of Britain is perhaps the only redeeming feature upon the gloomy and disfigured face of the Commonwealth. One in consequence, even now looks back with a feeling of pride to the period when this domestic incident of Don Pantaleon Sa occurred. Amidst all the cruelty, tyranny, and oppression that were perpetrated in courts in that age, the retribution exacted from this offender, and the perfect justice that was done, stand forth in bold, brilliant, and indelible relief. The most clear and concise narrative we have of the affair is that which was translated from the Latin account in Mr. Zouch’s “Tract on the Inviolability of Ambassadors.” It is as follows :

Oliver Cromwell, in the year 1653, having assumed the supreme power into his own hands, among other potentates who courted his friendship, the king of Portugal sent an ambassador to beg a peace, and to purchase it by the payment of a great sum of money. The ambassador had a very splendid equipage, and in his retinue his brother, Don Pantaleon de Sa, a knight of Malta, and a man eminent for many great actions; who out of curiosity accompanied his brother in this embassy, that he might see England. He was a gentleman of a haughty and imperious nature, and one day being in the New Exchange in the Strand, upon a sudden accident and mistake had a quarrel with one Mr Gerard, a relation of the Lord Gerard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, who had then returned some negligence and contempt to the rhodomontades of the Portuguese, and had left him sensible of receiving some affront : whereupon Don Pantaleon repaired thither again the next day, with several servants, better armed and provided for an encounter, imagining he should there find his former adversary, who expected no such visit. But the Portuguese not distinguishing persons, and finding many gentlemen walking there

and amongst the rest one Mr. Greenaway, a gentleman of *Lincolns-Inn*, whom he fancied like the other, he thought he was not to lose the opportunity, but entered into a new quarrel; in which Mr. Greenaway, utterly unacquainted with what had formerly passed, and walking there accidentally, was killed with a pistol-shot, and otherwise wounded.

This unhappy accident came to pass on the 22nd of November, 1653; upon which the people rising from all the neighbouring parts, Don Pantaleon thought fit to make his retreat to his brother's house, caused the gates to be shut up, and put all the servants in arms to defend it against the people, who had pursued him, and now flocked thither from all quarters to apprehend those who had caused the riot, and slain the gentleman.

The ambassador knew nothing of the affair; and looking upon himself as affronted and assaulted by a rude multitude, took care to defend his house till the government should allay the tumult. Cromwell, who was soon informed of the insolence, sent an officer with some soldiers to demand and seize upon all those who had been engaged in the action, and the ambassador came to be informed of the truth of the story, with which he was exceedingly afflicted and astonished. The officer demanded the person of his brother, who was well known, and the rest of those who were present, to be delivered up to him, without which he would break open the house, and find them wherever they were concealed.

The ambassador insisted upon the privilege that was due to his house by the law of nations, and which he would defend against any violence with his own life, and the lives of all his family: but finding the officer resolute, and that he was not strong enough for the encounter, he desired he might have so much time allowed him as to send to the Lord General; * which being granted, he complained of the injury which was done him, and desired an audience. Cromwell sent him word that a gentleman had been murdered, and several other persons wounded, and that justice must be satisfied; and therefore required that all the persons concerned might be delivered into his officer's hands, without which, if he should order the soldiers to withdraw and demit the demand, the people would pull down the house, and execute justice themselves; the event of which he would not answer for: when that was done, he should have audience, and all the satisfaction that was in his power to give him.

The ambassador desired that his brother and the rest might continue in his house, and he would be responsible and bring them forth to justice at a time which should be appointed for them: but nothing of this kind would serve, the delivery of the persons was positively insisted upon, and the people increased their cry, that they would pull down the house. Whereupon the ambassador was obliged to deliver up his brother, and the other offenders, who were all sent prisoners to Newgate.

Being thus got into fast hold, and Cromwell, desirous that an inquisition should be made for the blood of a subject, and at the same time solicitous for the privilege of an ambassador, as Don Pantaleon the prisoner was affirmed to be; by the advice of his council, had recourse to the opinions of the most eminent lawyers, both common and civil, how such a notorious

* Cromwell, who did not assume the office of Protector, till after the abdication, in the following month, of the parliament which he had himself constituted in June preceding.

murder might be punished : but they not agreeing among themselves, he appointed the Chief Justice Rolles, and two more, as many noblemen, and three doctors of the civil law, viz., our author Dr. Zouch, who was sent for from Oxford on purpose, Dr. William Clerk, and Dr. William Turner, to take cognizance of, and examine into this knotty affair.

Don Pantaleon, the ambassador's brother, and the other offenders of the family, making their appearance before them, Don Pantaleon, whom some took to be a colleague in the embassy, vaunted that he was the King, his master's, ambassador, and was not subject to any other jurisdiction whatever. And then producing the King of Portugal's letters, all that appeared by them was, that the king intended in a short time to recall his brother, and to give him a commission to negotiate his affairs in England, which being not at all sufficient to entitle him to the privilege of an ambassador, all thoughts that there was any regard to be had to him on that account were laid aside ; and a resolution to have him, with the rest of them, tried for the crimes laid to their charge.

The ambassador used all imaginable instances in behalf of his brother, when at the same time he expressed his willingness to leave the rest to the mercy of the law : but he could receive no other answer but that justice must be done, and justice was done to the full. There was a report that the then government should acquaint the King of Portugal with the misadventure ; and that he should send answer. He left the criminals entirely to be punished by our law, and in our country. But since our histories are wholly silent in this respect, nothing is certain concerning it ; and perhaps the temper and haughtiness of Cromwell would not let him come into such condescension, in respect to a crown that was then buying a peace with him at a full price, and upon the humblest submission.

On the 5th of July, 1654, the persons commissioned to try the offenders were Sir Henry Blount, famous for his wit, our author Dr. Richard Zouch, Dr. William Clerk, Dr. William Turner, civilians, Mr. Lacy, &c. They sat in the Upper Bench, as they then called it, in Westminster-hall ; where the prisoners were arraigned, and pleaded Not Guilty. Don Pantaleon and an English boy, who was his servant, were convicted of murder and riot, and received sentence of death accordingly. There were three more, all Portuguese, tried at the same time, and all of them likewise convicted, condemned, and executed, according to Lord Clarendon's account, at Tyburn ; but Zouch mentions no other to have suffered than the English hoy and Don Pantaleon ; who, after he had endeavoured in vain to make his escape, was, on the 10th of July, beheaded on a scaffold upon Tower-hill. It is remarkable, that that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Gerard, above mentioned, was a few hours before, in the same place, beheaded for a pretended conspiracy against Cromwell, a design to seize the tower, and to proclaim the king ; and that Don Pantaleon's brother, the ambassador, even on the very same day, was terrified into a ready signing of the peace between the king his master, the Protector, and the Commonwealth of England.

The following extract from the chief collection of the Sommers Tracts gives a more minute detail of the actual affray.

A RELATION OF THE MUTINY ON TUESDAY THE 22nd OF NOVEMBER, 1653, IN THE NEW EXCHANGE, OF THE PORTUGAL AMBASSADOR'S FOLLOWERS, &c.

This night was a great Mutiny at the New Exchange in the Strand, such as had scarce ever been the like. The business, upon the best information that I can have from those who were present in part of the business, and have conferred with others, upon the whole, is this :

On Monday night, which 'was the night before, three of the Portugal Ambassador's family, whereof his brother was one, being at the New Exchange, they talking in French, spake of such discourse of transaction of some English affairs, which Col. Gerhard, Sir Gilbert Gerhard's brother, understanding the French tongue, hearing, told them very civilly, that they did not represent the stories they spake of right ; whereupon one of the Portugals gave him the lie : upon that they began to jostle, and all three fell upon Col. Gerhard, and threw him down, and got upon him ; but though he be but a little man, yet he threw him off that was upon him, and so was hustling with him a good while. There were some gentlemen there, but knew not who it was they so assaulted, and so never meddled with them ; and yet one of the Portugals with his dagger stabbed Colonel Gerhard in the shoulder, and hurt him sore : But afterwards Mr. Anfrazer [qy. Anstruther] spake to the Portugals, that it was not civil nor handsome for so many to fall upon one, three to one being very unequal, and endeavoured to pull one of them off, and so persuade them to cease, and thereby he came to see who it was they had assaulted ; who finding it to be Colonel Gerhard, which he knew well, and seeing them still pursue their rage upon him, he drew to relieve him ; and after some bustle the Portugals went away, one of them having a cut upon his cheek. And that night afterwards near twenty of their attendants came to the Exchange, and would have quarrelled with any body ; and some cuffing there was by some, but not much more that night, for it was late, and they returned home.

On Tuesday night, came about fifty of the Portugals again to the New Exchange, of which number were the Ambassador's brother, and two knights of Malta, and they were led on by a Portugal in buff, whom they called Captain, one well known to some in the Exchange, and they had generally double arms, all or most part of them swords and pistols, and coats of mail or armour, some one thing, some another, to preserve their bodies from swords entering upon them.

They had also two or three coaches that brought ammunition, in which were hand-grenades, and bottles, and some little barrels of powder and bullets, and other necessities, if occasion was. They had also some boats ready to attend them at the water-side, if occasion was for them also.

Thus they came with a resolution to fall upon every English gentleman they should find in or about the Exchange ; and entering in with this equipage, the people were exceedingly frightened. For first came in the Captain in the buff, who led them, and after him the Portugal Ambassador's brother, and the knights of Malta, and so the rest, all with drawn swords, and in so furious a posture, as if they intended to kill every body they met with that stood before them.

Hereupon the people fled into the shops in the Exchange to shelter

themselves, and all that did not so they fell upon, though no man gave them the least affront, yet they pistoled and cut, and wounded many.

Mr. Greneway, a gentleman of Gray's-Inn, son to the Lady Greaway, was there with his sister, and a gentlewoman whom he was to have married, who desired them two to stand up in a shop, where he saw them safe, and they would have had him to have staid with them, but he said he would only go see what was the matter; but he was no sooner parted from them, but immediately the word being given by the Portugal Captain in buff, which was *Safa*, which was the word when they were to fall on. Without any affront offered towards them, one of them pistoled him, and shot him in the head, and he is dead of his wounds; and many others they have dangerously wounded. Col. Mayo had twelve upon him at once, yet drew his sword, and fought with them as long as he was able to hold a sword in his hand, which being cut, he was forced to let his sword fall, and then they cut and wounded him in many places. Mr. Thomas Howard, Mr. Carter, and divers others, were wounded passing by.

The horse at the Meuse had taken alarm before they returned, and returning home, passing by the Meuse, some of the horse moving towards them, some of them discharged pistols towards the horse, and the rest run home to the Ambassador's house; but the horse-guards took some of them, and carried them into the Meuse, and sent word thereof to the Lord-General; and a party of horse pursued them and beset the Ambassador's house.

And commissary General Whalley sent in to the Ambassador, acquainted him with this horrible attempt and bloody murder of his followers, and shewed him his men they had taken prisoners, and required the chief of the rest of them to be delivered into the hands of justice, which the Ambassador was loth to do. But seeing he could not baffle them, to stop the course of justice in so horrible a bloody business as that had been, he delivered up his brother and one of the knights of Malta, and some others such as they had then information was chief, and promised to secure the rest to be forthcoming any of them when they should be demanded. After which the Ambassador made his address to the Lord General, and chiefly for his brother; but his Excellency told him that it did concern the public, and therefore his addresses must be to the Parliament and Council of State. It is such a horrible business that his Excellency would not meddle with him in it. The Portugals, that are in custody are prisoners at James's, and the business is under examination before the Council of State.

The following detached narrative, extracted from the candid and careful Whitelock, is somewhat more circumstantial.

Nov. 21st, 1653. A great insurrection and tumult was at the New Exchange, between the Portugal Ambassador's brother, and some of his company, and Col. Gerrard, an English gentleman, who hearing the Portugueses discoursing in French of the affairs of England, told them in French, that they did not represent those passages aright. Whereupon one of the Portugueses gave him the lye, and they all three fell upon Col. Gerrard, stabbing him in the shoulder with a dagger, but being rescued out of their hands by one Mr. Anthuser, [qy. Anstruther] they retired home, and within one hour returned with 20 more, armed with breast-

plates and head pieces, but after two or three turns, not finding Mr. Anthuser, they returned home that night.

Nov. 22nd. The Portugal Ambassador's brother returned again to the New Exchange with his company, and walking there they met with Col. Mayo, whom they supposed to have been Mr. Anthuser, and shooting off a pistol as a warning, 50 Portuguese came in with drawn swords, and leaving some to keep the stairs, the rest went up with the Ambassador's brother and fell upon Col. Mayo, who gallantly defending himself, received seven dangerous wounds, and lies in a dangerous condition, and then they fell upon Mr. Greenway of Lincoln's Inn, who was walking with his sister in one hand and his mistress in the other, and pistolled him in the head, whereof he died immediately. They brought with them several jars filled with gunpowder in their coaches, stopped with wax and filled with matches, intending, as it seemed, to have done some mischief to the Exchange had they not been prevented. The Parliament Horse at the Mews taking the alarm apprehended some of the Portuguese, and the rest of them ran to the Ambassador's house, whither Col. Whaley pursued them and beset the Ambassador's house with his horse, acquainted him with the murder and insolency committed by his followers, shewed him some of them whom he had taken prisoners, and required the chief of the rest to be delivered up to justice. The Ambassador insisted upon his Privilege as Ambassador, but seeing nothing else would satisfy, he at length delivered up his brother and one of the knights of Malta and some others, and promised to secure the rest to be forthcoming; after which the Ambassador made his address to the Lord General, and chiefly for his brother, but the General told him the business did not concern the public, and therefore his excellency's address must be to the Parliament and to the Council of State.

Nov. 23. The brother of the Portugal Ambassador and his company who committed the murder at the Exchange, were examined by the Lord Chief Justice Rolles; and the Ambassador's brother, and four others, were committed to Newgate in order to take their trial.

Dec. 13. The Portugal Ambassador's brother made an escape out of Newgate, but was retaken. The Council of State published a Declaration against the late Tumult at the New Exchange, and forbid all persons of what quality soever to do or abet the like in any public place of trade or resort, upon pain to be dealt with as disturbers of the public peace, whereof a strict account shall be taken; and all officers to perform their duty for apprehending such offenders, and to prevent the like tumultuous actions.

Jan. 8, 1654. The trial of the Portugal Ambassador's brother put off till the next sessions upon the petition of the Portugal merchants.

April 3rd. The Portugal Ambassador had audience of the Lord Protector.

May 12th. The treaty with Portugal is not yet come to any agreement. The business of his brother yet sticks. His Highness hath now ordered his trial by a special commission of oyer and terminer. The commissioners are, my Lord Rolles, Justice Atkins, Serjeant Steel, Dr. Zouch, Dr. Clerk, Dr. Turner, Dr. Blunt, Mr. Lucy, and Alderman Tieburn.

July 5th. The Portugal Ambassador's brother, and two other Portuguese were tried before commissioners of oyer and terminer in the

Upper Bench. He pleaded that he was not only the Ambassador's brother, but had a commission to himself, to be Ambassador when his brother should be absent, and that by the Law of Nations he was privileged from his trial, and he demanded counsel. The point of privilege of Ambassadors by the Common Law, and by the Civil Law, and by the Law of Nations, was long debated by the Court, and the Lord Protector's Council, and the result of the court was, That by all those laws the proceedings in this case were justified. And that no counsel could be allowed to the Ambassador's brother in matters of fact, but if in the proceedings of his trial he should desire counsel, as to matter in law, it should be allowed him. After much persuasion he and the rest pleaded Not Guilty, and to be tried by God and the country, and a jury was called of half English and half foreigners. Adjourned till the next day for their trial.

July 6th. The Portugal Ambassador's brother was again brought before the Commissioners of oyer and terminer in the Upper Bench, and tried by a jury of six denizens, and six aliens. He pleaded his ignorance in the laws of England, and desired to have counsel assigned him, but the Court told him that they were of counsel equal to him as to the Commonwealth, and upon hearing of the Witnesses, the jury found the Ambassador's brother and four more guilty of murder and felony. The Lord Chief Justice Rolles gave sentence against them to be hanged, and a day was appointed for execution, but by the desire of the prisoners it was respited two days.

July 8th. The Portugal Ambassador's brother was reprieved.

July 10th. The Portugal Ambassador's brother endeavoured an escape but was prevented. The English boy, who was concerned in the murder, was hanged at Tyburn.

The Portugal Ambassador's brother was conveyed from Newgate to Tower Hill, in a coach and six horses, in mourning, with divers of his brother's retinue with him.

On the scaffold, he spake something to those who understood him, in excuse of his offence, laying the blame of the quarrel and murder upon the English in that business. After a few private words and passages of devotion with his confessor, he gave him his beads and crucifix, laid his head on the block, and it was chapt off at two blows. The rest condemned for the murder were all reprieved.

The Articles of Peace were signed by the Portugal Ambassador, who thereupon went out of town.

Guthrie impressively sums up the whole affair in the following words:

—"When Colonel Whaley invested the Ambassador's house with a party of horse, the Ambassador ordered his domestics to stand to their arms, and sent to complain to Cromwell of a breach of the Law of Nations. Cromwell with great magnanimity answered, that justice must be done and that blood must be satisfied with blood. All the other foreign Ambassadors in and about London took a very warm concern in the matter, not being able to conceive that a man of quality, an Ambassador's brother, and knight of Malta, as Don Pantaleon was, ought to be questioned for the murder of a mechanic; for so they judged an English gentleman to be. But all remonstrances to Cromwell were ineffectual, and the Am-

bassador's brother, at once to the amazement and admiration of the world, was tried, condemned, and publicly executed for the murder."

So far with regard to the facts of this strange case, which are thus, and even more ramblingly given in the "State Trials." The law, however, upon the subject, which embraces the rights and privileges of Ambassadors, is there very ably detailed and elucidated.

The Colonel Gerard, mentioned above, who was one of Cromwell's victims, and was executed in 1654 for treason against the Protector, belonged to the noble cavalier family of Gerard. His cousin german was Charles Gerard, the Royalist Earl of Macclesfield. Colonel Gerard and his two brothers, his uncle Sir Gilbert, and all his kinsmen then living, fought in the various battle fields for the cause of the king.

THE REMARKABLE SUBJECT OF A REMARKABLE PICTURE AT BELVOIR CASTLE.

AMONG the many valuable paintings that graced the princely halls of Belvoir Castle before the destructive fire of 1815, was one which never failed to rivet the attention of every visitor. It represented one of our Saxon Kings seated under a dais, and standing before him an elderly and a youthful warrior, and a matron of dignified aspect, all holding drawn swords in their right hand, and each leading with the left a naked or slightly draped female of exquisite beauty. The very natural anxiety of visitors to learn the subject of this singular picture was rarely ever gratified by the attendant *cicerone*; probably he himself was ignorant of it. The circumstances, however, which the glowing canvas was intended to represent and to perpetuate were taken from the following passage in Leland:—

"In the yere of our Lorde 734 Alfredus tercius Merc rex, in the yere of his reigne cam to the strong castell of Albanac nere Grantham, and there desyryd to have for wife one of the 3 dowghters of Guliam de Albanac, whereapon Gul. desyryd him to tary all night at his castell; and in the morninge Gul. brought his eldest dowghtar namyd Adcline, starko naked in the one hand and a swerde dranne in the othar. His wyffe led the 2 caullyed Etheldreda: Guliam come to William led in one hand the 3 dawghtar caulled Maude and a swerde in the othar. Guliam the father then sayd to the Kyngc Alfrid: 'Sir, heire be my 3 dowghters, chese to wyfe whiche ye list; but rather then ye shold have any of them to your concubine I would sle her with my owne hands.' The Kyngc answerid that he ment to take one of them to wyfe and chose Etheldrede; and of her hed Aluredc, that wan first [of] all the Saxons the monarchy of England."

For his authority for this remarkable statement Leland cites 'and old booke that the erle of Rutland bath'—but has some doubt of the authenticity of the facts. There are, however, strong reasons for believing that there is at least a portion of truth in the narrative, and the present honoured head of the noble house of Rutland commissioned the late Mr. West to paint the picture referred to above, and of which a splendid engraving by J. B. Mitchell, was publisher. by Boydell in 1782, and is now very scarce.

T. R. P.

NAMES AND SURNAMES.

Falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Two Gent. of Verona.

ANTIQUARIANS of the profoundest knowledge and deepest research have attempted to trace the origin of heraldry, and to pierce the darkness in which it is enveloped, but great as is the learning which they have displayed, the matter still continues wrapped in considerable obscurity. The probable solution of this is, that heraldry had no origin whatever—that is to say, that it never sprang into existence as a science, but that names, surnames, titles, badges of distinction, heraldic devices, and mottoes slowly gave birth, the one to the other, in a natural sequence, coextensive with the manners and feelings of the age ; and that it was not until a time long anterior to its existence that heraldry was moulded into anything like a science, subject to certain rules, and obnoxious to fixed principles.

In the present article an effort will be made to examine the origin and progress of this science, so interesting to the antiquarian, the genealogist and the historian. But, as even a cursory view of the subject would far exceed the limits to which it is necessary to confine these remarks, the observations in this paper will be principally directed to the examination of the origin of names, surnames, and other marks of distinction, and will form a sort of preface to a future paper upon the origin and progress of the science of heraldry ; and in doing so, an endeavour will be made, rather to render a subject generally dry and uninteresting to most people more palatable, than to display learning or deep research.

As soon as mankind was created, language was formed. Every thing had its own distinctive title ; and man,* the subject of greatest importance then in the world, and the object of the most constant solicitude, was soon of course distinguished by a name. But in all the ancient nations we find that the nomenclature was extremely limited, and that most complex ideas—from the meagreness and inadequacy of the language—were figuratively expressed by a reference, comparison, or antithesis, to something already well known and familiar. Thus the names in ancient days, and surnames in more modern times, were almost always derived from some peculiarity in the appearance, of mental qualities, or the occupation of the individual. Cicero was so called from *cicer* a vetch, either in consequence, according to some writers, of his having a mole on his nose that resembled one, or, according to others, because his grandfather had been a successful cultivator of beans ; and with this idea in view, Plato wrote a treatise in which he gave the etymologies of the names of the heroes, genii, and gods of his day. Anacharsis has also written a chapter on the

* The word Adam signifies in the Hebrew “Man.”

proper names in use among the Greeks. He divides them into simple and compound. The former are derived from some fancied resemblance between the attributes of animals and men; such as, Leon the Lion, Alectryon the cock, Sauros the Lizard; and some from the personal appearance and complexion of the individual—as Argos the White, Melas the Black, Xanthus the Fair: some families again claimed a descent from the gods. Hence the names, Theogenes, *born of the Gods*; Diogenes, *born of Jupiter*; Hermogenes, *born of Mercury*. The names that occur in Homer are nearly all derived from some attribute admired in the heroic ages—such as valour, strength, swiftness, prudence, and other virtues. The word *Polemos* frequently occurs in compound names, as well as *Mache*, battle; *Henorea*, strength or intrepidity; *Dameo*, to subdue &c. From *Thoös*, Swift, are derived the names of Areithoos, Aleathoos, Panthoos, Perithoos; from *Noös* mind or intellect, Astynooos, Arsynooos, Autonooos, Iphynooos, &c. And in ancient times, whenever an allusion was made to a man of distinguished descent, his name was always coupled or incorporated with that of his ancestor. Thus all the descendants of Æacus, such as Achilles, Peleus, Telamon, Pyrrhus, were all distinguished by the patronymic Æacides. So also the grandson of Laërtes was distinguished by the name of Laërtiades. These names were often transmitted from the father to the children to remind them of the great actions of their progenitors, and to incite them to emulate their deeds. Thus each name in signification approached what is called in heraldry a *motto*; and, by the inheritable qualities attached to a distinguished appellation, became very nearly what we call a *title*.

But not only were the noble names perpetuated, but such names as were debased by cowardice were extinguished, and cut off from the land. According to Aulus Gellius, the Athenians enacted by a public decree that no slave should ever bear the hallowed names of Harmodias and Aristogiton; as they considered that names devoted to the liberties of their country would be desecrated if bestowed upon slaves. And the ancient Romans, for a similar reason, decreed, that the name borne by an infamous patrician should never be conferred on any other member of that family, to the end that it might for ever perish.

The names of the Muses were all highly figurative: Arato signifies the Amiable—Urania the Celestial—Caliope may signify Elegance of language—Euterpe, She that pleaseth—Thalia, Lively Joy—Melpomene, She that delighteth in singing—Polyhymnia, Multiplicity of songs—Terpsichore, She that delighteth in the dance—Clio, Glory.

Calmet notices some curious derivations of the Hebrew names; such as Natal the Fool—Hamor the Ass—Hagab the Grasshopper. Women had frequently the names of animals; as Deborah the Bee—Rachel the Sheep: others from their natures and qualifications, such as, Tamar the Palm-tree—Sarah the Princess—Hannah the Gracious. And on pursuing this examination further, it will appear that in every country names were, with few, if any, exceptions, derived from some such circumstance. The following, though now familiar to us, are all of foreign origin, and are selected from different countries as examples of what has been said:—

Abraham (Hebrew) The father of many.

Paul (Latin) Little or small.

Hubert (German) A high colour.
 Andrew (Greek from *Andreas*) Courageous.
 Oliver, (from an Olive) The emblem of Peace.
 Harold (Saxon) A champion.

And so also of female names :—

Katherine (Greek) Clear or Pure.
 Clara (Latin) same meaning.
 Mildred (Saxon) Speaking mildly.
 Joyce (French) Pleasant.

As also Blanche, Rose, Constance, Charity, &c. &c.

Most of the derivations of favourite female names are exceedingly poetical; and the influence of a name upon the destiny of an individual would alone furnish materials for a lengthy article." "There is," says Sterne, "a strange kind of magic bias impressed upon our characters and conduct by good or bad names. How many Cæsars and Pompeys have been inspired into worthy actions by exalted names; and how many good men on the contrary have been depressed by degrading appellations, and *nico-demised* into nothing." And Lord Orford says—"The impulse of a moment, a ballad, a *nickname*, a fashion, can throw a city into tumult, and shake the foundations of a state." Disraeli, too, remarks :—"That there is an association of pleasing ideas with certain names—and in the literary world they produce a fine effect. Bloomfield is a name apt and fortunate for a rustic bard; as Florian seems to describe the sweet and flowery style. Dr. Parr derived his first acquaintance with the late Mr. Homer from the aptness of his name associating with his pursuits. Our writers of romances and novels are initiated into all the arcana of names; which cost them many painful inventions."

Our own history affords many remarkable examples of surnames. By them most of our kings and eminent men were distinguished. And they were derived sometimes from their virtues; often from their vices or misfortunes. Alfred was appropriately surnamed the Great; Edgar was the Peaceable; his successor the Martyr; and Edmund, the brave and unflinching opponent of Canute, was surnamed Ironside; Harold I. was surnamed Harefoot; Edward III. the Confessor; and William, before he became "the Conqueror," *the Bastard*. His son was surnamed Rufus, from his red hair, and his brother Beauclerk, from his learning. Plantagenet, that gave a name to an illustrious line of monarchs, derived its origin from their ancestor, one of the Dukes of Anjou, who, doing penance for his sins by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was scourged with a bunch of broom-twigs at the Holy Sepulchre. Cœur-de-Lion was the name of honor justly bestowed on one of the bravest of our kings. John was surnamed *Sans-terre* or Lackland, Edward I. Longshanks, and Richard III. Crook-back. And in many instances, too, our illustrious men derived their surnames from the places of their birth. Henry IV. was surnamed Bollingbroke, from an obscure village in Lincolnshire: so was Lionel, of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; William of Malmesbury, the historian, &c.; and for the same reason Henry V., the pride of England and the scourge of France, was surnamed Monmouth.

Such surnames have been given in our own time. Nadir Shah was very fond of the battle-axe, and restored its use in Persia; and from this

circumstance, before his assumption of the diadem, he was generally styled "Axe-Khan." Strongbow Earl of Pembroke, and Longsword Earl of Salisbury, in the same reign, also derived their surnames from their favourite weapons. The name of Caligula was given to that emperor because he always wore a species of foot-harness, so called (*caliga*); and the fourth of the Antonines was called Caracalla, the name of a favourite dress in which he usually appeared. Napoleon was during all the most prosperous portion of his reign known as "the Little Corporal" by his soldiers; and in later years it formed the strongest bond of affection between him and his army. The sound of that name never failed to bring home to the hearts of his hardy veterans those early scenes of mutual labor and co-operation in which they had been engaged: it reminded them of the perils and dangers they had shared—of the triumphs they had reaped together, and awoke in their breasts recollections of former glories and feelings of admiration and love which all the splendour of the empire was unable to eclipse, or distance or neglect to chill.

The fanaticism which reigned in England during the Commonwealth—when the Parliament of Praise-God Barebones held its sittings—gave birth to some of the oddest and most singular surnames we possess. Some of them from their utter extravagance have passed away with the times and feelings which produced them; but many absurd names which still exist among us are probably referable to that season of mania: such names as Longfellow, Shortman, Heavyside, Upperman, Sheepshanks, Ramsbottom, Prettyman, and many more, scores of which every person's memory will readily supply.

Sects and companies as well as individuals took their names generally from some such circumstance as we have mentioned. Thus the Stoics were so called from *Stoa*, a porch in which they generally assembled, and the Peripatetics were so called because they discussed the tenets of their sect whilst walking about.

Disraeli has written some observations upon Political Nicknames, in which he has enumerated and discovered the origin of many. "The name of *Hugenot*," says he, "is derived, as the Dictionnaire de Trévoux suggests, from the fact, that the Protestants were obliged to hide themselves in secret places in consequence of the persecution they received, and appearing at night like King Hugon, the great Hobgoblin of France. It appears that the term has been preserved by an earthen vessel without feet used in cooking, and which served the Huguenots on meagre days to dress their meat, and to avoid observation; a curious instance where a thing still in use proves the obscure circumstance of its origin." In the same manner the name *Sans-culottes* was an insulting name contemptuously applied by the rich to the poorer classes in France; and gradually extended from them to their advocates. The nick-names Puritan and Precisian invented in the reign of Elizabeth survive to the present day. A Scottish parliament from its shifting from place to place was ludicrously nicknamed the Running Parliament. We had also the Pensioner Parliament in the reign of Charles II., the Long Parliament, and the Rump. The famous appellations Whig and Tory still form the names by which the two great parties in the state are distinguished. Tory—a name given to a class of Irish robbers who then infested that country, and from whom Toryhill, &c. derives its name—was applied by their opponents to the friends of the court and lineal succession;

while they retorted by branding the republican party with the name of a Scotch heverage *made from sour milk*, and which is called whigg! "Each party," says Swift, "grows proud of that appellation which their adversaries at first intended as a reproach: of this sort were the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Huguenots, and Cavaliers." The Society of Friends still persist, however, in feeling offended with the name of Quaker with which other sects still persist in designating them.

The surname conferred, not many years since, upon Toussaint the first King of Haiti was particularly flattering to him, and originated in the following circumstances. Commissioners having been sent from France to put down the negro insurrection found themselves so harassed by Toussaint that one of them (Polverel) in speaking of him after the capture of Marmalade used the expression, "*cet homme fait L'ouverture partout.*" (That man makes an opening every where.) This expression getting abroad was the origin of a surname which was too gratifying to the vanity of Toussaint L'Ouverture to be disclaimed or discouraged by him. Probably had his descendants continued to possess his throne, they would have adopted the same name, and it might have descended like the Pharaohs of Egypt and the twelve Cæsars, and again the Cæsars of Germany. Bonaparte, it is well known, was always very solicitous that his successor should adopt the name of Napoleon.

In conclusion, pedigrees and the study of the origin and descent of great men were very ancient, and early engaged the attention of the historian. Anaximenes of Dampsacus wrote a pedigree of the Greeks and barbarians from the creation of the human race to the death of Epaminondas. The priests of Sais when they heard Solon recount the traditions of his country and speak of the reign of Phoroneus and the deluge of Oeucalion and other epochs so recent to them though so ancient to him, "Solon, Solon!" said one of them to him "you Greeks are only yet children."

Space now compels us to conclude, although sensible that this interesting subject is not half exhausted, to which we propose again to return on some future occasion.

J. P.



GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

By WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS," &c.

"Durham [SEE] hath the county of Durham onley, and Northmberlande, whereof the Bysshoppes have bene sometimes Earles Palatines, and ruled the rest vnder the name of the Bishoprycke, a Sic, in my opinion, more profitable, and of lesse countenance, then his prouinciall.* But whatsoener it be for externall apparaunce, sure it is that it payde to Rome 9000 Ducates or Florenes,† at enery chaunge, as the recorde yet expresseth."—*Harrison*, 1577.

A MAINSFORTH TREASURE LEGEND.

The following tradition is from Sharp's Hartlepool. "About a century and a half ago Nicholas Woodifield, then tenant of a small farm at Mainsforth, is said to have become suddenly rich by the following strange circumstances. During the hay harvest, having gone accidentally to a neighbouring well, to procure a draught of water, he let his rake drop which struck upon something metallic. He immediately sent his servant girl home, and taking off his brogues, he contrived to make two purses of them, which after having descended into the well, he filled with broad pieces of gold. With this money, so unexpectedly acquired, he is said to have purchased the manor of Trimdon of the Ropers. The estate is now by maternal descent the property of William Beckwith, Esq., of Herrington."

The story exemplifies a very common class of legends, which increase rather than diminish.

* When Toby Mathew left the see of Durham for York, in 1606, he said that it was for lack of grace, for according to a homely northern proverb, *York has the highest rock, but Durham the deeper manger*. "I like the crazy old Bishop's *nolo episcopari* on the subject of his York preferment," said Sir Walter Scott.

† A sum only inferior to that paid by Canterbury. In the list of "Bysshoppes in their aunciencie, as they sat in Parliament in the fifth of the Queenes Maiesties the reigne," Durham stood fourth, being preceded by the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

The belief in vast subterraneous passages has of course obtained as firm hold in the palatinate as in other places. Our laborious ancestors have the credit of excavating passages from Durham to Finchale Abbey, from Raby castle to Staindrop church, from the Bishop's Manor house to Darlington church, and from the Gun Cave or Cove at Hartlepool to the church there. Some of the older inhabitants used to declare they had penetrated a considerable distance into the latter's gloomy recesses, but as they never ventured to the end, their accounts tended to strengthen the belief of its extent. In later times, however, the most determined investigator could not explore beyond the distance of 50 yards. The name of Gun Cave seems to have been derived from the battery erected over its entrance.

The old manor house of the Surtees and Place families, at Dinsdale, would be incomplete, albeit it possesses grotesque elms, deep fosses, and the customary dovecot, if the statement was wanting, which asserts that "until very lately the entrance to a subterraneous passage stood open, into which, persons now living have proceeded some little distance; it has since been closed up:" and the desolate castle of Lumley loses none of its interest by the matter-of-fact George Allan writing thus to Pennant, in 1775:—"About 300 yards S.W. from the castle are the remains of an old chapel, wherein are several stones, apparently tombs, but no inscriptions, and sunk in the earth. Below this, is an arched vault, which it is said has communication with the chapel [castle?]. A stone now covers the entrance, and it is rather difficult to find. A tradition is handed down at Chester, that, about 170 years ago, some stones were taken from this chapel to mend a breach in the fishery dam across the Wear; but, whilst one stone remained therein, the dam could not be kept up."

"WATSON'S WAKE, 1669."

This inscription is carved upon the north buttress of the tower of Bedlington Church, Bedlingtonshire, North Durham. In March, 1818, when extensive additions to the church were made, there were found the remains of a man, supposed to be those of Cuthbert Watson, a noted sleep-walker, who was killed upon the spot where they were discovered. He had risen in his sleep, February 14, 1669, and was in the act of climbing the north buttress of the tower with great ease and firmness; but a person passing by at the time, and dreading the danger of his situation, spoke to him, and he awoke, fell, and was instantly killed. The story is supported by the current tradition of the place, by an entry said to be in the parish register, and the words on the buttress.

* Hodgson's derivation of the name is very singular. "It might," says he, "have its name from being first granted to, or founded by, one *Badling*, which name, among the Saxons, seems to have meant a *prayer-ling*, or *fanatic fop*—a bidder to prayers or invitor to feasts, weddings, or burials." At South Shields, the bidders or inviters to a funeral, never use the rapper of any door on their perambulations, but knock with a key which they carry about with them for the purpose.

In a field adjoining the churchyard at Bedlington, stands the following singular tombstone, date 1801, erected by the Vicar, the Rev. H. Coates, to the memory of a favourite horse, called *Wheatley*.

Steady the path ordain'd by Nature's God,
And free from human vices, *Wheatley* trod;
Yet hop'd no future life—his all he liv'd.
The turf he graz'd his parting breath receiv'd,
And now protects his bones :—disturb them not,
But let one faithful horse respected rot.

BERTRAM'S MONUMENT

Is the popular name of a rude mural memorial to a Durham-born man in Mitford chancel, Northumberland. The surname is whimsically separated from its prenom in the inscription, which is in the original arranged prosaically :—

Here · lyeth · interd · within · this · movld ·
A · generous · and · vertvovs · weight ·
Whose · dewe · deserts · cannt · be · told ·
From · slender · skill · vnto · his · right ·
He · was · descended · from · a · race ·
Of · worshipful · antiquitie ·
Beloved · he · was · in · his · life · space
Of · high · and · ecke · of · low · degre ·
Rest · Bertram* · in · this · hovse · of · clay ·
Revely* · unto · the · latter · day ·

Below is an effigy on an altar tomb, on which is engraven—

Bertram, to vs, so dvtifl a son,
If more were fit, it shovld for thee be done,
Who deceased the 7th of October, anno domini, 1622.

The person commemorated in this rude sandstone monument was son of George Reveley, of Ancroft, Northumberland, by Frances, sister to the gay and gallant Sir *Bertram* Bulmer. He was born and baptized on his uncle's estate of Elmsden, near Sedgefield, and received his name.

"AS CUNNING AS A CRAFTY CRADOCK."

The origin of this saying is not very clear, but there was a wicked vicar of Gainford, Dr. John Cradock, of whom, in 1624, it was reported to the House of Commons, that he, being a high commissioner for Durham, a justice of peace, and a chancellor, was found to be a great offender in all these, confounding their jurisdictions, and making one to help the other. That on the sequestration of one Allen's goods, worth £1000, it was granted to two strangers, who ransacked the house, and seized upon divers bags, during the funeral sermon. On the will being found, and one Hawden, executor, probate was refused, and a second sequestration

* These two words, forming the name, commence two lines, and thus stand one above another.

granted; when Cradock, in his capacity of justice of the peace, broke open the house, and after ransacking it, offered an oath, *ex officio*, to the executor, and upon that asked him what he had done with the bags of money. New sequestrators were then appointed—the chancellor's man being summoner. These eat up all the provisions in the house, took Hawden and sent him to gaol, whence he could not be released until twenty pieces were given, and a fine paid of £50 to the Bishop of Durham. All which was done out of any session, at the cost of £6 in fees, and no act of sequestration made. It was complained, too, that he had done thus in Rand's case; that bribes were taken by him as a justice of peace; "a forged excommunication, as Mr. Richardson offereth to swear;" and other offences of a similar nature. The committee for Courts of Justice gave it as their opinion that this man deserved greater punishment than Lambe, another offender of the same class; but the house's decision does not appear.* An evil life merited a violent death, for he died at his vicarage of Woodhorn, in Northumberland, in 1627, by means of poison, which it was suspected his wife Margaret (daughter of Mr. Wm. Bateman, of Wensleydale, and widow of one Robinson) had administered to him. On her trial, however, she was acquitted.

"Mr. Richardson" was, I conclude, John Richardson, of Durham, Esq., Solicitor-General† to Bishops Matthew and James, who died in 1639-40; or his son John, barrister-at-law, and escheator of Durham, one of whom fell in for theire of the Cradocks (perhaps the vicar's sons) the year after his officious information. The case *Attorney-General v. Cradock and others*, Trin.

* Walbran's Gainford.

† There is an odd circumstance in the life of the Solicitor-General in connection with a house in the Bailey at Durham, to which the sister of Calvin and widow of Dran Whittingham had removed many of the conventual tombstones, and one of the holy-water stoups of the Abbey, to serve as pickling-troughs, and thresholds, and paving stones. "This house came after to Mr. Jo. Barnes, and after to Mr. Jo. Richardson, who lived there a louge season. But in his tyme, there came an old man, with comely gray hayres, to begg an almes; and lookeinge aboute hym upon the tombe stones which lay in the courtyard, saide to the party that came to hym, *that whilst those stones were there, nothinge wolde prosper about the house; and after, dicers of his children and others dyed*. Soe he caused them to be revoked into the abbey yard, wher now they are. But before the almes came that serve the man he was gone, and never seen after. Which salde house is since sould by Mr. Jo. Richardson, his grandchild, to one Amhrose Myers." Amhrose was living in 1665, and the vendor was, I believe, John Richardson, Clerk of the Peace from 1634 to 1679.

‡ I do not know whether any relationship to the Richardsons of Framwellgate and Caterhouse, near Durham, existed. "Sept. 28, 1684. John Richardson, senior, and maltman and tauner, in Framwellgate, departed this life, being Sunday; being excommunicated, and buried in his owne garden at Caterhouse; being denyed by the Bishop to bury him in the church, it being his desire. The grave was opened in the quire, but shut up again by orders above; bur. the 29th." "July 18, 1690. Mrs. Richardson, wife to Mr. John Richardson, maltman, departed this life at Stockton, and was buried in Katterhouse garden, with her husband."—*Bee's Diary*. Part of John's gravestone is, or was lately, visible, over which a garden wall was built. "parted this life . . . September, Anno . . . ætatis sue . . ."

Who was "John Richardson, Public Notari, a veri honest nighbore, a good-willer both for the good of this church, and this parish;" bur. 8 Nov. 1611, *St. Oswald's, Durham*. A John Richardson of St. Oswald's parish, was Mintmaster for Bishop Tunstall, and in all probability the last man who struck coins for the see of Durham. By his will, dated 1566, he left "to Will'm Richards my soune on greine jackett and my bryches and my scarlett cappe and my sword," and "to Margaret my wyffe my best gowne." I presume its shape was of uncertain sex.

Term., 5 car., in the Star Chamber* was to the effect, that the defendants, on December 22, 1625, about nine o'clock at night, went and kept such a rapping at the doors and lower windows of Mr. Richardson's† house at Durham, as frightened his wife; and one Rangel going out of the house with a ruler in his hand, to see what the matter was; the defendants took his ruler from him, and struck him therewith on the face, to the effusion of his blood, and after kicked and spurned him, and being gone from him, pursued him again, and in riotous manner assaulted and struck him, saying, "If he had not enough, he should have enough;" and for this three of the Cradocks‡ were committed to the Fleet, and fined £50 apiece, and bound to their good behaviour a year, and the party hurt left to the law for his damages.

A desolate and unfinished hall remains as a memento, at Gainford, of Vicar Cradock's building tastes. Its date is 1600, but its claims to the picturesque are but small. Near it is one of those circular turretted dovecotes, almost peculiar to the county. There is a pleasant fable claiming descent for him from the brave Caradoc, the Caractacus of the Romans, who was defeated at a mountain near Shrewsbury, named *Caer Caradoc*, and who is stated to have begotten families dispersed over England, and even scattered into Brittany, where at a village near Rennes, of the name of Caradoc, the late Mr. Cradock, of Gumley, observed the common crest of the family.|| A bear's head proper, muzzled gules, is that of the vicar's descendants; but other branches give a man in a coat of mail, with an antique crown of three points, or kneeling on one knee, presenting a sword proper—all this being intended as a *vera effigies* of Caractacus, to whom the motto, "*Traditus non victus*," also alludes.

An ejected non-conformist, John Rogers, lingered some time in the country after his expulsion from Barnard Castle at the restoration; and whilst at his old haunts, one Cradock was a justice of the peace, and resided in the neighbourhood. He had a deadly hatred to Mr. Rogers and nonconformity. He employed spies, and having obtained the names of several of his hearers, he summoned them before him. Whilst the parties were waiting the justice's leisure in an ante-room, a little girl, about seven years of age, who was the justice's granddaughter, was playing there. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much pleased with his

* 9 Eliz. Upon sight of the charter of the Bishop of Duresm, the two chief justices did certify that the Bishop had *Jura Regalia*, and thereby might hear and determine riots. That notwithstanding, this Court (in matters where doubt of relief of Justice is) may hear riots done within that County Palatine.—*Constable v. Whittington, Rushworth*.

† The records of the Durham Spiritual Court contain an account of a most extraordinary disturbance made in the church of S. Giles, Durham, by an otherwise grave gentleman, John Richardson, Esq. Steward of the Halmot Court, [*qu.* if Solicitor General not meant] for he did "on Palme Sundaie, 1634, and also on Easter Sundaie, interrupt divine service by asking and receiving money of divers present, and by laughing, scolding, and jesting, calling aloud to one Henry Briggs, sitting in Dr. Oyston's pew: 'Harry, Harry! Are you come here to take physick?' recommending an ancient lady to add a founce unto her petticoat; and other such lewd and intemperate discourse, whereby the minister was forced to waive the blessing for one hour and a quarter. Mr. Richardson was sentenced (on the suit of Mr. Heath, the patron,) to do penance, and make public acknowledgment two several Sundays, and to be committed till he performed it; to pay two hundred marks and costs, and to certify his submission on the 24th September, 1634."—*Surtrees*.

‡ Rushworth.

|| Gent. Mag. xcvii. 17.

venerable appearance. He was fond of children, and caressed her, and during their very short acquaintance the child became attached to him. A message arrived from the justice adjourning the case to a future day, on which day they accordingly were brought again before him. As soon as the little girl saw Mr. Rogers she again came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than ever, and whilst sitting on his knee in the ante-room, asked him why he had come? He said, "Your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to prison." The child said, "What have you done?" He replied, "I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear." She said, "He shall not send you to jail." "Ay, but my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our commitment." The child was of a very violent temper, and so impatient of contradiction that she had done herself on former occasions bodily harm, and endangered her life when she was thwarted in her wishes. When hearing that her grandfather was likely to commit Mr. Rogers, she went to him, and remonstrated with him, but apparently to no purpose, until she declared in a passion, that she would drown herself if he did. Having reason to know that this might prove no mere threat, Mr. Cradock went down to Mr. Rogers and his hearers, and said, "I had made out your mittimus, but at my grandchild's request I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They bowed and retired. Mr. Rogers, before leaving, went to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child, may the blessing of that God whose cause you have pleaded, though you knew it not, be upon you in life, in death, and to all eternity." Mr. T. Rogers, minister of the Jewry in London, who was a son of Mr. Rogers, of Barnard Castle, used often to tell this story, which, he said, his father was wont to narrate with great pleasure. On one occasion Mr. Rogers was narrating it whilst dining at the house of a Mrs. Tooley in London. After hearing it, Mrs. Tooley said, "Are you the son of that Mr. Rogers?" He said "I am." She then said, "I am the very girl your father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me which I never forgot." Mr. T. Rogers was surprised, and he and his friend Mr. Bradbury, who was with him, desired to know how, brought up under the influences of Mr. Cradock's persecuting zeal, she had become not only a religious character, but a dissenter? She told them that on her grandfather's death, she became wealthy, and ran a round of fashionable pleasures and pursuits until a serious illness overtook her, and with it serious convictions. She went to Bath and consulted a physician there, who, ascertaining her mental as well as her bodily condition, advised her to peruse a book which he would lend her, and it would be a sure cure. The book was the New Testament, which she promised to read carefully, and did so. She returned to London shortly after, and resided in the court end of the town with another lady. One Saturday evening she dreamt she had been to a place of worship and heard a sermon, and the appearance of the building, the minister, and the words of his text, were deeply impressed upon her mind. On the Sunday following she set out early with her friend in quest of the place she had seen in her dream; they went from church to church, but none answered to the description. They came back, dined, and resolved to try again. Being in the Poultry about half an hour after two o'clock they saw a number of people going down the Old

Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Shower was the minister. As soon as she entered the door and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion and said, with surprise, "This is the place I saw in my dream." She had not long been there before she saw Mr. Shower go up into the pulpit, when her surprise was still greater, and she said, "This is the preacher I saw in my dream, and if my dream proves true, he will take for his text Psalm cxvi. 7, 'Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'" After singing and prayer he gave out this very text. The sermon made a deep impression on her, and she became from that moment a decidedly religious character, and obtained the rest to her soul which Mr. Rogers had so fervently implored on her behalf.

THE PHANTOM HORSE OF WEARDALE.

The lead miners* of the dales of the Allen and Wear are paid a certain sum monthly for their current expenses, but at the end of the year a general settlement of all demands takes place between the employers and the employed—the latter and their tradesmen—the tradesmen and their merchants—and so on. This day is popularly known as the *pay*, and a great influx of strangers generally takes place a few days previous, consisting chiefly of commercial travellers and tradesmen from the neighbouring districts. Not many years have passed since it was usual for travellers to engage guides for the purpose of conducting them across the dreary mountain tracts that lie between the different districts, as well as to assist in resisting the attacks of highwaymen, who at such times not unfrequently penetrated these wilds in the hope of plunder free from detection.

About ninety years ago a traveller who had been collecting his accounts at Alston, Nenthead, and Allendale, arrived in Weardale where he discharged his guides, as was customary, in order to procure others to conduct him to the Tees. After completing his business, however, he found it impossible to procure guides except by a delay of some days, and not

* "*Up wi' leede and down wi' brede,
Is what we drink at Wardale hede.*"

"Tinne and lead are very very plentifull wyth vs, the one in Cornewall, Deuonshire, and else where in the North, y^e other in Darby shire, Weredale, and sondry other places of thys Iland: whereby my countreyemen doe reape no small commodity, but especially our pewterers, who in time past employed the vse of pewter only vpon dishes and pottes, and a few other trifles for seruice, whereas nowe they are grown vnto such exquisite cunning, that they can in maner imitate by infusion any forme or fashion of cuppe, dish, salt, bowle, or goblet, whyche is made by Goldsmithes craft though they be neuer so carious and uery artificially forged. In some places beyond the sea a garbush of good flat English pewter (*I say flat, because dishes and platters in my time begyn to be made depe like basons, and are in deede more conuenient both for sawse and keeping the meat warme*) is almost esteemed so precious as the like number of vessels that are made of fine siluer, and in manner no lesse desired amo'gst the great estates, whose workemen are nothing so skilfull in that trade as ours, neyther theyr mettall so good, nor plenty so great, as we have heere in England. Iron is found in many places, as in Sussex, Kent, Weredale, Mendip, Walshall, Manchester, and elsewhere in Wales: of which mines diuers doe bryng forth so fine and good stuffe as any that commeth from beyond the sea. It is also of such toughnesse, that it yieldeth to the making of clari-cord wire in some places of the realme."—(*Harrison, 1577.*) These early notices of staple productions will be read with interest.

relishing so serious a loss of time, he set off alone. At this day the improvements in the construction of roads had not been introduced, and the path in question was only fitted for the passage of carts; crooked, irregular, and rough to a degree, high banks, clothed with tall trees, and cut out here and there to allow one vehicle to pass another, rose up on the one hand, while brawling torrents leaped and foamed on the other, and at frequent intervals crossed the stony road and formed deep pools over which never a bridge had been set. Fellow wayfarers had he none, indeed but few ever used the road, houses were still fewer—he was alone, in a strange place, in a gloomy road, and in charge of a large sum of money; onward he rode, amid the darkness of the night and dread uncertainty. His progress had been noticed by a few, but on his arrival at a place called Park-house pasture, all further trace of him was lost; by what drear road he passed to eternity is unknown, neither can it now be known on this side the grave.

At midnight the occupier of a lone farm house at the head of this field was aroused from his slumbers by loud cries of agony and despair, and the hurried tramp of a horse scouring around the inclosure smote on the ear; twice were the cries borne on the breeze from a spot at the rear of the house and died gradually in the distance. The old man although struck with horror and infirmity was about to sally forth, but his wife and daughter restrained him, and listening awhile, all was still. At daybreak the field was found deeply impressed with the stroke of hoofs, but there was no mark of blood. A little further on, however, was a narrow road; there were two gates opposite one another,—these were found tied to prevent egress, for the hedge was too high and thick to afford an outlet for escape; here probably our traveller fell. Suspicion rested upon two or three parties, one of whom is stated to have kept a horse for many days concealed by curtains, and that he, with the assistance of two others were seen to force a horse down an old pit which had long lain unworked. These men became suddenly rich, which was generally attributed to the plunder of the luckless stranger; however, searching inquiries were made by the friends of the deceased without the slightest success, but not many years ago, when the roads were altered, in cutting through this field, the skeleton of a man was found buried in an upright position, and straightway the story of the stricken traveller was revived.

Such is the substance of a tale long a fireside talk of the peasantry of this secluded vale, and at the dead of night, a phantom horse with a bleeding rider, careering over the field and disappearing at the old quarry where the hideous relics were found, is sufficient to deter the timid from using the road after nightfall, and enough to chill the blood of the listeners who encircle the blazing hearth.*

THE DEVIL'S STONE AT CASTLE EDEN.

A legend connected with a large stone in Castle Eden Dean,† reveals

* Written by W. Pattison.

† A Dean in Durham is a dell or deep valley between two hills with water running at the bottom, or in fact any hollow place where the ground slopes on both sides. Thus there is West Black Dean in Weardale, Denton, Heselden, and Fussick Dean, near Norton, where the slack formed by the *sike* running through the fields is of very inconsiderable extent. The word is genuine Saxon.

the fact that the devil is not above wearing *aprons*. His Satanic Majesty was, it seems, on one occasion flying over the Dean with this immense stone in his apron, when, sad to relate, his apron string broke, and the weighty burden was precipitated to the place where it now lies. My information does not state what prevented its carrier from lifting it up again, but in legends the devil is always a fool.

THE PICKLED PARSON OF SEDGEFIELD.

1792, Dec. 31.—About two o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in one of the lodging-rooms in the rectory-house of Sedgefield, which consumed the greatest part of the building; however the most valuable furniture was preserved. Previous to this event the inhabitants of Sedgefield were alarmed by an apparition, denominated the *Pickled Parson*, which for many years was presumed to infest the neighbourhood of the rector's hall, "making night hideous." The origin of the tale is attributed to the cunning of a rector's wife, whose husband having died about a week before the tithes, which were generally let off to farmers, and the rents paid on the 20th of December, became due, she concealed his death by salting his body in a private room. Her scheme succeeded; she received the emoluments of the living, and the next day made the decease of the rector public. Since the fire, the apparition has not been *seen*.

FUNERAL ETIQUETTE.

In a village in this county, it is the etiquette for a person not to go out of the house till the burial of a near relation. An honest simple countryman, whose wife lay a corpse in his house, was seen walking slowly up the village. A neighbour ran to him, and asked: "where, in heaven, John, are you going?" "To the joiner's shop," said poor John, "to see them make my wife's coffin; it will be a little diversion for me."

DOINGS OF MICHAEL SCOTT.

The Wansbeck runs into the sea at Cambois, in North Durham, about nine miles to the eastward, and the tide flows to within five miles of Morpeth. Tradition reports that Michael Scott, whose fame as a wizard is not confined to Scotland, would have brought the tide to the town, and appointed an agent to run from near Cambois to Morpeth without looking behind, when the tide would follow him. After running some distance, he became terrified by the roar of waters behind him, and forgetfully gave a glance over his shoulder, to see if the danger was imminent. Immediately the advancing tide was still. Michael also intended to confer a similar favour on Durham's reverend city; but his good intentions were stopped in like manner by the cowardice of the person who had to "guide the tide."

"EUNE AND PENN, FORTUNE AND BENN;
ERASTUS AND JOHNE, AND BET ALONE."

A traditionary rhyme in Whorlton on the Johnson family of that place,

whose names were peculiar. The rhyme especially alludes to the issue of Ambrose Johnson, who died in 1690. He had sons named *Benn*, (I do not say that *he* had aught of kindship with the poet) *Erastus*, and *John*, and daughters *Pennington*, *Elizabeth*, *Eunice*, and *Fortune*. The last married Mr. Francis Wycliffe, of Whorlton. Her brother left her a considerable estate, *favouring* her above the rest of the family; and she presenting her spouse soon after with twins, he very considerably christened them by the names of *Favour* and *Fortune*. This was in 1710.

The brother of these twins died at the parsonage, Staindrop, where he was maintained by the excellent vicar, the Rev. Peter Fisher, who had married his sister. He was frequently seen leading a cart on the Cockfield coal-road, with a gold watch, the last relic of his gentle fortune, dangling from his fob. So little benefit accrued from the favour shewn in giving fortune.

I linger on the glorious name of Wycliffe. Ambrose's ancestor, Thomas Wycliffe, expended on his brother's funeral "7 dozen of groat cakes, 16 gallons of ale, 11s. mortuary, and bread and cheese to those that *waked* him." The wake, turbulent and indecent as it was, has waned sadly since the death of John Wycliffe, of Preston on Skerne, whose funeral rites in 1669 needed it to add to the necessary pomp on such an occasion.

THE MILK-WHITE DOVE OF CORNFORTH.

A few fields to the south of Stob-cross near Cornforth, stands a ruined dove cote, shaded by a few straggling ash trees, and haunted by a brood of wood-pigeons. Among these, flies a milk white dove with three spots of crimson on its breast, being the spirit of a poor girl who here "put herself down for love"—here, the very spot of her appointment with her traitor love, and who still loves to hover round the cote, the scene of her earthly loves and sorrows. The poor maid, scorned mayhap by the cold world of grandeur and wealth, was with that delicacy and depth of feeling which lingers round many a secluded vill of the north, laid in her own parish kirk-yard, and "allowed her virgin strewnents and the bringing home of bell and burial." The traitor, "he, the deceiver, who could win maiden's heart, ruin and leave her," drowned himself some years after in the Floatbeck, and being buried where four roads meet, with a stake or stob driven through his body, left the name of the transaction to Stob-cross. "It was usual to erect crosses at the conjunction of four cross roads, as a place self-consecrated, according to the piety of the age; and it was not, probably, with a notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that those excluded from holy rites were buried at the crossing roads, next in sanctity to consecrated grounds.*

Then might the pitying bard the tale repeat
Of hapless village love in ages past;
How the pale maid, the victim of deceit
Sunk like the primrose in the northern blast,
See where the ring doves haunt yon ruined tower,
Where ivy twines amidst the ashen spray;
There still she hovers round the lonely bower,
Where anguish closed her melancholy day,

* M. A. Denham's MSS.

A dove she seems distinguished from the rest,
Three crimson blood-drops stain her snowy breast.*

Brand saw in the churches of Wolsingham and Stanhope specimens of the virgin-garlands, the form of a woman's glove, cut in white paper, being hung in the centre of each of them. Sharp gives a cut of one in Hartlepool Church formed of white paper cut into two wreaths of flowers; in the centre is the figure of a hand on which is written the name and age of the deceased. The late John Trotter Brockett, Esq., remembered several virgin garlands in Witton Gilbert church. I never saw one, but we occasionally among the various decorations of churches with evergreens at Christmas-tide, give a garland of these cheering denizens of winter. At Norton they remain in the church till Lent.

* Superstitions of the North, an unperformed idea of Mr. Surtees. It was to embody all our legends.

HISTORIC RHYMES.

No. IV.

WATERLOO.

A SOUND of dance and music !
 And the myriad forms of light,
 Where in Brussels' ancient city—
 A Richmond feasts to night ;
 And round her throng the heroes
 Whose names have long been known
 From the Ganges to the Tagus,
 From the Thames unto the Rhone.

In the giddy waltz they mingle
 With beauty's shooting stars,
 As in times of olden fable
 Venus led the round with Mars ;
 While he, whose right arm shatter'd
 The foremost bands of France,
 With that arm upholds some fair one,
 Or looks idly on the dance.

Comes a whisper of dark tidings !
 The dancers pause awhile ;
 All eyes turn to the chieftain,
 But unalter'd is his smile ;
 Unaltered are his features ;
 There can be nothing wrong—
 Sound, music, sound—more quickly
 The dancers whirl along.

Comes a second one with tidings,
 His face is sicklied o'er ;
 But the chieftain, briefly listening,
 Smiles as he smiled before.
 Unaltered are his features,
 There can be nothing wrong—
 Sound, music, sound—more quickly
 The dancers whirl along.

But what now means this stillness ?
 The voice of mirth is hush'd ;
 There's a sudden paleness falls
 On the cheeks that were so flushed.
 The lights seem burning dimly,
 With a strange and reddening gloom,
 And faint whispers gather strength
 In the now half-empty room.

Where's Wellington ? where's Orange ?
 The gallant Picton, where ?
 They're gone, and of their comrades
 Not one is lingering there.
 They march in night and darkness
 To the fields of Quatre Bras,
 Whence louder every minute
 Peal the thunderbolts of war.

And now the field bursts on them,
 How throbs then every breast !
 It is not fear, yet wildly
 Throbs the bosom of the best.
 There Brunswick holds the battle,
 And scarcely holds, so sore
 Gaul's legions press upon him
 Amid the cannons' roar.

Then rose "the Camerons' gathering,"
 Lochiel's clan-note rose,
 As, like the hound from leash unbound,
 They dash upon their foes.
 Then Erin's shout, half laughter,
 And half a demon-scream,
 Yet louder rings as on they sweep,
 Like the mountain's torrent-stream.

And now comes England's war-cry ;
 Gaul's bravest knew it well,
 And startled as the stag doth
 At the huntsman's bugle-swell.
 Yet only for a moment ;
 A hurricane of balls
 Replies to that hurrah,
 And Brunswick's chieftain falls.

The pibroch sounds ; the Cameron
 Cheers on his gallant band,
 Who pour along like ocean
 When its surges beat the strand.
 He falls in that fierce onset,
 But still they onward sweep—
 "To-day is for revenge,
 To-morrow we may weep."

But oh ! not this the war-field,
 Nor this the doomed day,
 When an empire shall be won,
 And an empire cast away.

Another field must see them
 The fated strife renew,
 On the heights of Mount Saint John,
 On the plains of Waterloo.

And now the hosts of Britain
 Fell back before their foe ;
 But their hearts were all unshaken,
 And their march was firm and slow
 From time to time they turned them,
 Like wolves when curs pursue ;
 And the pack held off in terror,
 Or like chaff asunder flew.

At length, in storm and darkness,
 They reach the appointed spot ;
 And on the ground they flung them,
 Their toil, their wounds forgot.
 Some slumber soon, all heedless
 Of chilling rain or wind ;
 The thunder cannot wake them,
 To the lightning they are blind.

But more, like men in fever,
 Lay there in broken sleep,
 With troubled fancy tossing,
 As on a stormy deep ;
 For if the body rested,
 Worn out by toil and pain,
 The mind, which could not slumber,
 Still woke it up again.

Some, wild as was the tempest,
 Ydrank the hours away,
 And curs'd the tedious coming
 Of battle and of day.
 Not theirs the love of honour,
 Yet stubborn in the fight
 They'll brave it with the bravest
 Who follow glory's light.

'Tis morn—less fierce the tempest,
 Though still the heavens frown,
 And through the cloudy masses
 The sun at times shoots down.
 And still the winds are gusty,
 And off and on the show'rs ;
 The sky this minute brightens,
 The next again it low'rs.

But hark !— the drum! the trumpet!
 Up yonder heights oppos'd
 Napoleon's troops are marching,
 File after file disclos'd.
 No time to waste in thinking
 On rain or on the blast ;
 A fiercer storm is coming ;
 It bursts! the die is cast.

It hursts!—the volleying thunders
 Roll, rattle, crash around;
 Red lightnings give the signal,
 An earthquake shakes the ground.
 The leaden hail drives thickly
 Among the serried mass;
 Battalions in an instant
 Sink like the rain-lodg'd grass.

From earth on high is steaming
 A heavy sulphurous cloud,
 That wraps from sight the landscape—
 'Tis Death's impervious shroud.
 And thence, as from the bosom
 Of some volcano mirk,
 Come flames and horrid noises
 As fiends were there at work;

Come shriekings, cheerings, tramlings,
 A clang that ceases not,
 As though ten thousand hammers
 Struck on the iron hot.
 But now the winds have sundered
 The clouds hy battle spread,
 And give to view a moment
 The living and the dead.

And what a sight now greets us!
 Both ridges, and the plain
 That hollow lies between them,
 Are loaded with the slain;
 With men, with arms, with horses,
 Wheels bedded in the mud,
 With cannon, tumbrils broken,
 The wrecks of battle's flood

While through the grass is oozing
 Full many a bloody rill,
 Or, where the earth is furrowed,
 In red pools is lying still.
 On his war-horse sits Napoleon,
 Impatience in his eye,
 For noon was long since over,
 And evening it is nigh.

His brow is dark and moody,
 For now declines the sun;
 And fearful is the havoc,
 Yet the battle's to be won.
 He shouts! and at his voice
 The dying battle-flame
 More fierce than ever blazes
 As if a north wind came.

Then falls the noble Picton,
 Then Ponsonby's laid low;
 And thousands, where they're standing,
 Are levelled row by row.

Charge, Paget, charge for England,
 For home and beauty dear—
 Before his rushing squadrons,
 Sinks the mail-clad cuirassier.

Charge, Vivian, charge! the battle
 More than trembles in the scale,
 Though the shrunk squares hold together
 With hearts that never fail.
 Then back the Gaul is driven;
 Napoleon once again
 Sees victory snatched from him,
 And sees with burning brain.

Once more he forms his legions,
 And hurls them on his foe;
 Down go the light-armed squadrons,
 And down the firm lines go.
 Down go the best and bravest,
 Who would rather die than yield!
 And those begin to waver,
 Who till now ne'er lost a field.

But Wellington is with them,
 He speeds like lightning-flash;
 He's heard above the cannon,
 And the shell's sharp splint'ring crash—
 "What will they say in England
 If we are beaten here?"
 And his men right bravely answered
 With the never-failing cheer.

Again the battle rages
 As fierce as it hath been,
 And the shades of eve are gathering
 Upon the bloody scene.
 But now a cry—"the Prussians!"
 The Iron Duke has heard,
 And his soul is in his eye,
 And his soul is in his word;

"Up, guards! up, guards, and at them!"
 And that homely call shall sound
 To latest hours more nobly
 Than the poet's golden round;
 The old man shall repeat it
 To his children round the fire;
 And the son again shall tell it
 As he heard it from his sire.

And now it stirs the faintest;
 All start from where they lie,
 And fling them on the foeman
 To conquer or to die.
 The bayonets are crossing;
 A moment, and 'tis done!
 A crash like storm-tossed forests!—
 The battle it is won.

Woe, woe to France! her banners
No more shall brave the world
From east to west, from north to south,
In victory unfurl'd.
All glory be to England
Where glory most is due;
Her Cressy and her Blenheim
Live again in Waterloo.

All honour to the hero,
Who never knew defeat,
Whose course was like the torrent
O'erwhelming all they meet.
All honor to the hero,
The man of iron mould,
Whose fame shall be remember'd
When his gallant heart is cold.

His form shall live in marble,
His face in brass be grav'd;
And his statue ride triumphant
In the capital he saved.
They'll tell of him in palaces,
In cots they'll tell of him;
And maids shall sing at evening,
As the winter-lamp they trim—
"All honour to the hero,
The man of iron mould,
Who fought for us the battle,
As they fought in days of old."

G. S.

THE SOUTHWELL LETTERS—No. II.

(Continued from page 117.)

1695, Feb. 25. *R. S.*—King James is at Calais with the Marshal Boufflers, and a great number of French forces. They have got in several creeks thereabouts 400 transport ships and some men-of-war to stand by them. They sent over the Duke of Berwick with commissions, signed by the father, to fall on the Prince of Orange in his winter quarters, and, that being done, to head the insurrection. They depended also that we should be destitute of our naval force; but as it pleased God to disappoint them in the first by a remorse of some of the party that discovered it, so has a strong west wind, of above six weeks' continuance, kept all the strength at Spithead that was designed for Sir George Rooke, beside 700 or 800 men more that were outward bound. So that we have, by Providence, all those hands and ships to preserve us in time of need—yet are we still in anxiety for the speedy return of Sir George Rooke, and we are hoping that he may be now actually under sail; for the Toulon fleet are double his force, and when they are come to join those at Brest they will be formidable. We shall then see if they will fight us in the Channel, or keep the sea without sweeping all that comes from abroad, or perhaps insulting those that may take shelter in Ireland. And to that effect I now write to His Excellency. You will see the form of the association yesterday voted. But the house sat long this day, and I hear there was so much contention about the word "rightful," that 86 of the members refused to sign the same. I need not tell you that all preparations are making, both by sea and land, which the conjuncture requires, and a general embargo even upon the coast trade. Admiral Russell and Lord Berkeley got yesterday to Deal; and yesterday sailed 11 Dutch men-of-war from Spithead to join him. And Sir Cloudesley Shovel was immediately following with our English squadron. I know you will look about you.

May 7. *E. S.*—I have this day, at last, got a bill for your pay, the amount of which I here enclose; and 'tis hoped the last year's pay will be ready to be received in a month or thereabouts. Whether you have actual occasion for your money to carry on the services you are in; or else if you are disposed to meddle with any public bank, especially the new one voted, called a "Land Bank," let me know. The last Bank people doubled their money that sold out in 14 months' time. But this cannot certainly make so great a profit.

Nov. 5. *R. S.*—We are in at my Lord Chancellor's happy acquittal, [Sir Charles Porter, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who was threatened with

an impeachment for his opposition to the Lord Deputy, Lord Capel.—Ed.] And I must do him the justice to tell you now, in a late letter to George Clarke, you and Toby Purcell and two more were mentioned by him with great honor, as daring to side with justice against his persecutors. What these things will come to we may better know when his Majesty returns from his progress.

Dec. 16. *E. S.*—As to that part relating to Monsieur C., we are afraid it will never pass: for though he be a very valuable man, and one we should be very desirous of, because we know him, yet it would make such a noise that the key of the kingdom would be in foreign hands, as would be very ungrateful. Especially now that the Lords' House have addressed the king for a list of all those officers who have his commission, with a list of their respective countries, which was introduced on occasion of a speech that we ought to know on whom our safety depended, in case any accident befel his Majesty—and in whom our strength lay, and in what hands. Now this consideration will, I believe, make you enter into the difficulty of that matter. Now we could heartily wish, upon thinking of everybody, that Captain Cadogan [his nephew, and afterwards Lord Cadogan.—Ed.] could succeed you. For he has gained great merit and reputation in this campaign; and the Elector of Bavaria recommended him to the king for having by his order performed a piece of service, by driving the French out of a work, where he lost 50 men, killed and blown up, and but six came off with him.

Dec. 28. *R. S.*—The Commons did, yesterday, send up a bill for the reformation of the coin, which most of them think will need some alteration with the Lords, for it proves the most perplexed thing that ever fell into debate; and till some method be fixed herein, the people are very unquiet. [This act was brought in under the advice of Sir Isaac Newton.—Ed.] We are apprehending next week some violent agitation in the house, when they come again to the state of the nation: for such was the outcry about losses at sea, that they unanimously voted a council of trade, and they would have immediately gone to have nominated the persons also, had not the thing been then carefully * * *; for their purpose was, and for aught I hear still continues, to invest this council with authority over all those forty-three cruisers appointed by the last act. And although his Majesty, to obviate this clashing of jurisdictions, hath just now erected, under the Broad Seal, a new commission, wherein Sir Philip Meadows, Mr. Blathwayte, Mr. Pollexfen, a merchant, Mr. Clarke, of the Custom-house, and Dr. Locke are named, besides several of the great lords, with the first commissioners of the treasury and admiralty, and with large powers in reference to trade and plantations: yet the Commons do not appear willing to desist from their own way.

1696, Jan. 2. *R. S.*—I have lately spoken to the commission of sick and wounded; but they are at their wits' ends. The calamity is general for the defect of money and of credit. I confess I am deeply concerned for the great arrear due to you, and I cannot tell where 'twill end.

Jan. 14. *E. S.*—The French fleet are certainly getting ready to come out for the ocean; and we all here seem much to apprehend the consequences thereof—for Sir George Rooke is not strong enough now to oppose them: good part of his force lying at Spithead, and some of his ships ('tis said nine) gone up the straits. The neighbourhood of the French fleet will, I am sure, make both the English and Irish coasts very

uneasy, and therefore we intend to make use of this opportunity, and to get the ordnance and admiralty to press for a letter to the Lord Deputy to pay you the £2000, preferably to other payments, to put you in a fit posture. But all this to yourself. Jack Eyre has just got a patent for Vice-Admiral of Connaught, and 'tis superseded for my Lord Deputy's recommendation of Sir G. St. George. In short, I may say to you, that many here *will* understand it that my Lord Chancellor has made a Tory division of it, and therefore it is fit to be discouraged; and there seems not anybody here who has power, that is willing to take the pains to show the falsity hercof—and so let it pass.

April 23. *R. S.*—I had yesterday the favor of yours of the 7th and 16th, but at the same time one from Mr. Medlicott, about the death of my Lord Shelburne, which hath put us all into a damp. I take the loss of so virtuous a man to be a blow to the country he lived in: and how often have I heard in these seven years past, the want of his renowned father lamented, [Sir William Petty.—Ed.] whose peculiar talents in projecting rules of equality, and methods of raising our heavy taxes, would have made us formidable to France. But all the good things of this life are in a perpetual flux, and we must still submit to what God above thinks fit. We must be patient at the slow progress of many needful things, since his Majesty is so overpowered with business, and the credit of the prevailing ministers so uncertain. The parliament will now be up in a very few days, and the king will be posting to Flanders—and the rather, that we had this day some tidings of Sir George Rooke. You will not imagine the spiteful reports that were spread to his disadvantage, as if he were runaway to the French, and what not! [He was a leading Tory, and therefore suspected.—Ed.] But now we hear that he was, on the 15th, 50 leagues west of Ushant, with 180 sail under his care; and by the good winds that have blown, we may hope every hour to hear of his getting into the Channel. When he is there, we may think England secure, notwithstanding all the French menaces of the Toulon fleet, and an invasion which they openly boast of.

July 30. *R. S.*—The want of security in the high road of their trade, about Cape Clear, hath frightened and diverted the ships, so as they choose to take the north course of Ireland, and by which means Liverpool and Whitehaven are, since the war, so vastly increased in trade, that just now sets of custom-house officers are sent down to manage the receipts. So that when the western members in parliament are made sensible of this drain, and the true cause thereof, I expect they will be very loud for a squadron where it ought to be, and I am preparing to put this matter in its proper light; for when our conductors of the sea will not do what the interest of the public requires, they must be roused into it by a higher power. I send you, by the Bristol galley, three small pictures, whereof two are a present from Sir John Perceval to his steward, Mr. Taylor, being of himself and his brother Philip; and the other I send to my niece Moore, being the picture of her son Sir Emanuel, and extremely like him—which I pray you to convey respectively. They are all fine lads, and we may expect to see them considerable men. I hardly know the fellow of Sir John for all that is desirable in a young gentleman—he hath a great deal of good nature and good sense. [Sir John Perceval, whose grandmother was a Southwell, as mentioned in the introduction, was afterwards created Earl of Egmont. He was president of the society

which founded the colony of Georgia, now one of the United States.—Ed.] By the last letters from London the scarcity of money grew still greater, especially on the arrival of Lord Portland, who was sent on purpose to deplore the ill state of the army, for whom £200 was finding out, by all possible expedients. I could enlarge on the complaints made of ill managements, and the distraction between the great men to find the cures. But I suppose till the parliament meet, no cure will be big enough; and if these things drive us to a peace, the articles are not like to be very good, and in consequence not very lasting.

Dec. 8. *R. S.*—We do not yet hear that Monsieur Pointis' squadron was sailed from Brest. But I am told, in private, that his Majesty has so long suspected that preparation to be intended for Ireland, that he directed the government there to order provisions, first for 5000, and afterwards for 8000 seamen, and that the charge should hence be reimbursed; and I conceive this method was taken for the more despatch, since the victuallers here were at a dead stand. [This French admiral, instead of making a descent, as William expected, on Ireland, took the town of Carthegena, in New Spain, where he found an immense booty, valued at eight millions of crowns.—Ed.] I hear, also, that his Majesty did command a squadron to sail towards that coast, and hath commanded it again, finding the admiralty stiff, of another mind; and my Lord Inehiquin, taking his leave on Sunday night, told his majesty he would embark on those ships. I hear orders are gone over for the disarming the papists, and all other precautions which a great danger may require; and that Major-General Steward will search into all grievances of our army, and is to purge out them that are papists, &c. The French minister in Holland has at last declared they will own King William in the treaty; but how, or in what manner, appears not, and I fear they do but amuse us, while they are preparing to fall on.

1697, Feb. 23. *E. S.*—Our foreign letters bring nothing more of the peace. Our want of money here is such, that the French must be very kind if they do it; and till we can bring tallies to be a legal tender, and break the neck of buying them for 50 per cent., we can expect little good of the taxes.

July 6. *R. S.*—I did yesterday present the Lords of the Admiralty with all our proceedings on the "Postilion," neatly entered and bound up. But they would not vouchsafe to read anything—ordering only that I left the book and the vouchers for their leisure. When I proposed my son to succeed me in the vice-admiralty, the great lord told me it should be considered of. I offered a short letter, just then received from Colonel Beecher, which required some directions about what he is fishing up from the "Loo;" but neither could that be read. And though all things went thus stiff, I made some mention of the case of our fishermen that were lately pressed: to which some answered, that they never heard before of any Irishman that was in the Fleet. So I bowed my body, and took leave. [The Board of Admiralty, under Russell, was at this time very unpopular, and the officials extremely hostile towards one another.—Ed.] I hear you have a new supply of prisoners brought in, and yet you have not drawn on the commissioners for the last 320. I think 'tis a great fault not to be very nimble with them, since they endure great battering here before we can prevail. Our three East India ships now at Cadiz, the stout defence at Barcelona, the defeat of the French

intrigues in Poland, and the conference between Lord Portland and Mons. Boufflers, these things make us more cheerful than we were, and more in hopes of some good issue in the peace.

July 17. *R. S.*—I am glad you had a general order there about the poor fishermen : but to expect any grace from the high and mighty here is quite out of fashion.

Nov. 16. *R. S.*—The discourse here spread of breaking 10 English regiments, and keeping up some French and Dutch, breeds more noise than one could wish. But I suppose this and other great things will be matter of consideration in the approaching parliament.

Dec. 16. *R. S.*—As for news there is great agitation in parliament in reference to the army, the court being surprised at the small number hitherto allowed of, or rather connived at, and the dangers that may ensue. On the other hand the country see, by accounts given in, that there is no less than £7,000,000 to be raised to make good and to pay off even what they themselves propose. So as the difficulty of supporting more, and the danger of relying on so few, are the great points in agitation among the greatest heads. If there were leisure for small things, I observe great animosity in some against the growth of Ireland, and in others at the topping interest of the Scots in that kingdom : and I observe that preparation is making by the Londoners of the society of Londonderry to inflame the Lords here at the appeal which the Lords [there—Ed.] have admitted and decided on the bishop's complaint ; as if nothing of that nature had been ever assumed before, and that therefore nothing ought to be allowed from the Chancery and King's Bench there but appeals to those courts here, and from these to the Lords on this side. And at the same time great displeasure is raised on the rejecting a late bill there, which had so glorious a title, though the clause of pre-eminence was the only reason for it—and as if these things tended to wear off the dependence on England. So you see here is work enough cut out for poor Ireland, if there were leisure for it. [The Commons, irritated by Molyneux' book on the case of Ireland, voted addresses to the king to keep that country dependent, discourage its woollen manufactures, &c.—Ed.]

1698, Jan. 6. *R. S.*—As I told you, last post, of my Lord Kerry's commitment to the Tower, so now I can tell you that yesterday he was discharged, but I cannot explain well, as yet, how it came about. The brigadier, as I think I told you, was discharged the day before. We have had very ill weather, and the sad disaster at Whitehall, by fire, [Jan. 5, 1698, through the carelessness of a laundress,—Ed.] has put everybody out of the way, and things in some confusion, though I think all material papers have been saved ; the banquetting-hall has escaped—but all from the passage gates towards the Cockpit, and the small beer cellar beyond the Watergate, is blown up or burnt down : that is, all that lay by the Thames, and the new buildings that lay thence to the garden. I am sorry to tell you that Exchequer-bills went on Saturday to 9 per cent. loss. I know not yet what will be best to do with them. But I am nicely enquiring, both on your account, Sir John Perceval's, and my own ; and my last thought is to attend and see what the parliament will do. For though they promised, in the late act, to make good all deficiencies from the next fund to be raised, yet every one believes that the first funds will be for ready money to pay off the army before all other things.

Jan. 16. *R. S.*—My Lord Chancellor's friends of Ireland are sorry

that in the great contest of Saturday last, relating to the army and the augmentation of that small number first voted, he should speak against the court. He is strangely run down by those who were quite otherwise before. Mr. Molesworth also was in the same.

Jan. 18. *E. S.*—The parliament have read the hill hut once. It enjoins all wool and woollen manufactures to be brought to some port in England. But there is a committee sits daily to consider of the trade of both kingdoms, and my Lord Chancellor tells me he hopes to inform them in the true state how matters go, which are not so formidable as they would make them. My Lord Kerry is soliciting a pass from the king to stay here; the new bill passed making it necessary for all those who have been in France. The parliament have voted half-pay to English-born subjects disbanded, till otherwise provided for; and £250,000 to be presently raised to disband the common men.

Dec. 4. *E. S.*—I am told that the committee of the whole house agreed yesterday that the complement for the fleet should be 15,000, including 3000 marines therein. They seem warm in pursuing some admiralty miscarriage, having passed two votes already about the late fourth of Mr. Aylmer's squadron, and of an undue payment to Mr. Priestman. On Monday they are likely to make great progress.

1699, April 1. *R. S.*—Lord Albemarle gives Lord Scarborough £10,000 for his troop of Guards, as the town says—which is a good lump. Yours was chiefly about admiralty concerns. We are coming now to a crisis about that commission, which hath at last provoked even the parliament to remonstrate against it; and it will soon appear whether the charge therein will not be of all, unless Sir George Rooke. When we see what the new men are, we may know what to judge, and whether I may have a better reception than when I last attended, about two years past, about the "Postilion" business; for about this I purpose to attend them, and to desire my commission may be given to my son, which before could not be obtained, the great man was so bluff.

April 22. *E. S.*—I wrote to you on the 11th how that affair stood of the Duke of Ormonde, in relation to the laying down his troop. Since which his Majesty did, from Newmarket, order Mr. Secretary to wait on my Lord Duke, and to let him know that his Majesty had now settled the command to go according to the date of the commission. So that my Lord Duke went to Kensington that night his Majesty returned, and is now come into waiting, which pleases everybody. My Lord Rivers wrote also to Newmarket, to show he was equally concerned with my Lord Duke, and must lay down if not relieved. Lord Inchiquin is now publicly in town. He came last Sunday with a coach and five or six sparks, and took his lady out of bed and carried her 10 miles out of town; and next day Lady Orkney sent a party and brought her back again. So that 'tis a declared war, and the town rings of it, and the Villiers family are resolved to thwart my lord in all his pretensions. [Lady Inchiquin was Mary, youngest sister of the first Earl of Jersey, whose eldest sister was the Lady Orkney named in the text. Strange enough, the only daughter of the latter eventually married Lord Inchiquin's son, the fourth earl.—Ed.]

1700, April 11. *E. S.*—'Tis now a pretty while since I have wrote to you, and I was wishing to see a conclusion of the session, that I might tell you it was well—which this day has happily brought about. The

Irish Bill had so many tacks in it [the bill for resuming the Irish Forfeited Estates, to the Supply Bill,—Ed.] that the Lords were highly offended to see their rights so encroached upon, and the Commons would not desert or part with any one part of the bill—and nobody could see through the difficulties that were like to ensue; for they thought there must have been a dissolution, or at least a prorogation, which would have given a great stroke to the credit of the nation, which this bill did support. The army would have been left standing against law, and without provision, and many other difficulties, that in short I can only tell you that there was a greater damp in business in the city, and in all people's looks, than I have seen this eleven years. But it pleased God that when the bill came yesterday to the House of Lords, that although at first there were 37 to 34 for standing to the amendments, then they put the question whether proxies should be allowed, which being granted, there were six for the bill and three for the amendments, which brought it even: then there arose some wrangle—how regular I cannot say—about the question having been put right or not; and some of the stiff lords going away, there was a new question put, and it was carried by five to agree to the bill without amendment—and so all the dispute ended. But the Commons were in such heats, as the votes will show you, that they were for impeaching anybody and everybody; and Lord Portland and Lord Albemarle were tost about the house strangely; and you see the last address they have concluded, which may perhaps reach your side of the water.

1701. Feb. 10. *E. S.*—The fear of the present conjuncture, and the news of the French possessing Flanders, has made such a hurricane in the city you can't imagine. New stock fell from 134 at one time, to 106, though I was fool enough to buy a little at 121, being the first time I ever stockjobbed, and I see it does not thrive with me neither; and in like proportion, or more, according to the goodness or badness of the funds, things sank more or less. The bank having £26,000 of notes on Sheppard, the topping goldsmith of Lombard-street, came upon him all at once, and forced him to stop payment; and he is in, they say, for near £100,000. This frightened people so much that they crowded to the bank, and one day drew out £30,000, and the next £60,000. But things are a little pacified now, and the approach of the Parliament made people quieter. My Lord Normanby drew out at once from Sir F. Child, twenty-two thousand guineas. You may guess by this, how the lesser bankers were frightened. This day the House met, and only to choose a speaker. Sir E. Seymour and Sir J. Leveson, proposed Robert Harley; Lord Arlington and Lord Spencer proposed Sir R. Onslow. It came to the question, and the former carried it, 249 against 125.

Feb. 17. *R. S.*—All the essential our Parliament has yet done, was their vote of Friday last, which they have carried this afternoon to the king, and is this; "Resolved, that this House will stand by and support his Majesty and his government, and take such effectual measures as may best conduce to the interest and safety of England, the preservation of the Protestant religion, and the *peace of Europe*. Those last words were much opposed, as if that insensibly drew us into a war, and into more quarrels than need to be. But upon a division, 181 carried it against 163. This day, his Majesty sent to both Houses a letter of three sheets of paper, intercepted by some good luck, written by Lord Melfort to Lord Perth, wherein it represents the present power of France and our weak-

ness, their fleet being ready to put to sea, and ours unprovided; and several particulars to press an invasion upon us at this time, and as if really such a thing were in agitation. The Lords have immediately addressed his Majesty to have the fleet out: and tomorrow the Commons are to have the state of it before them, in order I suppose to concur in the same measures: and I believe an embargo will presently be laid for the better carrying on that service. We have 80 ships in readiness, which will need only manning.

Mar. 20. *E. S.*—As to stocks, the new company was some fourteen days ago, at 85, but lasted not long. But the proceedings of yesterday will give you a notion of the fickleness of those things. It was at one o'clock, at 106; at six o'clock at night, at 110; at nine at night, it fell to 102; and at ten at night, it rose to 107: and all this mighty rise and fall, even from the beginning, can no way be accounted for. For they had no losses, they pay their interest: so that it must be attributed to the quintessence of stock jobbing. The Parliament have been rooting out all the Sheppards out of the House, and Sir Edward Scymour had sent thanks for this public work, being at his own expense. [Sir E. Seymour, of Bury Pomeroy, author of the Habeas Corpus Act, and ancestor to the Duke of Somerset.—Ed.] Indeed we all regret the losing so much good time. The lords have made some address to the King, relating to the King of France violating the treaty; and that we should not treat henceforward with them without real security—by which is meant cautionary towns. Upon the whole, I cannot determine the event of this great question, Peace or War. It does not look probable the French will give us real security without it, and if we continue to spend our time in turning out members and looking after private malversations at home, we shall not be in so good a condition to procure from the French the terms we might otherwise expect.

June 25. *R. S.*—His Majesty will on Monday depart towards Holland, where they are now in a good state of defence: but we suffer a great blow, in that Portugal hath at last shaken hands with France and Spain; and 'tis feared that in Italy, things will not go so happily with the Imperialists as we lately expected.

Aug. 16. *E. S.*—We hover so between war and peace, that I do not find our ablest politicians know anything more than others.

1702. March 7. *R. S.*—We are at this hour in dismal apprehension of the King's life. He was well recovered of the hurt on his collar bone, but being taken with an agueish fever and a looseness following thereon, the doctors did all they could think of: but a worse symptom coming on yesterday, which was that of vomiting, they had recourse to Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, which his Majesty took by intervals, and had pretty good rest—and this morning taking some tea and milk, and afterwards a cup of chocolate; it all staid with him. However, the physicians reported at the council, that they could make no judgment of things till they saw whether the fever would this evening return.—I am now told that it came on between 3 and 4 o'clock, and that the doctors could hardly tell what to say—and what the truth may be, I shall not hear till the council rises, which may be very late. In the mean time, I am under great perplexity, and so is everybody else.

March 10. *E. S.*—What will surprise you much, will be what these prints will more particularly inform you, the death of our gracious Sovereign. The fall he received from his horse in hunting, did I believe, very

little contribute to hasten his end : for he was in a very ill state of health all this winter, dropsical, wanting health, and much altered : and though we all saw it, yet 'tis what one could not safely speak of; still wishing that the summer might have helped him forward. But since it has pleased God to take him away, I can hardly express to you what a calm and quiet there is in the universal consent and good wishes for the Queen—and the unanimous resolution of the Parliament thereon ; insomuch, that you see no manner of alteration, more than what arises from a personal sorrow for the loss of his Majesty. You may imagine I have had my share of business, for the council constantly attended at Kensington, to hear what the physicians proposed to administer to his Majesty ; and now since in proclaiming her Majesty and all that pertains thereto. Everybody continues in office, as by the act of Parliament is directed. And the queen restored the Privy seal ; but I expect it should soon be given to better hands. I do hope, that however we may suffer in our interest abroad, we shall be much united at home ; and as the names Williamite and Jacobite will vanish, so it opens a larger bottom to make use of every able Englishman's assistance ; for I believe now we have very few of any sense or fortune that are fond of France or the Prince of Wales. I am only in doubt whether the Irish will be forming any projects upon the alterations, and the weakness of our forces there. The Bank had a run upon it and the stocks fell. But what hath been since done hath put a stop to it.

March 12. *R. S.*—You had by my son last post an account how things stood here, and surely never was so great a calm and harmony after so great a change. The Queen is as yesterday on her throne, and delivered the speech inclosed in the most charming voice that ever woman had, so that it was both read and admired of all. My Lord Marlborough is tomorrow flying over to Holland to keep all things tight on that side, for that we are not only zealous to uphold the alliances made, but even such as her Majesty shall hereafter make. So that our only anxiety is, where the trust and centre of power will be lodged abroad, which a little time will inform us. But as to things at home, there will doubtless be more union, and better assurance that we are henceforward to be on a perfect English bottom.

With the above letter our extracts end. Very soon after it was written, both he that penned and he that read it had joined that monarch whom they had so faithfully served ; and into the difficulties of whose reign, chiefly from the almost incredible want of ready money, under which his government laboured, the correspondence we have given lets us have much insight. That having been the chief object we proposed to ourselves in commencing our selections, we have omitted all that was merely of a personal or private nature ; but the following letter from the first Earl of Shelburne, nephew, as we already mentioned, to Mr. Waller, and uncle to the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, grandfather of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, is so characteristic of good breeding that distinguished English society in the half century which was just then commencing, that we are confident the reader will forgive our departing from our rule by laying it before him.

TO MRS. WALLER.

Dublin, 7 April, 1702.

Madam,—I could not hope anything, I was able to say upon the melancholy subject of my dear uncle's death, could prove a consolation in any proportion to your loss ; and since I could not relieve, I would not unseasonably trouble you in your grief. This has been the occasion of my silence, which I desire you would not take as a want of a due sense of our common loss, or as my being less willing to serve you and the family he has left to my greatest power : I want but the occasion to shew you nobody can be more ready or resolved to do it.

I design to go, about ten days hence, for England ; if anything I can do there may be for your service, I hope you will command me. I shall see my cousin Southwell, with whom I am joined, I hear, in the care of some part of your childrens' fortune. It will, I believe, be executed with all the capacity and good understanding imaginable on his part, as it shall I am sure with all integrity on mine.

I am, Madam,

Your most affectionate nephew and faithful humble servant,
SHELBURNE.

A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR'S LITERATURE.

"WHAT has the year done for us?" for it is now well nigh over; its last hour is drawing on apace when it will be inurned with its forefathers in the huge grave of the past; not however with mourning and lamentations; but amidst the merry peal of bells that are welcoming in its young son and heir, while the rejoicing world estates the youthful promiser in the seat of his sires, though equally sore to dismiss him in the end without regret.

"What has the year done for us?" At the question a host of witnesses start forward to give evidence more or less weighty, more or less true, in behalf of the arraigned. They come from the laboratory of the chemist, from the workshop of the engineer, from the study of the homœopathist, from the cabinets of statesmen, from the studios of artists, from the manufactory, and from the printing-house. But how far will all, or any, of their allegations bear sifting? the subject is one of unlimited interest, wide as the universal world itself, one that well deserves to be searched in its inmost depths, profound as they are; but to do so would require more pens than grow in the wings of a dozen geese, and an inkstand more capacious than the largest punch-bowl. What a long and dreary tale of nothingness would be elicited, redeemed only by a few bright instances of human intelligence and wisdom! how much of the "*non mi ricordo*" would be in the replies of most of the witnesses when subjected to the severe process of a cross-examination upon what has been done to advance the general stock of happiness and knowledge! The scientific witnesses and the engineers might indeed say something in behalf of their expiring patron, under whose reign they have not been altogether unsuccessful; but what could be brought forward by the people in any land with regard to their advance in those questions of policy, finance, or government, on which so mainly depends the happiness of mankind? In its own conceit, indeed, the world of late had stolen a mighty march upon its forefathers; the faults of the ancient systems were detected on all sides; the entire building was rotten, fit only to be inhabited by "rats and mice, and such small deer;" to work, therefore, people went with sword and gun, and, having pulled down the old walls of society, and half choked themselves with the dust they had raised, they began amidst the smoking rubbish to think of what they should do next; every one was ready with his plan, and every one howled, screamed, and raved against the propositions of his brother-labourers in this fruitful vineyard. Well, amidst a din and confusion, far beyond that which prevailed at the building of the Tower of Babel, new systems of all forms and complexions were tried, and all proved to be a hundred times worse than those they had superseded; the neophytes, who had abjured

their old faith, were rebaptised in blood, and driven through an ordeal of fire; but the new baptism withered instead of refreshing the heart; and the ordeal, when past, only led to a troubled chaos, from which the most sanguine started back in horror, only too glad to find a haven of quiet in all they had so recently abandoned. With this enquiry, however, we have nothing to do; and it is our especial good fortune that we have not, for the gathering such facts and the banding them together would be much like weaving a garland from briars and thistles, in doing which the agent would stand more than a fair chance of tearing his fingers. Our enquiries, brief and superficial as they are, will be limited to the Printing-house, that veritable Pandora's box—and yet not so—

“How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream
So foul, so false a recreant prove!”

Evil no doubt has emanated, and in some instances serious evil, from the press; but the benefits, which have flowed from it, are so numerous and so weighty that the scale sinks without a moment's hesitation in the balance; in fact the art of printing has been the greatest blessing to mankind, greater even than that general upsetter of all things, the omnipotent steam-engine.

“What then has the year done for us?” *restricté tamen*—with limitations, that is, and in reference only to the general mass of publications of which it has been the fruitful parent. To that question we shall now proceed to give a desultory reply, observing therein little either of order or choice, and eschewing everything that might savour of the critical cathedra. It will literally be on this occasion, in the words of the old proverb, “first come, first served;” we shall take the books as they lie heaped on the table before us, where they have been gathering since the day of their respective publications, 'till they have attained a mighty mass, reminding us not a little of Loke's dilemma in the Edda, when he finds himself called upon to devour the mountains of bread and meat that are piled up by way of trying his digestive faculties.

The arbitration of this weighty matter being left to chance, she decides for *Aytoun's Lays of the Scotch Cavaliers*, a smart volume in a handsome blue coat, passamented, as our old dramatists would say, with much gold. Nor is the spirit within by any means unworthy of the cost bestowed on its exterior; the lines are nervous and full of poetical fancy, though, it may be, a little too much filed, and deficient somewhat in that exquisite variety of rhyme, that admirable mingling of discords with sweetest harmony that distinguish *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*. But to be sure, Macaulay is unapproachable; and a writer may possess no ordinary merit, and yet suffer in being compared with him. Mont Blanc is a giant amongst full-grown mountains, notwithstanding that he be overtopped by the Andes.

Delightful as this subject is, we must not dwell upon it any longer, seeing that the year is as a goose with many feathers, each of which must be plucked in turn. Let us, then, cross the Atlantic, and see what Alexander Mackey tells us of the “WESTERN WORLD,” through whose United States he travelled in years 1846-49. This work is both descriptive and political; and, if other accounts be true, he is on most occasions much too favourable in his remarks both upon the land and upon the people. In his description of New York, the Hudson, and its highlands,

he is quite enthusiastic, and whether correct or not, it is pre-eminently interesting, and so vivid that we could almost fancy we stood upon the Battery, looking out on the magnificent bay, "lighted up by the glow of an American sunset, and bounded by the amphitheatric sweep of the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, and New Jersey." It is the fourth day of July, when America shook off all connection with Britain. The North Carolina, a first-class American ship, which had fought in the war of independence, now commemorates its anniversary by a peaceful salute. But the English frigate, *Warspite*, under the command of Lord John Hay, which had conveyed our negotiator, Lord Ashburton, to the western world, is lying in the bay, quite silent—much to the indignation of the Americans, who sarcastically observe, in their vulgar slang, that "the Britishers are out of gunpowder!" Scarcely is the remark uttered, when a broad flash comes from the frigate, followed by a salute, which "made popguns of the metal on board the North Carolina!"

With many other lively pictures of this kind are mingled discussions, not quite so entertaining, upon FREE TRADE AND THE AMERICAN SYSTEM—"valeant quantum valent!"—we gladly escape from them to another portraiture of America—"THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW," by the redoubted Mrs. Trollope. The good lady, although an excellent delineator of character, used at one time to be as much on the bow-band of fair justice as the gentleman, but in an opposite direction: if he praises too highly, there is some ground for suspecting that she censured too severely; and that, as Horace said long ago, "*in medio tutissimus ibis*." We speak, as the reader may observe, in the past tense, for Mrs. Trollope has considerably abated in her dislike to the Americans; the wine of her wrath has fermented so vehemently, that it has worked itself in a manner clear, and now the stream runs tolerably bright, except when at times she would seem to give the cask a jog, and then indeed there are some slight returns of the old turbidness. Apart from these considerations, the story is highly amusing as well as complex, but the real value of the work, and that which distinguishes it from the general run of novels, is the many striking and original characters which it exhibits.

Cater-cousin to these works in reference to the United States, is "L'ACADIE; OR SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS IN BRITISH AMERICA," by Sir James E. Alexander. If it were worth while to quarrel with a title, we certainly should do battle, *à l'outrance* with L'Acadie, as being a thing out of date, and not worth reviving, since the so doing can serve no other purpose than that of mystifying divers of her Majesty's simple lieges. Be it, however, known to all whom it may concern, that, under the term, L'Acadie, the original French settlers included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a portion of Canada, an appellation which prevailed till these countries were ceded to England, in 1763. For the rest, these volumes are not only full of interest, but they present us with some very curious facts, amongst which neither last nor least is the account he gleaned from some scientific men in New York, touching the Welsh Indians.

"It appeared from ancient records that a Prince Madoc had left Wales 1169, in consequence of civil wars, and had sailed from the coast, leaving Ireland on the north. He was absent for a year: when he returned, he described a fine country and people in the far west, and persuaded many of his countrymen to undertake another expedition with him. This second expedition never returned,

and nothing more was heard of the adventurers, till in 1650, Morgan Jones, a Welsh clergyman, happening to visit America, went up a river in Virginia, where he was surprised and taken by a party of Indians, who made preparations to kill him. He turned aside, and began praying in Welsh: the Indians heard him, understood him, and—sparing his life—they carried him to their tribe in the interior, where he remained some time, teaching and preaching in Welsh, till he was allowed to return to the coast; eventually he died in New England. Mr. Bartlett had got possession of affidavits and other documents to attest the truth of the above."

This story certainly sounds feasible enough; and yet, in spite of the "affidavits and other documents," we cannot comprehend how these descendants from the Welsh should have forgotten their native customs and religion, while they retained the language of their forefathers.

If space and time admitted of it, other less apocryphal, and equally pleasant, gleanings might be made from these "Explorations;" but not having a grain of either of these commodities to spare, we must content ourselves with giving Sir James a certificate of good character, as one well able to amuse and inform the public. Besides, are we not hastening to California, to the Eldorado so long talked of, written of, dreamt of, and at length actually found; not by the Spaniards who had for centuries occupied the land and been hunting after treasures day and night, but by the Yankees before they had been a twelve-month in possession of the Sacramento. Of a truth, every thing connected with these regions is marvellous, and this fact not the least amongst the marvels. And how are we to dispose in our confined limits of the multitudinous works upon this all-absorbing subject? *Nomen illis legio*. The mere enumeration of those that have found their way to our library table—and they are not half of the sum total by which the town is inundated—is enough to dull the appetite of any but the veriest literary gluttons. To name a few only:—*Four Months among the Gold-finders in Alta-California*, by J. T. Brooks; *The Gold Seeker's Manual*, by Professor D. T. Ansted. *Guide to California*; *The Emigrant's Guide to California*; *Geographical and Mineralogical Notes to accompany Wyld's Map*; *The Gold Regions of California*, from the official reports transmitted to the American government. *What I saw in California*, by Edward Bryant.

Ohe! jam satis! Instead of attempting to dissect even these volumes as individuals, which would be manifestly impossible, or to extend the list, which would be useless, we will say a few words on the leading points connected with this country.

A Spaniard, Don Diego Becerra, was the first to discover California, in 1533. It was subsequently visited in 1579 by Sir Francis Drake, when the native chiefs ceded the sovereignty to him in behalf of Queen Elizabeth, though it still actually remained in possession of the Spaniards. When Mexico shook off the supremacy of the father-land, California joined her fortunes; but discontent soon broke out, revolution followed fast and furious upon revolution, and the end was the cession of California to the United States. Here then we have two opposite claims established to this rich country; but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and more especially where gold is in question, that most fruitful source of human misery. Great indeed is the mistake of poets and painters in their delineations of the arch-fiend; they should neither have made him a semi-angel as Milton has done; nor should they have given him the horns and

cloven feet of monkish times; rather should they have portrayed him as one mass of bright gold, hot from the furnace, all glorious to the eye; but to the touch, withering, scorching, and consuming. From the hour that this metal was first discovered in California, the men inhabiting, or visiting, there, have become veritable devils; no one can lay his head at night upon the pillow without a fair chance, as Paddy says, of finding his throat cut when he wakes in the morning: even the best become in a short time no better than the worst, when influenced by the maddening thirst for gold.

We next glance, and can do no more than glance, at two pictures of new-world life, respectively called *LIFE IN THE FAR WEST*, by G. F. Buxton, and *THE EMIGRANT FAMILY, OR THE STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER*. The first of these is choke-full of moving accidents by flood and field, and more than equals a dozen of Cooper's novels in adventure. The second is the reality of fiction, or the fiction of reality, whichever the reader chooses—we should say the latter—and gives a picture of Australian life, which though pleasant enough to read, holds out no great inducements to the emigrant. The land itself is no doubt a terrestrial Paradise, but there are too many serpents in it, in the shape of convicts and aborigines, to make the abiding therein either safe or agreeable.

To call another cause—the *PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES, WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF, VALENTINE, LORD CLANCURRY*. In early life, this talented nobleman, unfortunately for himself, enacted a conspicuous part amongst The United Irishmen, and having thus excited the suspicions of the Government, he was detained for about six weeks in the house of the king's messenger. Upon his release, he became attached to a young lady, offered his hand, was duly accepted, and being thus more pleasantly occupied, he abstained for a whole twelvemonth from mixing himself up with any of the existing schemes against the government. But at length carried away by his ardent disposition, he again plunged into the troubled stream of politics; and being a second time arrested, he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower, where he remained for two years,—indeed, till the assigned period for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act had passed away. This confinement from his own account was exceedingly rigorous; and, if not unjust, it serves to shew the great danger that was apprehended to the state from his energy and talents. Two jailors were stationed in his cell, night and day, as if he had been a convicted felon on the eve of execution. Even pen, ink, and paper, were denied him. Nor did the evil end with what he suffered in the Tower. During his long imprisonment, the lady, to whom he had been affianced, died of a broken heart; for though it be not set down in our medical codes, there really is such a disease, and what is more, it annually kills its thousands. His father, too, disapproving of his political principles, devised away from him all the family property that was not entailed. We will not attempt to defend the son's politics, but we still less admire the Christianity of the parent, who, like so many others upon their death-beds, must have read the Lord's prayer after a fashion of his own.

Upon his release, Lord Clancurry made a three years' tour upon the continent, and it is this tour which affords the chief materials for the volumes now before us. Although a considerable portion of these details might be omitted with advantage, as adding more to the bulk than to the interest of the whole, still what would then remain would be *merum sal*, and such as would tickle the dullest palate. Take for instance his Lord-

ship's introduction to Napoleon, to the last of the Stuarts, to the Italian sculptor Canova, to the widow of the Pretender; his account of Macnamara the conveyancer; his anecdotes of Count Pahlen and Madame de Stael; and many more than we can here attempt to enumerate.

We have next to record a tour equally pleasing, but pleasing after another fashion—A TOUR IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE, WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE FIELD-BOOKS OF A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST, by Charles St. John. If Sutherlandshire be in truth such as it is here set down, or if indeed it have only one half the allurements attributed to it by our sportsman and naturalist, we would at any time exchange a trip up the Rhine with all its concomitants for the pleasure of paying a visit to this northern paradise. Such glorious summer nights without darkness!—though we hardly know how this should be—such serena-
des of birds! that unlike other birds,

“Wake when others sleep
And watch the silent glimpses of the moon!”

only mark with what unction he dilates thereon.

“Close to the door is a small enclosed clump of larch where the grass and weeds are very high and rank. In this little patch, it seems that a sedge warbler had made her nest. All day long had the male bird been singing to his mate, and now at midnight he was still uttering unceasingly his merry note: I never met with so indefatigable a songster; night or day he seemed never to weary. Towards the loch, a constant tumult was kept up amongst the waders and water-fowl. High in the air was heard the common snipe earning his Gaelic name of *air-goat*, by his incessant bleating cry; while redshanks, curlews, golden plovers, and peewits, all seemed to be as lively as if it had been noon instead of midnight; occasionally too, both widgeon and teal were heard to whistle, each after its own peculiar fashion; and the quack of the common mallard was also constant. Now and then a note expressive of alarm was uttered by some bird, and immediately a dead silence was kept by the whole community for a few moments; but this was soon succeeded by greater noise than ever, particularly amongst the peewits, which seemed by their cries to be darting about the head of some intruder or enemy. Probably on these occasions a fox, wild cat, or owl, had made his appearance amongst them in search of tender food for his own young ravening brood.”

This is pretty well in the way of night amusement for those who can dispense with sleep; but for the day also there is abundance of recreation, always supposing there is youth, health, and strength, to enjoy; for without each and all of these qualifications the sportsman will do little good in Selkirkshire. Take for instance the stalking of the osprey, a very different affair from birds' nesting in a Suffolk copse; for if there is much sport, there is also some danger, in the amusement—drowning in a loch, neck-breaking from a cliff, and the chance of a fight with the old birds, being by no means beyond the compass of possibility. If these hazards should seem insufficient to any adventurous spirit, he may climb the perpendicular rocks by help of a rope in search of the guillemots, who will remain perched on the same ledge, all the time stupidly gazing at him, while the razor-bills, a grain or two more suspicious or more intelligent of man's mischievous propensities, have taken flight and are wheeling round his head, but equally

sure in a few minutes to resume the stance from which they had been disturbed.

As it would be useless to attempt following so determined a sportsman any farther, we commend him to the acquaintance of those who delight more in reading of break-neck adventures than in actually doing them; and hasten to a very different scene; that is, to *VISITS TO MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT*, by the Hon. R. Curzon, Jun. And right merrie and plesaunte visits be they, "full of pastime and prodigalitie," and no less likely to catch the light and thoughtless than the sober antiquarian. Jonathan Oldback, shrewd veteran as he was, and profoundly versed in all the policies of book-collecting, and all those arts and wiles by which rare manuscripts may best be coaxed out of the hands of ignorant but wayward possessors—even he, the said Jonathan, never shewed himself more dexterous than does the honourable tourist in the Coptic Monastery of Souriani, near the Natron Lakes.—"There are no books save those you have already seen," solemnly declares the blind old abbot. "Then let us sit down, and take a glass of my excellent Rosoglio" quoths the wily bibliomaniac. Rosoglio! monks may not taste wine,—'tis forbidden by the scriptures,—but Rosoglio! 'tis a liqueur, and nothing is said about liqueurs, of which the worthy cenobites are special admirers; the rather, it may be presumed, as they cannot always, or even often, get it, for the poor souls live not in a land of Cognac where the quails and partridges drop down ready roasted into people's mouths. Nothing of the kind. With good appetites and a reasonable degree of thirst, the cloisterers of Souriani have iudifferent larders and worse cellars.

When, therefore, the blind abbot had imbibed his share of the first bottle, his determination to give himself no more trouble about dusty manuscripts was considerably softened. The crafty bibliomaniac saw his advantage, and followed it up by a second bottle. The old man relented yet more; he flung off the cloak of his obduracy, as the traveller in the fable cast aside his mantle under the benignant influence of the sun-beams, 'till at length, he agreed to search the conventual oil cellar, the supposed depositary of the manuscript treasures; and down they all marched in a body to the sacred crypts.

The oil-casks proved to be empty; so too did the cellar of all except their emptiness; but oh, jubilate! a more diligent search shewed to them the mysterious portal of some inner chamber, and this being opened they found a small vault "filled to the depth of two feet or more with the loose leaves of the Syriac manuscripts which now form one of the chief treasures of the British Museum." The whole description of this discovery and the preceding temptation of the blind old abbot is exceedingly amusing. And yet it falls short of the scene in which the unhappy tourist is compelled to eat his way to another conventual library through a filthy garlic potage—a horrible compound of oil, sugar, cheese, garlic, and crumbled bread, the whole being daintily mixed together by a pair of dirty hands that had seldom been acquainted with soap and water. Of a verity after such a dish we can go on no farther with our tourist; it has fairly confounded our inward economy, and we hasten to forget it by joining Mr. Robert Bell in his *WAYSIDE PICTURES IN FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND*. The ground of this tour has indeed been often travelled over, but the way in which he treats the subject lends it much of the freshness of novelty. Some of his descriptions are very felicitous, and more particularly when he gets to the Vaux de Vire, the ancient capital of

the Bocage. What a charming picture is offered to the imagination in the mill of Oliver Bosselin, the popular minstrel of the Vaux, and a most devout worshipper of Saint Bottle ! and how gloriously does the jovial poet himself stand out in the foreground, cup in hand, and singing as the mill goes round :

"He! qu' avons nous affaire
Du Turc et du Sophy?
Don! don!
Pourvu que j'ai á boire
De grandeurs je dyfis.
Don! don!
Trinque, seigneur, le vin est bon;
Hoc acuit ingenium."

Our tourist pronounces these lines to be untranslatable ; let us try then, and if we fail—we fail.

' What the plague have we t do
With the Turk, the Sophy too?
Don! don!
Give me wine, and wine enough;
Wealth and greatness, they are stuff.
Don! don!
Drink, my masters, while it foam;
Hoc acuit ingenium."

But now, *majora canamus*.

THE COURT OF FRANCIS THE FIRST, KING OF FRANCE ; by Miss Pardoe. If this work be a history, it is very romantic ; if it be a romance, it is very historical ; but any how we like it mightily, having read the same, if not to much edification, at least to much amusement. Nor should we go too far in calling it a delightful production of its kind, while so delicate is the handling, in spite of the inherent coarseness of the subject, that it might be safely recommended to a bevy of young unmarried females.

Another lady—the deuce is in these ladies ! for writing, that is, otherwise there is no denying them to have a large share of the angel in their compositions—another lady, Mrs. Gillespie Smith, has given us MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE (official and familiar) OF SIR R. M. KEITH. As for the official part of the story, much cannot be said for it, Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary, whether to Dresden, Copenhagen, or Vienna, seldom confiding state secrets in their letters to a sister even though that sister should be the original of Walter Scott's charming Mrs. Bethune Baliol. Still less was he likely to communicate such ticklish matters to his friends and acquaintance, however intimate. His *familiar* letters are quite another affair ; in them there is a great deal of light pleasant gossip, which, if it does not afford much insight into the political affairs of the states wherein he was residing, will at least be found amusing.

Of Mr. Warburton's " Prince Rupert," and of Lord Lindsay's " Lives of the Lindesays," we have spoken in our previous numbers ; and of the latter at some length. To Mr. Warburton's work we did less justice

having been able to devote no more than a few lines to its consideration, nor does the present opportunity afford much space for supplying what was then omitted. But, apart from Mr. Warburton's own merits, the materials themselves which he has here laid before the public are exceedingly valuable. He himself thus speaks of them, and it is impossible to give a more satisfactory account of what the reader may expect to find in this collection. "It was," he says, "derived from Colonel Benett, Prince Rupert's secretary. It contains upwards of a thousand letters, written by the leading cavaliers to their young chief during the war, together with many of a later date. Besides such letters there are considerable materials in various stages of preparation for a formal biography of the Prince; of these some are fragments, each containing an episode of their hero's life, apparently ready for publication, and corrected by Rupert himself."

These documents are so arranged by the present editor as to afford a vivid picture of the Great Civil War, the most important period of English history, since it was the beginning of an onward movement which has continued to agitate society to the present hour. Charles, with many excellent qualities befitting his high station, and who either at an earlier or a later period might have proved one of the best of monarchs, was, unfortunately for himself, placed in a position which neither his education nor his natural bias would allow him to see in its real colours; he seems to have been utterly unable to comprehend the nature and the power of the mighty elements then in motion, and flung himself gallantly, but not wisely, right in the way of the advancing surge, when, as a matter of course, he was swept away by a force that all the courage of a Richard Cœur de Lion, or the policy of a Henry VII. would have resisted to no purpose. A man may float upon the tide, but it is useless to think of stemming it.

A no less valuable contribution to English history is Mr. J. M. Kemble's *SAXONS IN ENGLAND, A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH TILL THE PERIOD OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST*. But this appellation hardly seems to be a correct one. It is not a history of events in England during the period named, as many would expect from such a title; it is a view of the institutions that grew up in that time, and which are "treated" in chapters or rather essays, devoted to each particular principle, or group of facts. The superficial narratives of our historians in regard to what may be called the Saxon times of this country were truly lamentable. Even Milton characterizes the ages in question as a mere strife of kites and crows, and modern writers till very lately have done little better, drawing their accounts from meagre compilers, instead of going to the fountain head, which was to be found only in the old Saxon records. But Mr. Kemble, and a few others of the same school, have had the courage to grapple with these neglected documents, and from them have been able, by the exercise of much skill and industry, to draw copious streams of information, that have fertilized the more sterile wastes of history, and turned a ground of weeds and thistles to one of abundant production. We now see that the Germans had many settlements in England long before the time usually assigned for their appearance in the country. The Coritani, the occupiers of the midland districts, were admitted even by the Welsh traditions to be of Teutonic origin. But it is plain, as Mr. Kemble has well observed, that the "genuine details of the German conquests in England are irrecoverably lost to us."

There is no great affinity between the sturdy old Saxons and the dissolute family of Orleans ; but a retrospect, like the present, has inevitably much in it of the nature of the school-boy game of hop-scotch, wherein the player springs about right, left, and forward, yet still in all his movements is progressing to that desirable end, which, if we well remember, is called *plum-pudding*, the aim and object of all hop-scotches, whether played by grown-up people or by children. Without attempting therefore to unite the *disjecta membra* that compose our retrospect, we come at once to *MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS*, by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D., which, if history were classified, as the Spaniards classify their novels, would have good claim to be called a *Historia Picaresca*, a picaroon or rogue's history ; for though the house may have sent forth some noble exceptions, yet upon the whole they by no means rose superior to the profligacy of the age in which they lived.

In these volumes, we do not know that Dr. Taylor has brought forward much which was absolutely unknown before ; but he has made good use of the abundant materials lying ready to his hands, and has created out of them a very lively and interesting work. Greatly to his praise, also, it may be safely read by the fairer part of the creation, notwithstanding the inflammable nature of the subject, including as it does, " sketches and anecdotes of the most distinguished characters in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

Even the Stock Exchange has found its historian, and, truth to say, the battles daily fought therein have as much, if not greater, influence upon society, than the fields of Waterloo and Salamanca. The work alluded to, is called—*CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE*, by J. Francis. Such a title may not be at first sight very promising, and yet the work is one that will be read both to edification and amusement, for the monetary system of England is the great hinge on which turn all the affairs of Europe. It armed the nations against Napoleon ; it is now affording the best security for peace. Connected with commerce, it has raised up a large class of men out of the general body, creating a rank scarcely less distinct from the people than from the nobles, and effecting a silent, but remarkable revolution in government itself. "The exchequer of the earlier monarchs was in the pockets of the people ; that of Henry the Eighth, in the suppressed monasteries : Elizabeth's in the corporations ; and Charles the Second's wherever he could find it." Since the time of William, the government has singularly improved in honesty, and pays an interest on its debts with such good faith, that they become as readily transferable as gold itself. Still the system works in a variety of ways, producing much good and some evil ; it evidently has given a prodigious impetus to the industry of the country, and thus increased its resources a hundred fold ; but at the same time, it has diminished thrift, and placed the whole nation very much in the case of a prodigal, who hardly knows the exact limit of his own resources, and lives on with a blind indifference to all beyond the present.

Less important in point of fact, since they bear upon no great interests, but scarcely less welcome to those who venerate the name of Newton—and what Englishman does not, who at all regards the honour of his country?—are *THIRTEEN LETTERS FROM SIR ISAAC NEWTON TO JOHN COVEL*, D.D. These thirteen epistles form a part only of the voluminous correspondence still remaining in manuscript of Dr. John Covel, vice-chan-

cellor of the University of Cambridge. The entire mass, consisting of about five hundred letters, together with Dr. Covel's note-book kept during his residence in the East, is in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner, and it is hoped may yet some day find its way to the printing-office ; such treasures are much too valuable to be trusted to the insecure keeping of a single copy.

In these previous documents, we see Newton in a new capacity—that of a politician, standing up manfully for what he conceived to be the rights of the university in opposition to the court. His letter upon the duty of obedience to King William, whether rightfully or wrongfully placed upon the throne, is a curious specimen of mathematical precision in argument. Into the merits of the question we do not enter, having no mind to trust so light-found a bark as ours upon the troubled sea of politics.

One book we must name, and do little more than name ; the first because it is closely connected with the leading subjects of this magazine ; and the second, because it does not contain matter of any paramount importance : *THE VISITATION OF THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF WILLIAM CAMDEN, CLARENCEUX, KING OF ARMS.*

The county of Huntingdon has few features of importance in its history, its capital only dating from the time of King John, while none of the leading names of our old nobility are to be found in its roll of arms. Neither was the visitation made by Camden himself, but by his deputy, Nicholas Charles, Lancaster herald. The most curious feature in the volume is the arbitrary and sweeping power with which the heralds of those days were armed in their visitations. Thus, Mr. Clarenceux, as Nicholas Charles designates Camden, was duly empowered, “from tyme to tyme, as often and when as he shall thinke most necessarie and convenient for the same, not only to enter into all churches, castles, houses, and other places, at his discretion, to peruse, and take knowledge, survey, and viewe of all manner of arms, cognizances, and crests, and other devyses of armes . . . but also to correct, comptroll, and reforme all manner of armes unlawfull or unlawfully usurped, borne, or taken, and the same to reverse, pull downe, or otherwyse deface, at his discretion, as well in cote arms, helme, standard, pennons, and hatchments of tent, and pavilions, as also in plate, jewells, paper, parchiment, windowes, grave-stones, and monuments, or elsewhere, wheresoever they bee sett or placed.” Such a power was, perhaps, more than ought to have been lodged in the hands of any man, looking at the matter generally ; but there is no reason to think it was ever abused by Camden or his deputy ; as, indeed, how could it ? the very subjects upon whom it was to be exercised could not well be other than men of rank and fortune, who by their position were well able to resist any very flagrant abuse of office.

To leave this ponderous subject, which, it may be suspected, will have attractions for very few, we come to the novels of the year upon the same principle that light fruits are served up after a substantial dinner. Not that we can hope even to name half of them ; for, to use Milton's beautiful simile, they lie,—

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa . . . or scattered sedge
Afloat when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast !”

And verily not a few of them are little better than the dry leaves and sedge of Milton. But being much inclined to mildness, we will not dwell upon the old year's enormities, but rather see what subjects he has afforded us for commendation; indeed, to say truth, the eternal lashings and slashings of criticism, so much in vogue, sound to our ears as vexatious as the eternal cracking of some noisy carter's whip, and doubly dispose us to the wholesome maxim of *suaviter in modo*.

It is really astonishing to see how much time and talent are employed in the manufacturing of novels, when not one in a hundred—a miserable per-centage—can expect more than an ephemeral repute, and certainly none who do not originate something out of the beaten track, whatever in other respects may be their claims upon the public admiration. The cleverest imitation of Sir Walter Scott, or Dickens, or of any other popular writer, will only be read, praised, and forgotten. No doubt this is a hard law, but it is an inevitable one, and they who embark in the romance line, had best make up their minds beforehand to submit to its operation.

The fashion—*valde deplendum*—of publishing novels in monthly doles, has considerably increased during the last year. Dickens, who may be said to have first given celebrity to this plan, has again followed it up by issuing *David Copperfield*, like *Dombey* and its immediate predecessors, in periodical fragments. Thackeray, whose dry humour seems inexhaustible has done the same thing in a tale called *Pendennis*, but which we regret to see is from some cause not likely to be ever finished. The Mathews have done their best to prove themselves the legitimate successors of Thomas Hood, of most punning and facetious memory, but who at length, in spite of all his quirks and quibbles is, as Mercutio would say, "a grave man." And some writer, name unknown, has commenced an Irish *Gil Blas*, in numbers, under the name of *Con Greogan*, who is infinitely more impudent and more profligate than his Spanish prototype, but gifted with a wild rollicking spirit that sticks at nothing. Improbable, and well nigh impossible, the story often is, and yet the reader, so far from boggling at it, will, we suspect, swallow these monstrosities as readily as he would any reasonable number of poached eggs. "You ought not to laugh at anything so ridiculous," quoth Common Sense. "I cannot help it," replies the reader, bursting out afresh, while the voice of poor Common Sense is fairly borne down and silenced by incessant peals of laughter.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has also tried his hand in this new field of literature, and has had the good fortune to hit upon a subject more adapted for the display of his peculiar talents, than any one he has chosen for a long time; perhaps we might even go so far back as the days of his still popular *Devereux*. It is called *The Caxtons*, and appeared first in Blackwood's Magazine, since when it has been published in an entire form by itself, according to the usual form in all such cases. Unlike most of his recent publications, it is not a grand historical painting, but a plain family picture, though coloured with great truth and brilliance. In particular should be noticed the story of Uncle Roland, the Soldier; it is a masterpiece of its kind, and were it somewhat shorter, we should be tempted to extract it whole, the only way in which it could be transcribed without injury to its effect.

The next work we come to, is a mystery—*SHIRLEY*, a tale by Curren Bell, the author of *JANE EYRE*. But who is Curren Bell? is there, or was there ever, such a thing in *rerum natura* as Curren Bell? is he, or

she,—for even the gender of this Bell is a riddle,—is he or she, we ask, a second Mrs. Harris, and is the rogue of a publisher enacting the part of Sarey Gamp, palming upon us a mere eidolon, a shadow of his own brain? One such a Bell is enough to confound any one; and here we have three of them, Currer Bell, Ellis Bell, and Acton Bell, and all three ringing out very different tunes; so at least it seemed to us in a volume of poems which had the three names affixed to it and exhibited as many different styles; certainly this difference might be assumed, a sort of masquerading dress for the occasion, as if any individual should choose to play the part of three-headed Cerberus; but if so, we can only say the disguise is a very happy one.

Waving any further inquiry into this mystery, and looking at the real merits of the work, the story itself is not much; nor does it seem that the author meant it to be: his great object is to wage a romantic war—*absit invidia dicto*—against the conventionalities and inequalities of social life, as applied to women; the plot being upon Baye's plan a little more than a vehicle for all these fine things. Yet the characters are often original as well as eccentric, the incidents startling, and the descriptions full of power.

It has long been a fashion amongst certain writers, both male and female, and unquestionably of great talent, to declaim against what they are pleased to imagine the helot bondage in which women are held by the lords of the creation; and our author illustrates this doctrine in the fortunes of two young girls, one of whom is the heroine of his tale, the brilliant Shirley Keelder, the heiress and lady paramount of the district; the other, Caroline Helstone, occupies a lower social rank, being the daughter of a clergyman, who although he does not actually ill-treat her, yet neglects her altogether. Opposite as the ladies are in character, both equally labour under the same fever of restlessness and discontent with their allotted station in life 'till in either case the disease is alleviated, if not cured by the same physician—love. But even this catastrophe does not repudiate the lessons, which the author has all along been inculcating; or does so only in seeming. The doctrine that women are oppressed and kept down by superior strength has been too powerfully advocated to be neutralized by this slight infusion of a contrary element. What is worse, the author teaches the fatal lesson that human happiness depends entirely upon external circumstances, over which we have no control. He cannot, or will not, see that in a very great measure our felicity depends upon ourselves; and yet without the full and perfect conviction of this paramount truth, what can the end be but vexation and disappointment? The greater the author's talents—and who could be so blind, or so unjust, as to deny them—the more dangerous are his errors, and the more incumbent it is upon those who praise the one, not to be forgetful of the other.

The utter impossibility of noticing every novel or romance of the past year, has compelled us, as the reader must have observed, to deal with classes rather than with individuals, and to deal with some prominent work as the representative of the genus to which it belongs. The same course we must now adopt with "ONLY," a beautiful specimen of its class, the object of which is to present virtue and morality in the fairest garb of fiction. A mind and temper better calculated to carry out such a purpose could hardly have been found than the present author's, as we see them reflected in these pages, where is all kindness of feeling, and talent

which is not the less striking from its quietude and unpretending simplicity. In this charming little tale there is no exaggeration of features, no straining after effect, but the story glides on so gently as well as rapidly that it seems in reading to be finished almost as soon as it is begun.

We shall deal only with the mere outlines of the story. The chief aim of it is to shew, in the first place how destructive to itself is selfishness; and secondly, it paints in vivid colours that the habit of considering trifles as unimportant, and putting them aside as being "only this," or "only that," is of all others the most injurious. These principles are beautifully illustrated in the character of a child, who to many good and noble qualities adds these killing defects. He has a sister the very reverse of him, so far as regards the evil parts of his character, a beautiful and devoted creature, in whose sunshine the shadows in his nature come out stronger and more deeply. While he is yet a child and incapable of appreciating the loss, his father, who has much the same disposition as himself, deserts his mother, and is supposed to perish in a foreign country. The forsaken one gradually pines away, and dies, leaving the orphans under the care of a friendly clergyman, an old friend of the family. He too dies after the lapse of a few years, and his son then deeming his bachelor-home no fit abode for a young female fast blooming into womanhood, places her to board with a neighbouring family, while he continues to educate the boy. The adventures through the following period are not many, but they all tend to shew the growth of those evil germs which we have already indicated; the lines, though strongly, are not too sharply marked, and it almost seems that he could not well be otherwise than what he is, so skilfully are the details managed and worked out. At length, he tumbles one day into a river, is brought out senseless, and is laid up for weeks upon the bed of sickness, when the story takes a sudden turn, and its interest is considerably heightened by the appearance of a mysterious stranger. Illness, so near as to approach to death, and the probing lessons of the new visitor, who holds out to him the sad career of his father, whom he had met and known abroad, by rapid, and yet not unnatural, degrees effect a wonderful change in a disposition naturally inclined to be noble and generous. He sees with disgust his own selfishness, and learns to admire the pure devotion, the total abandonment of self in his affectionate sister. In the unsullied brightness of her character he sees, as in a glass, his own defects, and in this bitter mood resolves rather to abide the results of his own improvidence than escape from the dilemma by drawing on the narrow funds of his sister. Need we add that the stranger proves to be the father himself, who has returned a sadder and a wiser man, and who, having acquired an ample competence in his travels, has no desire on earth but to see his children happy. With this main story is blended an underplot of considerable interest, but we need not enter into the details, the author's scope and object being sufficiently plain from what has been already stated.

So much for the regions of romance. The year has also produced not a few candidates for the poetic laurel, many of them, too, deserving that notice which we have no longer space to give them. But the gallantry of the competitors will hardly take offence, notwithstanding the proverbial irritability of poets, if, while neglecting them, we place a wreath upon the brows of Anna H. Potts for her very pretty volume entitled *SKETCHES OF CHARACTER*. She has done well, and bids fair to do something that shall be much better.

TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

"Quis autem est, quem non moveat clarissimis monumentis testata consignataque antiquitas?"—CIC. DE DIV. LIB. 6.

THE body of Charlemagne was embalmed, and placed under a vault, at Aix la Chapelle, sitting on a chair of gold, dressed in his imperial robes, having at his side a sword, whose hilt and scabbard were formed of the same metal.

His head was adorned with a gold chain, arrayed so as to exhibit the representation of a diadem, rendered in the estimation of the superstitious, inestimably precious, by the presence of a small fragment of wood, supplied by the Sovereign Pontiff, as an indubitable piece of the true Cross. The New Testament, written in letters of gold, was placed in his hands; whilst his face was covered with a Sudarium.

His shield, which had been blessed by Pope Leo III., and whose elaborate workmanship had conferred considerable enhancement on the gold of which it was constructed, was tastefully suspended from the richly sculptured ceiling of the perfumed and luxuriously appointed apartment, in which the physical lineaments of the illustrious dead, were for centuries to be preserved from the "Nothingness," to which ordinary mortals are consigned by the ruthless visitations of "Death's decaying fingers." Over this sumptuous mausoleum, which was not only carefully closed, but even sealed, a gilded arch was erected, on which, in Roman capitals, the following inscription was chiseled, being, according to the authority of Montfaucon, the earliest epitaph which refers to a French monarch :—

Sub hoc conditorio situm est corpus
Karoli magni atque orthodoxi
Imperatoris, qui regnum Fran-
corum nobiliter ampliavit, et per
Annos XLVII. feliciter rexit. De-
cessit Septuagenarius, Anno ab in-
Carnatione Domini
DCCCXIV. indictione VII.
V. Kal. Februarias.

Ages afterwards, however, this sacred repository was violated, in obedience to the mandate of the Emperor Otho, who had "resolved on beholding the form, and looking in the face of Charlemagne."

It should have been observed, in order to the better elucidation of the subjoined sonnet, that on a block of marble, placed against the entrance of the apartment already described, was graven the simple inscription, "Karlo Magno."

Amid the torch-lit gloom of Auchen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord;
Regarding with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record

A world of action by a single word,
 Was graven "Carlo Magno." Regal style
 Was needed none : that name such thoughts restored,
 As sadden, yet make nobler men the while.
 They rolled the marble back :—with sudden gasp
 A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
 Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
 Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
 Perfect in each giantie lineament,
 Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne.

HIPPEUS.

A WELSH TRADITION.

[An esteemed correspondent favours us with the following curious tradition handed down in the ancient family of Kemeys.]

Sir Nicholas Kemeys, Bart., of Cefn Mably, was accounted one of the strongest men of his day, and a tradition of him corroborative of his great strength, still exists in Glamorganshire. The story runs, that one summer evening, as Sir Nicholas was walking in the Deer Park at Cefn Mably with some guests, an athletic man leading an ass, upon which was his wallet, approached and respectfully saluting the company, said, he humbly supposed that the huge, gentleman he had the honour of addressing was the *strong* Sir Nicholas Kemeys, The stranger, being answered in the affirmative, declared himself a noted Cornish wrestler, who had never been thrown, and that having heard from a Welshman whom he had met at Bristol of the great bodily strength of Sir Nicholas, had made this journey to see his Honour; adding that, if it were not asking too great a favour, he trusted Sir Nicholas would condescend to "try a fall" with him. The Baronet smiling, assented, but advised the Cornishman first to go to the Buttery and get refreshment. The Cornishman declined with many thanks, saying he was quite fresh; so they fell to wrestling, and in a moment the Cornishman was thrown upon his back. The Baronet, assisting him to rise, asked him if he was now satisfied of his strength: the reply was, "not unless you throw me over the park wall!" The tale continues to say that this request was readily complied with, when the unsatisfied wrestler entreated that Sir Nicholas would throw his ass after him over the wall, which was accordingly done! A place is still shewn in the ancient park wall, as the scene of the exploit. A fine picture now at Cefn Mably, in the possession of Colonel Kemeys Tynte, represents Sir Nicholas as of great stature and apparent giantie strength. He was subsequently killed at Chepstow Castle, in defending it against the troops of Cromwell, having slain many of the enemy with his own hand in the *sortie* in which he fell.

TRAITS FROM THE FORUM.

CURRAN AND LORD ATONMORE.

THERE are few accomplishments natural or acquired that exercise a greater influence upon the destinies of mankind than eloquence. The uncultivated savage hears with pleasure the rude verse that hands down to posterity the illustrious achievements of his sires, and listens with tears ready to trickle down his furrowed cheek, to the funereal elegy pronounced by some of his tribe over a departed warrior. Eloquence wielded at will the fierce democracy of Greece, and in civilized nations no small amount of eloquence is required to convey our opinions to others, and to enforce our schemes of public utility.

And though it is certainly ridiculous for a reasonable being to be influenced by an harmonious sentence, or a well balanced period alone, it is equally absurd to close our ears to truth when it is inculcated in a manner agreeable and pleasing to the ear.

Eloquence does not consist in a collection of well-selected phrases and musical sentences; it is not to be found in the bombastic nonsense and the ranting jargon of the mob-orator, nor the subtle disquisitions of the sophist; it is the echo of the soul that finds utterance in language well selected and adapted to the subject, addressing us sometimes in the silent tears of helpless infancy, or in the moving accents of an agonized parent, sometimes bursting in a stream of fervid oratory from the heart of the patriot and exalting the slave to the dignity of the freeman. And as philosophy fails of herself to inculcate her precepts universally, and to carry conviction to all by the accuracy of her definitions and the precision of her reasoning, so eloquence has become her interpreter, to adorn her with her graces, to throw a softness over the cold severity of truth, and to clothe her in a garb pleasing and acceptable to all. And few there are who can resist the combined powers of truth accompanied by earnestness, clothed in grace, and harmoniously allied to passion.

History abounds with curious instances of the effects of eloquence. The murderer touched with remorse has surrendered himself to justice; the robber has abandoned his calling; the traitor has joined the ranks of the patriot; the bitter satire of an Archilochus or a Swift has stung their enemies to death; the monarch has trembled when his prisoner has spoken of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, and "fools who have come to scoff" have often "remained to pray;" for eloquence possesses

"————— a prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade."

As Irish history is not very generally studied, it is probable that the following anecdote will be new to many of our readers. It is not only strikingly illustrative of the powers of eloquence and characteristic of the eminent individuals concerned, but it also assists in throwing some additional light upon the curious state of affairs in Ireland at that time—affairs which are still wrapped in obscurity, and which will not probably be clearly understood for a long time.

In the year 1800, Robert Johnson was made one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in Ireland. On the 10th of December, 1803, a letter signed *Jurerna* was published in *Cobbett's Political Register*, in which Emmet was stated to have described Plunket, (then Solicitor General for Ireland, and afterwards Lord Plunket and Lord Chancellor of Ireland) as "that viper whom my father nourished! He it was from whose lips I first imbibed those principles and doctrines which now, by their effects, drag me to the grave; and he it is who is now brought forward as my prosecutor, and who, by an unheard of exercise of the prerogative, has wantonly lashed, with a speech to evidence, the dying son of his former friend, when that son had produced no evidence, made no defence: but on the contrary had acknowledged the charge and submitted to his fate."

For publishing this libel, Plunket brought a civil action against Cobbett, which was heard on the 26th May, 1804, and obtained a verdict in his favour with £500 damages. But those damages were never enforced. Cobbett gave up the MS. of the libellous articles, and alleged that they were written by Mr. Justice Johnson. On the 20th July, 1804, an Act was passed enacting that a warrant from a Court in Great Britain, might be transmitted to Ireland, be endorsed and executed there by a justice of the peace, and the accused party transferred to the Court in England from which the warrant issued.

Shortly after the passing of this Act, bills were found by the Grand jury of Middlesex against Judge Johnson, and on the 24th November, 1804, a warrant was issued against him from the Court of Queen's Bench, in England. This warrant was endorsed by a County Dublin magistrate, and the judge was shortly afterwards arrested. A writ of *Habeas Corpus* was at once issued in Ireland, and after various other steps had been taken, he was brought up on the 4th of February, 1805, in the Court of Exchequer, before Barry Viscount Avonmore and three other barons, and Curran and Mr. Peter Burrows appeared as counsel to move his release.

Under these circumstances, it may well be imagined that Curran rose to address the court with a heart surcharged with anxiety and fear. His country was still heaving, like the recent volcano, with the fire of rebellion, yet unsubdued; he himself was suspected; his friend, a judge of the land, stood in the dock, and he felt, as he expressed himself on another occasion, that those awful vicissitudes of human events which had lately taken place, could not have left the judgments of those whom he addressed undisturbed, or their hearts at ease; nor could he have entertained the hope of finding a refuge for the disconcertion of his own mind in the perfect composure of theirs. But these were not the only circumstances that produced the embarrassment under which he laboured. Upon the line of conduct adopted by him, and the impression his speech should make upon Lord Avonmore and the other judges he addressed, the safety of his client and his escape from utter ruin altogether depended. And he addressed those judges with many feelings in his breast, besides those of a mere advocate addressing the court. He and Lord Avonmore had been friends in their youth, and spent their early days together: their pursuits were similar and their dispositions congenial; and those feelings of affection which had been formed in the warm sunshine of youth, were matured by years, and consolidated by time. They had, however, espoused different political parties. Lord Avonmore sided with Government, and was the chief baron of the Exchequer, while Curran took part with the opposi-

tion, and was then a leader of the popular party. A violent political antagonism gradually separated the friends. Their enemies took advantage of the opportunity, and produced a total suspension of intercourse between them. It was, therefore, under circumstances of the most trying nature that Curran rose to address his former friend and his compeers.

In the course of his speech, Curran extolled the great system of British liberty and urged the claims of Ireland to a full participation of all its rights and privileges: he dwelt upon the misfortune to which she had been subjected, and boldly criticised the conduct and policy of its rulers; and as he reflected upon the dangers he incurred by his boldness, and on the desertion of those who had abandoned their party in the season of danger, his thoughts involuntarily recurred to the early and happy days he and Lord Avonmore had spent together; and he felt that, in the opinion of his former friend, his own disinterested conduct would be fully appreciated.

"I foresee," said he, "in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told of this decision; but I cherish, too, the consolatory hope that I had an old and learned friend who was of a different opinion; who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and Rome; who had fed the youthful vigour of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen; and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples;—by dwelling on the sweet-souled piety of Cimon—on the anticipated Christianity of Socrates—on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas—on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from his course.

I would add, that if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was like the passing cloud that floats across the morning sun, and hides it from the view, by involving the spectator without even approaching the face of the luminary. And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life: from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those reflections of the gods which we have partaken with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed."

Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears!

"Yes, my lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of the man; where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return! For

'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy—
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

The moment the court rose, Lord Avonmore, who possessed a remarkably frank and generous disposition, sent for his friend, and, throwing himself into his arms, declared that unworthy artifices had been used to separate them, and that they should never succeed in future : a resolution firmly maintained by both parties till death terminated their friendship.

It only remains to add, that Curran's application for the discharge of Judge Johnson proved fruitless. The Judge was taken to London, and tried in the King's Bench, at Westminster, before a special jury. He was found GUILTY ; but a *nolle prosequi* was entered by the Government in 1806, and the Judge was permitted to retire upon his pension, which he accordingly did, and spent the remainder of his life principally in Paris, where he died some years since.

J. P.



LINES WRITTEN BY SIR TOURLOUGH O'BRIEN, WHILE ABSENT
 FROM HIS LADY LOVE.—A.D. 1560.

(Never before published.)

I WOULD that I were a voiceless sigh,
 Floating thro' air,
 When thy spirit draws nigh
 Unperceived I would steal o'er thy cheek of down,
 And kiss thy soft lips,
 Unchecked by a frown.

I would I could pass from this living tomb
 Into the violet's sweetest perfume:
 On the wings of the morning to thee I would fly,
 And mingle my breath
 With thy sweetest sigh!

I would that I were a dying tone,
 To dwell on thy ear,
 When the music is gone:
 I would cheer thy heart with my latest breath,
 And yield thee pleasure,
 E'en in my death!

My heart is bound with a viewless chain:
 I see no wound but I feel its pain!
 Loose my fetters and set me free!—
 Bondage, tho' sweet, has no charms for me.
 Yet e'en in fetters, my fond heart must dwell
 Since thy Spirit flits o're it,
 And hallows my cell!



CORRESPONDENCE.

HERALDRY.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Christ Church, November 12th, 1849.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to let me know if it be true that an Earl's daughter is entitled to supporters. I have heard it asserted that she has the privilege of taking one of her supporters into any Peer's family into which she may marry; thus, a Peer, marrying an Earl's daughter, may take one of his own, and one of her supporters. My belief is, that this is quite incorrect, an Earl's daughter having no right to take her father's supporters into any other family—in fact, having herself no right to supporters at all. My remarks apply equally to the daughters of Dukes and Marquesses.

Neither do I believe any younger sons of Dukes or Marquesses, or Viscounts, or Barons' eldest sons, have any right to supporters, though in the bad style of modern innovation, all these do generally adopt them. In strict heraldry, only *bonâ fide* Peers and Peeresses, or widows of Peers, I imagine, have a right to supporters, though they have been granted to some commoners and knights for special services. Also, I should be glad to know if younger sons are entitled to adopt the quarterings of families. Some works seem to assert they have, and others to the contrary. If an heiress deposit her quarterings in a family, surely the eldest son becomes their representative, as well as the chief one of his own family, and the younger sons have only a right to adopt the simple bearings, without any quarterings. You would do a great service, if you would discuss these and other questions of heraldry, and endeavour to purify it from the many corruptions which have been of late years so unwarrantably tacked on, for with the present rage for mediæval architecture, embroidery, jewellery, stained glass, encaustic tiles, &c., &c., heraldry seems in a fair way to resume its pristine office, as a chief means of symbolical decoration: many errors abound at present, and improvement might be made in the forms of heraldic animals, which are far too like nature at the present day. Much may be done in your Journal by representations of personal seals of old date, as well as modern. I take some interest in your magazine, and therefore I beg to trouble you with these few remarks and observations.

I remain, Yours, &c., &c.,

W. H. D.

[Our correspondent's observations on the usage of supporters by the daughters of Peers are correct and to the point. It is a custom resting merely on "courtesy," quite unauthorized by the laws of heraldry. In England the strict legal right to bear supporters is confined to Peers of the Realm Knights of the Garter, Thistle, and St. Patrick, Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath (G. C. B.), Knights Grand Crosses of St. Michael and St. George (G. C. M. G.), and to those Baronets and others (of which the number is extremely limited), who may have obtained them by special grant. In ancient times, however, many eminent though untitled families used these ornaments to their shields, and Edmonson considers that "they had a possessory right to them," and expresses a hope that "no one of their descendants will ever bear his arms without them." Among the distinguished houses that hold and use supporters by this honourable prescription, are those of Fulford of Devon, Savage of Cheshire, Trevanion of Corn-

wall, Luttrell of Somersetshire, and Tichborne of Hants. In Scotland, the Chiefs of Clans carry supporters. "I crave liberty to assert," says Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate, "that all our Chiefs of families, and old Barons of Scotland may use supporters."

With respect to our correspondent's second question, the strictest heraldry permits younger sons and their descendants to adopt the family *QUARTERINGS*. A reference to the *HERALDS' VISITATIONS*—the Visitations made by Camden, Dugdale, and other learned heraldic authorities—will at once shew this. While thus referring to some of the rules of heraldry, we may add a few remarks on other points connected with the science, in reply to several letters of enquiry we have received.

One of our correspondents seeks to know the exact origin of Arms: but this is a difficult point to settle. It has long been a matter of doubt, when the bearing of Coats of Arms became hereditary; the Norman tiles, engraved in Mr. Heneker's letter to the Antiquarian Society, clearly prove their adoption at the period of the Conquest; but it was not until the Crusades that they came into general usage. The earliest Heraldic Document that has been handed down to us is a Roll of Arms made between the years 1240 and 1245. It contains the names and arms of the Barons and Knights of the reign of Henry III., and presents uncontrovertible evidence of the fact that heraldry was, at that time, reduced to a science.

The earliest writer on Heraldry, whose work has descended to us, is Nicholas Upton. His treatise was composed in the reign of Henry V., and translated in that of his successor, in the work well known to all admirers of the art, as "*The Boke of St. Albans*." With the decline of chivalry, the study of heraldry was neglected, and the exaggerated dignity to which Ferne, Mackenzie, and other enthusiasts endeavored to raise it, only gained for it contempt, but a taste for the study of antiquities generally, has gradually revived; and the use of heraldry as a key to history and biography is becoming every day more and more acknowledged, not only in England, but throughout Europe.

The right to Arms is a question often discussed. "Ensigns," says a learned writer, "were, in their first acceptation, taken up at any gentleman's pleasure yet hath that liberty for many ages been deny'd, and they, by regal authority, made the rewards of merit or the gracious favours of princes." In the reign of Henry V. a proclamation issued prohibiting the use of heraldic ensigns to all who could not shew an original and valid right, except those "who had borne arms at Agincourt;" but, despite the royal ordinance a multiplicity of abuse, found their way into all matters touching descent and arms, which called aloud for reformation, and gave rise, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, to the *HERALDS' VISITATIONS*, documents of high authority and value. The royal commissions under which the visitations were held, empowered the kings of arms "to peruse and take knowledge of all manner of coat armour, cognizances, crests, and other like devices, with the notes of the descents, pedigrees, and marriages of all the nobility and gentry therein; and also to reprove, control, and make infamous by proclamation, all such as unlawfully and without just authority, usurped or took any name or title of honor or dignity." If these invaluable documents are set forth the principal hereditary achievements of the kingdom, and all who can deduce descent from an ancestor, whose armorial ensigns have been acknowledged in any one of the Visitations, are entitled to carry those arms by right of inheritance. When, however, no such descent can be shown, the party must, if it be possible, prove his right as descending from some original grantee, or, in fault of that proof, must memorialize the earl marshal, that he may become a grantee himself.

In conclusion, we beg to assure our readers, that we shall, at all times be happy to supply any information that may be desired, on the interesting science, which has originated these passing words.

ED. ST. J. M.]

CURIOSITIES OF GENEALOGY.

To the Editor of the *St. James's Magazine*.

Windsor, 19th Nov., 1849.

SIR,—In continuation of my theme, I will dwell a moment longer, on the Royal Family. The act of settlement, and a people's love, have placed on the firmest basis the present Dynasty's right to England's diadem. The genealogical question is a mere matter of antiquarian curiosity, but, as such, it may not be uninteresting to state, that Francis Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of Modena, is representative of our Royal Stuarts, Tudors, and Plantagenets, that the Duchess of Lucca, and the Empress of Austria, come next, and that even Louis Philippe, ex-King of France, stands before our reigning house. Prince Albert can trace, by an unbroken line, a regular descent from Henry II. of England, and has thus in his veins the blood of our Saxon and Norman Monarchs. After the existing Royal Family, the subject who ranks by birth, nearest to the throne is His Grace of Buckingham; and, among the Peers, the following are entitled, by descent, to quarter the Royal Arms;—

Arundell, Baron	Ellesmere, Earl	Petre, Baron
Atholl, Duke	Falkland, Viscount	Richmond, Duke
Berkeley, Earl	Ferrers, Earl	Rutland, Duke
Berners, Baron	Hastings, Marquess	Scarsdale, Baron
Berwick, Baron	Hatherton, Baron	Somers, Earl
Beverley, Earl	Hereford, Viscount	Stafford, Baron
Bradford, Earl	Howard de Walden, Baron	Stourton, Baron
Buckingham, Duke	Howth, Earl	Suffield, Baron
Canterbury, Viscount	Huntingdon, Earl	Suffolk, Earl
Carlisle, Earl	Jersey, Earl	Sutherland, Duke
Clifford, Baron	Keith, Baroness	Tankerville, Earl
De Ross, Baron	Manchester, Duke	Townshend, Marquess
Devon, Earl	Montfort, Baron	Tyrconnel, Earl
Dorchester, Baron	Norfolk, Duke	Vaux, Baron
Dunmore, Earl	Northumberland, Duke	Waterford, Marquess
Efingham, Earl		

En passant, the mention of the Stuarts recalls to mind the family of their great opponent, Oliver Cromwell: it was one of consideration, and high county standing, seated at the fine old mansion of Hinchinbroke, in Huntingdonshire, and descended in the female line, from Cromwell, Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry VIII. Its Chief, as well as many of its members, fought manfully under the Royal banner. At the present time, seven Peers of the Realm trace descent from the Lord Protector, viz., the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Roches, Cowper, Clarendon, De Grey, and Ripon, but, as a contrast to this fair side of the picture, I must honestly confess, that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate, which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, for *restoring the monarchy*, should, by intermarriages, eventually vest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cherbunt, who died in 1821, being then the last male descendant of the Protector.

But enough of "men of royal siege." My next communications shall be devoted to Peerage families, their varying chances, their anecdotes, and their traditions.

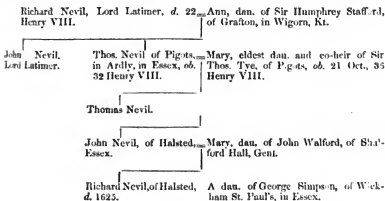
Your well-wisher,

HERALDICUS.

FAMILY OF SIMPSON OF WICKHAM.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I should feel very much obliged to any of your correspondents who would furnish me, through the pages of your Magazine, with some information respecting the family of George Simpson, of Wickham St. Paul's, who is mentioned in the following pedigree—and I should be very glad to know what arms the wife of Richard Nevil was entitled to use.



I find that in the Hinckford Hundred, within which division of Essex, Wickham St. Paul's is situated, there was at one time a most respectable family named Simpson or Simson. Members of this family are mentioned by Morant, the Historian of Essex, as possessing property at Lamarsh—in the churchyard of which place there is a large altar tomb belonging to them. In the latter part of the last century, Mr. Ralph Simson, whose family possessed estates at Lamarsh and Great Henney, resided at Wickham St. Paul's Hall, and held a considerable portion of the Parish of Wickham under lease from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Mr. Ralph Simson's family bore for their arms *per bend sinister, . . . and sable, a lion rampant counterchanged*, as appears from an old seal which belonged to one of the Simsons of Wickham St. Paul's, but I have not been able to discover whether these armorial ensigns were used by the wife of Richard Nevil. I am anxious to ascertain whether the Simsons of Essex ever recorded their pedigree, or arms, at any of the Herald's Visitations.

I am, Sir, your faithful Servant,
K. C. S.

GRANT OF ARMS TO COL. SPLIDT.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I have in my possession the original warrant signed by the Earl Marshal, authorizing the Heralds to grant arms to Col. Splidt, of Stratford Green, and to Thomas Splidt, of St. George's in the East. May I be allowed to ask, through your Magazine, if there are any male or female descendants of these persons still living?

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant
JONATHAN OLDBRICK, JUN.

MOTTO OF THE MURRAYS.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Malling, 13th November, 1849.

SIR,—I have been much pleased by the perusal of your "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy" and with your "Traditions of Heraldry," and I hope you will not deem me impertinent if I offer another to the last, in the history of the House of Athol. I was upon terms of friendship with the late Lord George Murray during the time he was rector of Hunton, in this neighbourhood, and afterwards Bishop of St David's, and having had several letters, in correspondence with him, I was often much puzzled to comprehend his motto, "Forth Fortune and fill the fetters." One day I asked him an explanation of it, when he said "I will give you what is the tradition handed down to our family. In the reign of one of the kings of Scotland" (he mentioned which, but I have forgotten it), "the adjacent country had been laid under severe contributions by a freebooter, who had become the terror of the neighbourhood. An ancestor of ours," he added, "offered the services of his clan to apprehend him, which were accepted, and as he passed with his followers the king said, 'Forth,' that is, go forth, good 'Fortune' to you, and 'fill the Fetters' that is with the freebooter." His Lordship's ancestor, it is recorded, succeeded in his expedition, and the king, in consequence, desired him to adopt the motto I have mentioned, which the Athol family have continued ever since.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

J. D.

THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Christmas,

PAST AND PRESENT.

TWELVE young men—the oldest of us was not more than five and twenty—agreed some five and forty years ago to form a club, which was to meet regularly at Christmas Eve and Midsummer Eve, but no oftener. Each was bound to contribute in some way to the general conviviality, either by singing or relating some ancient legend, in prose or verse, as he liked best. By the bye, I may some day communicate these said tales to the public if—ah, woeful if!—if I should live long enough; hut my hairs are somedeke grey, and—psa! all this whining is out of place, and besides, I do rather incline to Sir Peter Teazle's way of thinking when he so heartily anathematized sentiment. Let it pass therefore, while I go on with my story. Amongst other rules for the better conduct of our symposia, it was enacted that no excuse should be allowed for absence, except death, or the being in a foreign land at the time of meeting. Now it so happened on one occasion that the merriest of our merry set was found wanting, one whom we had nicknamed Mercutio, from his invincible spirit of jest in season and out of season. After having waited for him some time, to the great endangerment of our good humour, we fell to, fully resolved to make him feel the truth of the old adage "*sero venientibus ossa*," despatched our supper, and had even made considerable inroads upon the punch-bowl, when a letter was brought in from the absentee. Poor Mercutio! he was dying; yet even at the last gasp his old spirit had not forsaken him; he could still jest, even with the cold shadow of death upon him. In his letter, traced by so feeble a hand as to be scarcely legible, he excused his absence on the score of Death having served him with a subpoena, which he felt himself bound to obey, begged that instead of disturbing our mirth on his account, we would drink an extra glass to his departure, and above all requested us to keep his seat vacant so long as the club continued, as he might perhaps choose, like Banquo's ghost, to revisit us. Something perhaps in the wild spirit of youth, but more in sadness, this injunction was complied with; and as another, and then another, of our friends died off, we observed with each the same custom. The place of the deceased was never filled up by the election of a new member, but his chair was duly set at the table, as if he

had still been there to occupy it, and the first duty we imposed upon ourselves upon the withdrawing of the cloth was to drink in solemn silence to each one of the departed in succession.

Two and forty Midsummers, as many returns of Christmas, and here I am alone, the last of the twelve. Eleven empty seats are ranged about the table—eleven seats that were once filled by the best companions, the best friends, whose merry laugh is still upon my ears, but as something so inexpressibly mournful—and they are gone! all gone! The wax-tapers burn as brightly as they ever used to do at this season; yet there is a strange, unaccountable gloom in the chamber—a darkness as it were in the midst of light, which takes not from the general brillianee, which makes itself rather felt than seen—the shadow of a shade.

Alone in the wide world!—alone! The Christmas bells are ringing out so merrily, but there is mockery in their very mirth; they seem, when they are loudest, to repeat the sad burthen of my thoughts—“alone in the wide world!—alone! alone! alone!”

At length I grew ashamed—excuse, friendly reader, this confusion of times and tenses, for the past and present are mingling wildly enough in my fancy at this moment, just as you may have seen the boiling up of tide and current where the sea and river meet and struggle for the mastery—at length then I grew ashamed of my own weakness, and in compliance with the earliest rule of our little society, I filled the first glass. Did my hand tremble as I held it up, and looked towards the chair of him who had been first taken from us?—not a jot; the arm could not have proved firmer had it been strung with nerves of iron, and I spilt not a single drop, although the hot liquor brimmed up to the very edge of the glass. A second—a third—till I had gone the whole round of the absent. But all these silent pledgings had no effect upon me; the same nightmare weighed alike on mind and body; even the yule-log burnt like a wasted ember instead of roaring up the chimney, and flinging its glad light through the whole room.

“This will never do,” I said, half aloud, “I must knock a little more light into the soulless clump of this black incubus. Ha! ha! it brightens! it blazes! we shall do now, it is to be hoped. But what in the name of wonder have we here?”

And I had good cause for admiration; for—believe it, or not, as you list—the glowing embers, as they fell from the log, gradually moulded themselves into the likeness of the human form—a leg—a second leg—a body—arms—a head—till a tall, hale old man stood before me, whom I at once recognized for Christmas himself in proper person. There was no mistaking him. He was clad in a loose robe of white that sparkled at every motion to the light as if it had been interwoven with small diamonds, while at the bottom it was fringed with green leaves, and belted round him by a cincture of the same fashion. His legs were bare, his feet sandalled with something like Indian mocassins, and about his head was a holly-wreath, with the red berries peeping out from the foliage, here singly, and there again in clusters.

“I am dreaming,” said I to myself. “Yes, I must be dreaming.”

“Not a bit of it,” exclaimed my visitor, in answer to my thoughts, for I could not from mere wonder breathe a syllable; “not a bit of it; you’re as wide awake as I am.”

“It’s very singular.”

"To be sure it is," said the old gentleman, laughing heartily; "very odd indeed. But I'll thank you for a taste of that same punch-bowl; it has a dainty flavour with it, and I can guess by your looks it is none of the weakest. Stinging stuff, I warrant me."

So saying he seated himself in an arm-chair by the fire-side, rubbing his hands with infinite glee.

"Pray make yourself at home," said I, in a tone between pique and jest, for I thought he might have used a little more ceremony; "pray make yourself at home, sir."

"Exactly what I always do," he replied; "and let me just whisper in your ear, that the more heartily you welcome me, the better it will be for yourself. So, the punch, my friend—the punch."

"Egad, and that's very true," said I, filling him out a bumper. "Here's to your good health, sir, and may we often—very often—meet again."

"All very well," interrupted he; "but when you welcome me again, don't call me sir—old friend, if you please—for though I love frost, I detest frosty people; there's a wide difference, I can tell you, between a cold heart and a cold north wind, and it's all in favour of the latter."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, for somehow or another my heart was fast warming towards him; "give me your hand."

And so he did, with right good will. But what a grip the old fellow had with him! it made me tingle down to the fingers' ends, and roar out lustily.

"Holloa! old gentleman; avast heaving, as the sailors would say; considering that you are hard upon eighteen hundred and fifty years of age you have a mighty strong clutch of your own."

"All the effect of brown ale, roast-beef, and solid plumb-pudding. But Lord bless you; I am not half so strong now as I was some two or three centuries ago; people then used to treat me with much more hospitality than they do now-a-days."

"Ah! you must have seen some merry doings in your time."

"I rather think I have, and some that you would have liked to have had a share in. Why now I remember, in the year 1571—but perhaps you would not like to be troubled with the gossip of an old fellow like myself?"

"Quite the contrary, believe me; for not to flatter you, I have always understood that you were a capital hand at a story."

"Well then, such being the case, I will shew you from the sample of one year how I used to spend my time in the days of old."

"I shall be much obliged to you. Suppose we say 1571, if your memory goes so far back."

"As well that as any other; for as to recollecting I could tell you all about the year in which I was born. So—but fill your glass, or you'll go to sleep before I have half done."

"No fear of that," I replied; "but we'll fill nevertheless."

"A brimmer, if you please; I hate to see daylight in my glass. And now lend me your ears, and hear,

How Christmas made merry in 1571.

"The evening was cold, bitter cold; the wind—he was a fine, rough-

handed northern churl, fond of having his own way, and hearing his own voice—blustered about the turrets of Helmingham Hall; the earth far and wide was one sheet of white, and the trees were bending down under the weight of snow, while the mill-stream close by, that used to be so fond of babbling and brawling, was quiet enough now. Yet all this time not a cloud obscured the clear blue sky, from which the stars twinkled out brightly—oh, so brightly!—I had almost said lovingly; lovingly and joyfully; for it made one both loving and joyful only to look at them.

"But if the stars were bright and gladsome without, eyes were no less bright, and faces no less gay within the great hall, where Sir Lionel Tolle-mache and his lady were receiving their neighbours, who flocked in upon them from miles around. A right liberal host and hostess were they, and they loved the old English fashions, and kept them up with true English hearts. Every thing with them was upon a large scale; huge were the joints served up, and massive the oaken tables that were spread out to bear them; huge were the casks of stout October set abroad to welcome old Christmas as they knew he loved to be welcomed; huge, too, was the yule-log which a dozen stout serving men dragged in, and lighted from the last year's brand, especially saved for that purpose, and mighty was the rush and roar of flames as it blazed up the capacious chimney.

"Well, the first greetings were scarcely over when the tramp of a body of horse was heard beneath the hall windows. Then came a loud peal of the great door-bell—ding, ding, ding,—whereat all the company began to smile and wink knowingly at each other, as much as to say we shall have rare sport anon. And presently in trooped a set of mummers, as they were then called, in all the various characters of an ancient masquerade. First came a party of esquires clothed in red coats and gowns of say or sandall "with comely visors on their faces," preceding a body of knights arrayed in the same fashion; next appeared one in the rich habits of an emperor, and after him "one stately tyred like a pope," accompanied by his cardinals. Then entered several with black visors to represent legates from distant lands. Much mirth did they make by their solemn antics, and what was still better they came not empty-handed; but producing dice they flung down rings, and jewels, and silver cups, for stakes, and challenged their host and hostess to a trial of luck, taking care however to be always losers, so that in truth the game was but another mode of making so many presents. This being over, the mummers and the rest of the company joined in various dances—the *Black-Alman*, which I take it came from Germany; the *Down Sella*, a corruption of the Italian *Donizella*; the *Passy Measure Pavyon*, stately as the march of the peacock from whom it had its name; the nimble *Lavolta*, with its twining and leavings—ah, you have nothing like it now-a-days."

"The deuce we have not?" interrupted I, "surely the waltz and the lavolta must be pretty much the same thing, or I am grievously mistaken."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman rather testily, "it may be so, but I wish for all that you would not interrupt me, for I have other people to visit beside yourself. Where was I? Oh, the dancing ended, each claimed for his reward the usual fee of a kiss from his fair partner, for,

“ . . . what foole would daunce
If that when daunce is doone,
He may not have at lady's lips
That which in daunce he wooon.’

“Aha, my friend, I have you there; that's a reward no ‘dauncer’ can claim now-a-days of his partner.”

“Under the rose, under the rose,” chaunted I in answer.

“Under the rose, I grant you,” replied Christmas, laughing at the innuendo, “but this was all above board; and though folks do say that stolen bread eats the sweetest, still I can't help suspecting that the old fashion was the honestest.”

“And what was going on in the kitchen,” asked I, “while they were so merry in the hall? what were the blue-bottles about, and the green caterpillars—the serving-men, I mean, in their blue coats, and the foresters in their Lincoln green—what were they doing?—and the cherry-cheeked damsels of the lower regions?”

“Not idling away their time, I promise you; none of them had forgotten that,

‘Christmas comes but once a year, but once a year, but once a year;’

not they indeed; you might have heard a score or two of merry voices, shouting, laughing, and singing—

“Come, bring with noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.’

“But why does it not kindle as it should do? the wood has been well dried; 'tis a noble log of birch stript of its bark long since, and laid up where no rain could get at it. Now out upon you, Doll dairy-maid! out upon you Madge kitchen-wench! look at your grimy fingers. Don't you know that you must

“Wash your hands or else the fire
Will not teind to your desire;
Unwash'd hands ye maidens know
Dead the fire though yon blow.’

“Ah! now it flames! now it crackles!

“Drink now the strong beere,
Cut the white loafe here;
The while the meat is a shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a kneading.’

“More mirth! more merry-making—hurrah for the misletoe! how temptingly its green branches swing from the ceiling, and how the rural coquettes scamper off into corners laughing, and screaming, and vowing by many a pretty oath that they never will stand under the misletoe to

be kissed ; and yet kissed they are, and it may be not always with strict regard to the locality. But thereat the fun only grows more fast and furious, while all join their voices in chaunting a welcome to old Christmas. The music is not much indeed, but what then ? the verse is as full of good things as if Homer or Shakespear had indited it : for are not mince pies, and fat goose, and strong ale—strong enough to trip up the heels of a giant—are they not good things ? To it then like falconers, and,

“Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minc'd pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer ;
With pig, goose, and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

“Observe how the chimneys
Do smook all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner no doubt ;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
Oh may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year.

“With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day.
With bays and roscmary,
And laurel compleat,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.

* * * *

“But as for curmudgeons
Who will not be free,
I wish they may die
On the three legged tree.”

“Even in the churches,” continued the old gentleman, warming with his subject—“even in the churches they did not forget to prepare for my reception. The pews and columns were so thickly set about with laurel and holly that the nave and aisles looked like a green copse in the midst of winter ; a carol was sung in the place of the usual psalm, at the end of which the clerk in a loud voice would wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all his parishioners ; and hundreds of cheerful voices responded with a deep ‘Amen !’

“You are perhaps shocked at all this, my friend ; for I do believe you are my friend : it may seem something barbarous to you ; or, if you are a precisian, you may even think it hardly consistent with religious decorum. But take my word for it—the word of honest old Christmas, who never flatters any one, but in his stormy mood blows as roughly on the peer as the peasant—take my word for it, there was more genuine, heart-felt devotion in one of these church-sung carols followed by the clerk’s homely good wishes than in the finest of your modern anthems. If they

were rude in those days, they yet made up by warmth what they wanted in polish. Lords and ladies did not then give the tips of their fingers as they do now, so that I should often like to favour them with one of my sharp grips, till nose and cheek looked all blue; but, confound it, there's no getting at them for cloaks, and furs, and flannels; it must e'en pass, therefore, like so many other things over which we mourn uselessly, while we cannot alter them; Christmas is getting old now—well nigh worn out—and cannot help himself any longer. Well, well; I keep up a stout heart notwithstanding, and will do so 'till the last carol is sung, and the last yule-log is expiring in its ashes."

"Allow me," said I, seeing him somewhat too much inclined to the doleful—"allow me to remind you that you do not observe the laws of fair computation; your glass has been empty for the last ten minutes."

The old gentleman took the hint as he took the punch, that is to say, with the utmost readiness. Having emptied his glass he held it out for a fresh supply, and continued in a much gayer tone,

"You should have seen me at Queen's College, in that proud and noble university, Oxford; you should have seen the dinner spread for me in the common hall, as it was spread for no other of the children of the year; you should have seen the jolly servitors carrying in the head of the gallant wild boar—the state, the decorum, with which he was marched along, his noble front garnished with rosemary and bay—the half-jovial, half-solemn chaunt, as the procession moved along:—

"The boar's head in hand bring I,
Bedeck'd with bay and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudeo domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all the land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us servare cantico.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be serv'd is,
In reginensi atrio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.'

"But don't let me follow the world's bad custom, and forget one good friend by doting too much upon another. The sister university of Cambridge, though younger than Oxford by many years—I might say nearly three hundred—was still not a whit behind her in giving me a hearty welcome. If the one had her Lord of Misrule, her Master of the Revels, so too had the other. And glorious revels they were too, 'full of pastime and prodigality,' as my witty friend, Will Shakspeare might say—you never saw Will—gentle Will—I suppose?"

"Why, I should rather think not," replied I, scarcely able to conceal

a smile at the old gentleman's obliviousness: "his great grandson, if he ever had such a descendant, must have been dead and buried many a long year ago before they indued me in my first jacket."

"True, true; what was I thinking about? Of course you never did, unless indeed Pythagoras spoke truth, and your soul tenanted the body of Will's favourite cat. Will was especially fond of cats."

"I should never have guessed so much from his writings."

"He was though, I can tell you. I remember one day that I paid him a visit—he was busy with Macbeth at the time—and there sate Madame Puss upon the table, watching him so intently you would have thought she knew what he was about, and was as deeply interested in it as himself. And so she was in her way. The motion of the pen to and fro across the page had such charms for her that she suddenly stretched out her paw, and whisked it out of the poet's hand, making a huge blot upon Lady Macbeth's sleeping soliloquy; but the poet was still gentle Will; he only smiled, and cried, "Out, out, damned spot! Ah, puss! puss! you have done for me what I never thought of doing for myself; you have blotted what I wrote."—Heyday though! I am wandering again."

"Never mind for that," said I; "you will be tired of talking long before I shall be of listening."

"Indeed! Well then, I was going to tell you about the Lord of Misrule, how he used to preside over the grand festival they gave in honour of me at Cambridge."

"Your pardon once again," interrupted I; "but it would please me better to hear tell of the doings in London, if it makes no difference to you."

"Not the least," said he; "in London be it, for the goodly city could frolic it in those days as well as any of her neighbours. All the wilder heads used to convent, and having chosen their Lord of Misrule, they anointed his royal brows in right regal fashion, when they selected some two or three score of their number to attend upon him, and guard his noble person. And a glorious spectacle did this body-guard make, being dressed in liveries of green, or yellow, or some bright colour, and bedecked 'with searffes, ribbons, and laeces, hanged all over with golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles.' Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing 'till my sides ache when I think of those merry-makings. And yet,—would you believe it? there were some sour-faced, puritanical rogues, who could see neither mirth nor honesty in these frolics. In especial there was one fellow—Stubbes they called him—whose wrath foamed over in a small volume of rant, and fustian, which he sent forth to the world under the name of "The Anatomie of Abuses." Only hear, how the muddy knave vituperated me and my merry companions:—'They tye about either legge twentie or fourtie belles with riche handkercheefes in their handes, and sometymes laied a crosse over their shoulders and neekes, borrowed for the moste parte of their pretie Mopsies and lovyng Bessies, for bussying them in the dareke. Thus all thinges sette in order, then have they their hobbie horses, dragos, and other antiques, together with their pipers and thunderyng drommers to strike up the Devilles Daunce withall—meaning thereby the Morris Dance—then marche these heathen companie towards the church and churehe-yarde, their pipers pipying, their drommers thunderyng, their stumppes dauncyng,

their belles jynglyng, their handkerchefes swyngyng about their heades like madmen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishyng amongst the throng; and in this sorte they goe to the churche (though the minister bee at praier or preaching) dauncyng and swyngyng their handkercheefes over their beades in the churche like devilles incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his owne voice. Then the foolish people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes to see these goodly pageauntes solemnized in this sort. Then after this, aboute the churche they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the churche-yarde, where they have commonly their sommer haules (halls), their bowers, arhours, and banquettyng houses set up—wherein they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and peradventure all that night too. And thus these terrestrial fairies spend the Sabbath daie. Then for the further innohlyng of their honourable Lurdane (Lord, I should saye) they have also certaine papers, wwherein is paynted some babblerie or other, of imagerie worke, and these they call my Lord of Misrule's badges; these thei geve to every one that will geve money for the to maintaine them in this their heathenrie, divelrie, dronkenness, pride, and what not. And who will not shewe himselfe buxome to them, and geve the money for these the devilles cognizances, they shal be mocked and flouted at shamefully. And so assotted are some that they not onely give them money to maintaine their abhomination withall, but also weare their hadges and cognizances in their hattes or cappes openly. . . . Another sorte of fantasticall fooles bring to these helhoundes (the Lorde of Misrule and his complices) some, breade; some, good ale; some, new cheese; some, olde cheese; some, custardes; some, cakes; some, flawnes; some, tartes; some, creame; some, meate; some, one thing; some, another.'

"There's a pretty screed for you!" continued the old gentleman, waxing as warm as it was possible for him to be at any time. "Does not the fellow deserve, for penning such uncharitable stuff, to have his right hand struck off by the common hangman, as his father's was before him when he libelled good Queen Bess? But hang him, foul scroyle! let him pass."

"I should scarcely have done by morning were I to go on with all that people said, thought, or did, the moment I crossed their threshold. Amongst many things that I well remember but have not time to repeat, and amongst many more that do not occur to me at the moment, was the wassail howl, no degenerate measure that a child might carry even when full to the brim, but a capacious vessel, a mighty vessel—a vessel in which the crab floated and hobbled up and down like a little cock-boat upon the wide ocean. This huge rotundity was filled with ale and spices, placed beneath the apple that hung before the fire till it dropt over-roasted into the brown sea below, upon which the fire-light danced right merrily, for the liquor was so bright and clear you might have seen your face in it."

"You may easily suppose that I never had the slightest acquaintance with Summer, and consequently know little enough about fruit of any kind; and yet in some places the good folks would persist on *wassailing* the apple-trees the moment that the evening bells announced my coming. The ceremony was this. The country-people would go into the orchard, and circling about a tree which stood deputy, or representative for all his brethren, and having sung a jovial wassail-song, they would fling the toast from

the bowl at its roots in order by the charm to ensure a fruitful year. Upon some occasions the ceremony would be more general, and extend itself to many trees upon the same grounds. In Cornwall they dash cups of cyder at the trees, and place cakes amongst the boughs."

"But to go back for a moment," exclaimed I, "to the eating and drinking you were talking of a few minutes since with so much unction; your poor people must have been rich people to have afforded so much feasting and junketting."

"Say rather," he replied, taking me up somewhat shortly—"say rather that the rich people of those days were more open-handed; or, at least, that they thought more of their humble dependents than they do now. Ah! every one then was so glad to see me, that his heart expanded at the very sight of me, and as all knew what a jolly charitable old fellow I was, the most miserly were fain to open their strong boxes at my coming. Every hall reeked with good cheer, and—"

"But the cottage—the cottage, my good friend. How did the labourer get on, the poor fellow who had to earn in six days what was to support him for seven, and could have had little enough to put by—how did he manage?"

"Just as well as his betters. Those who had small store of their own, found little difficulty in getting what they wanted for the nonce from their neighbours. The moment they saw me, on went their roast-meat clothes—"

"Roast-meat clothes!" I exclaimed—"and what fashion of wear may they be?"

"I cry you mercy; I forgot you were a young man."

"Yes, a young man of sixty."

"And what's sixty?—a mere youngster—a child—a baby; only wait till you're as old as I am—eighteen hundred and fifty, or thereabout."

"That might puzzle the doctors. But once again, what may be these same roast-meat clothes?"

"Why, holy-day clothes, to be sure, what else. Well; they donned their best, and went round from door to door bearing about a noble wassail-bowl, garlanded with ribbons, and a golden apple at the top of it—the merry rogues! rough as their voices were, it would have made the heart sing within you only to hear them—

"A jolly wassel bowl,
A wassel of good ale;
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale—
Our jolly wassel.

"Good dame here at your door
Our wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in
With our wassel

"Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassel to maintain;
We'll buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain
With our wassel."

"Much more there was, but too long to tell now; and then the good folks would drop a silver groat into the hand of the prettiest maiden of

the troop, or perhaps a tester, or it may be a piece of gold if the season had been fine and the harvest abundant. And what strange things they used to say of me! would you believe it?—the Devonshire folks actually fancied that when I shewed myself—on the stroke of twelve that is, on Christmas Eve—the oxen in the stables went down upon their knees and prayed.”

“Ho! ho!” cried I triumphantly; “in this respect at least we are some miles in advance of our very worthy ancestors.”

“I’m not quite so sure of that,” retorted he; “I am not sure whether it may not be better to believe too much than too little. But I’ll weary you no longer with my talk of the old times; you shall hear now.

How Christmas disported himself in the Nineteenth Century.

“I know not how it happens,” re-commenced the old gentleman with a melancholy smile—“but people in general are not half so fond of me as they used to be. True it is that I find a few bits of holly and other ever-green stuck up in the churches, and in the houses of those who are not altogether corrupted by dame Fashion—a plague upon her for a mincing, wincing, finical slut as she is! afraid to laugh out because she would not do anything like other folks; I wonder she does not leave off eating for the same reason, for I’m sure that’s a vulgar habit.”

“Don’t put yourself in a passion, my old friend; anything like a frown is quite out of keeping with that jolly face of yours.”

“You are not far out there; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, as the lawyers say, I can’t help considering myself an ill-used old fellow. There are my carols gone clean out of fashion, and in my younger days I never wanted for a carol; now one need never hope to hear such a thing in London, or within a hundred miles of it, though to be sure they do still print a batch of them every year with the same rude wood cuts they used a century ago; but then, they are only to be seen in cobblers’ stalls, and such like places; not that I would have you think I am growing exclusive, or have the slightest objection to drinking a glass of ale, or eating a piece of fat bacon with a poor man of any kind; quite the contrary, I assure you; I am never so much at home as in the cottage, for I know full well that the champagne and turtle in the halls of your great folks are not provided on my account; they would be there all the same if I were banished to Siberia. However, I must comfort myself as best I may, with the friends that time has left me; and I have some yet, in spite of fashion and the scytheman with his hour-glass; honest hearts they are, and true, who never hear old Christmas at their door, but they jump up to let him in, and it’s who shall give him the first and heartiest welcome. There’s many an odd nook in Yorkshire where they still treat me to a glorious breakfast, such an one as your dainty sippers of tea and coffee, and slops of that kind, would vote intolerable; but, good faith, if they had trotted over a Yorkshire wold at five o’clock in the morning, or found their way up to the head peak of Roseberry Topping, they’d change their note I fancy; marry they’d fall to with as keen an appetite as any Yorkshire tyke of them all, and their noses would be as deep in the furnety-pot, or the wassail-bowl; for both these smoke and ream upon the breakfast-table, with cakes of all sorts hot from the griddle. Then too there is the cheese—the mighty cheese—which the good dame has made especially for my coming—blessings on her clear, ruddy cheek, and her rough northern speech! her laugh is worth a million, when she brings it forth, and places it on the ponderous oak table.

But, bide a bit, mine honest neighbours; not a morsel will she let you touch, 'till she has taken a sharp knife, and scared it with the figure of the cross. Aye, now you may fall to and welcome; and,

"Is not that a dainty dish to set before the king?"

"But now come along with me to Rippon Church, and let me take a peep at what is going on there. Ha! ha! yonder they come!—see them—see the singing boys parading up the long aisles with baskets full of red-cheeked apples, each with a sprig of rosemary stuck in it; they'll present you with one presently, when your turn comes, only don't you forget to requite them with a silver sixpence, or, if it's low ebb in your pocket, a groat will do; nay, so small a dole as twopence will not be refused, and surely you may afford that much. Ah! I love Yorkshire, and Yorkshire loves old Christmas."

"Well," said I, "and don't the young folks, one and all, love you as well as ever?—you forget them."

"I would sooner," he replied, "forget my own bay and holly. Special favourites of mine are the curly-headed varlets; and even more so are their sisters, the merry-eyed damsellettes, who will one day or another give heart-aches,—aye and heart's-ease,—to the cavaliers of their generation. How the dear little souls will play and romp with me in the nursery-bastilles, to which the fashion of high life has banished them, till they are old enough to come out: that is, till they are old enough to be sacrificed on the Hymeneal altar. Things go yet better if we descend a few steps in the social grade, for there the round chubby faces shew themselves among the old folks at the dinner-table, like the red berries among my wreath of holly-leaves. There are few pleasanter sights, I promise you, than to see their cheeks laughing, and their eyes sparkling, at my mince-pies and plum-pudding."

"You have still your waits too—once more excuse my interrupting you,—and for my part, of all your customs, this is the one I should be most sorry to part with. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than the being awakened by them, out of a first sleep. And yet I should be puzzled to find language for the delight I have always experienced in such hours—it has been so calm, yet so intense, so sadly sweet, so every way peculiar; midnight, and the open air, and the thousand associated ideas of the season, seem to lend the music a tone as of another world."

At these words the old man started up, and caught me by the hand while his eye grew brighter, his cheek ruddier, and his laugh merrier than ever. And how his hand glowed!—glowed down to the fingers' ends!—as it always does when you treat him as you should do, and he knows your heart is in the right place.

"Talk in that way," he cried, "and you will always find a friend in me. There is still some savour left in those same waits. I may comfort myself too, that you have not as yet forgotten hoxing-day, though it comes in a more prosaic shape than it used to do, more, if I may say so, in the shape of a dun, who is peremptory for payment of a bill long due, having himself an account to make up, and being short of cash. Still it is not well to play the churl; refuse not your bounty to the postman, for he has tramped it once and again through mud and mire, through rain and snow, to bring the letter you were waiting for in comfort by the warm fire-side; withhold it not from the butcher's-boy, sturdy and contumacious though he be, nor from the

mealy apprentice of the baker, for have they not hearts to be gladdened as well as yourself? Close not your hand even against the whining mendicant, for, though his tale shall prove false, as is most likely, full nineteen times, yet peradventure in the twentieth it may be true, and those feet are naked, because the poor soul hath really neither shoes, nor the means wherewith to purchase them. In any case, your own heart shall be all the lighter, for that you have made light another's; and the blessing of the mendicant, even if it be no more than lip-service, shall be as balsam and poppies to your midnight pillow."

Perhaps I was urged by spleen, perhaps by a spirit of contradiction, but from some cause or another I could not help exclaiming—"this is all very well for men who are born to health, wealth, and happiness; for me, who possess none of these good things, who have lived long enough in the world to be tired of life, without however losing the natural dread of death, why should I care for others? what to me is their weal or woe?"

At this speech, which seemed to work like some dark, unhallowed spell upon my visitor, his face, all smiles but a minute before, grew well nigh black, and assumed an aspect so stern, so withering, that I was fairly cowed by it. In truth I felt it a relief when he rose from his chair, an action which I gladly took for a sign of his intention to depart without farther leave-taking. But he did not purpose, it seemed, to let me off so cheaply. He fixed upon me an eye that on the sudden had become cold and glassy, and chaunted a farewell anathema in tones I should vainly attempt to describe unless it be by the impression they made upon me. They caused the blood in my veins to freeze, and the teeth in my head to chatter. If it were possible that a passing bell could syllable the sounds of human speech, just so would it have uttered the words, which now smote upon my ears as something real—

"For this shalt thou never see me more
In my robe of snow when the north winds roar;
If thy heart is so cold, as cold shall be
The bosom that holds not charity;
And when next from my feet I shake the snow,
It shall fall on the spot where you sleep below."

And as he spoke, so he did, shaking the snow from his sandals, while the flakes fell fast and thick about me till I was well nigh blinded. I would fain have cried out to bid him cease, but the tongue was frozen in my mouth, and the heap gathered thicker and heavier upon me; it seemed that I was being buried alive beneath it, the cold shooting through and through me as if each flake had been a point of the finest and sharpest steel.

The scene changed. Christmas had disappeared; I was again alone in the chamber—was again myself; not myself, such as I had been for the last hour—the last two hours—the last three hours—for the hand of the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to half-past one, the fire had gone out, and the candles were burning low in their sockets. Had I then been asleep? or was all this the waking dream of too much revel? or was it indeed reality? I could not say! I was bewildered. Was the burnt-out log a sign and a warning that I too should soon cease to be? I did not know—I knew nothing except that I was alone again in the world—alone again in the presence of eleven empty seats. Eleven! and when will the last chair be vacant?—when! when!

THE HEADLESS LADY OF ASHBY FOLVILE.

"In this church (Ashby Folville) between two remarkably elegant crosses are traces of the figure of a *headless lady*. At her feet a greyhound looking upwards; and on two scrolls at her head and feet,

'*Erris quæ Kētemptor meus bibit
Et in nobilissime die surrecturus sum.*

This figure, by the delicacy of the hand, the palm of which is turned outwards, and the very small fingers, is evidently that of a lady, apparently *headless*, nor is there on the stone the least vestige of *anything ever having been engraved above the neck*.

Nichols' Leicestershire, vol. iii., p. 32.

LEICESTERSHIRE has long been so famous for fox hunting, that people are apt to forget that it is famous for aught else. Yet has it ancient forests, ancient castles, and ancient halls, abounding in materials of rich romantic incident and deep historic interest. It has ancient Preceptories and Commanderies of the Templars and Hospitallers; and many a time-worn Leicestershire church still bears proof that these religious knights were no mean architects, and no niggardly builders. The Soke of Rothley, granted to the Templars by Henry III. in 1230, still counts amongst its members and governs by its peculiar jurisdiction several widely distant Lordships in the county. Amongst these Ashby Folville and Gaddesby, lying at a distance of eight or ten miles from Rothley Temple—the seat of the Soke—are the two largest.

The singular passage prefixed from Nichols, and some traditionary lore which I had gleaned respecting this "Headless Lady," were sufficient inducements to a ride of fifteen miles, in order to satisfy myself of the correctness of the statement of our great and glorious historian, and of the value to be attached to the rather conflicting current traditions. What matters it to the reader, whether the morning on which I undertook this quest was bright or dull, a weeping or a laughing sky? It *may* concern him to know that I passed in my way the old Manor House of Rakedale, to which the "*Episodes in the Lives of the Aristocracy*" have imparted "an added charm;" Brookesby Hall, the birth-place of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the spot where that remarkable family

"Long grew in beauty side by side,
And filled our house with glee,"

and whence he dated that curious letter to King James, preserved by Dalrymple, which is too good a thing to be omitted here:

"Deare Dad and Gossip,

"Here is a gentleman called Sir Francis Lenke who hath a philosopher's stone: 'tis worth but eight thousand: he will give it you *if you*

will make him a baron.* I will, if you command not to the contrary, have his patent ready for you to sign when I come down. He is of good religion, well-born, and hath a good estate. I pray you burn this letter.

Your Ma'tie's most humble slave and dog,

STEENIE."

I passed also near Reresby, that memorable spot where Eustace de Folville slew Roger de Bellers,† and that ecclesiastical grace and glory of the county, Gaddesby† church. This wondrously decorated fabric is an erection of the Templars. Crossing Ostor-ford, a name still reminding the antiquary of its Roman founder, Ostorius Scapula, a short mile brought me to Ashby Folville. This is a truly rural and primitive village, and is seated in a little vale formed between the Downs that diversify East Leicestershire. A ruined hall, a few lowly cottages and quaint-looking farm-houses, a bede house, and an old grey church, form the whole of the village. No hostel—no place of "entertainment" of humbler name—no frame—no loom—no anvil disturbs the repose. A murmuring streamlet winds its course through the little valley, and even through the midst of the village, and forms near the ancient hall, what is called in Leicestershire, and nowhere else, a *Plash*.

Unimportant, however, as Ashby Folville may appear to a stranger at the present day, time was when it was successively the abode of three families, scarcely less distinguished in the annals of chivalry than in the county annals—the Folvilles, the Woodfords, and the Carington Smiths. But the church that contains so many memorials of these three renowned families; and, above all, of the particular one which is the subject of my text, soon drew me away from all other objects. On the south door are placed two large ancient horse shoes; the length of the larger from toe to heel being sixteen inches, and the breadth twelve, and having instead of nails, projecting spikes three inches long. When or why these horse-shoes were placed there, cannot be ascertained; but as Henry de Ferrariis was at one time proprietor of lands here, the origin of the horse shoes on this door may perhaps be the same as that of those placed at Oakham Castle. The church floor was strewn with new-mown hay—a custom always observed here on the first Sunday in September, probably a continuation of the ancient rush-bearing, at one time generally practised. The delicious fragrance diffused by this primitive carpet, so preferable to the charnel house damps that frequently arise from churches, made me wish that this simple custom was still universal. It appears a piece of land in this parish was bequeathed by two sisters for this pious use. Tradition states the donation originated in two ladies of the Woodford line having

* This barony was conferred. Sir Francis Leake obtained it. Whether James received the philosopher's stone is not known; but the English Solomon was not likely to forego it.

† "Anno 1326, Kal. Feb. occisus fuit d'ns Rogerus Bellers in com. Leic." Iste Rogerus fundavit cantariam secularium sacerdotum apud Kirkby Bellers in com. Leic, "quam post multos annos uxor ejusdem Rogeri transtulit in usus canonicorum regularium. Hic Rogerus occisus est à quodam Eustachio de Foleville, ac fratribus suis, quibus prius minas ingesserat et injurias; interfectus erat tribus fratribus in quadam valle juxta Reresby."—*MS. Dodsworth*, 88, fol. 19. Eustace de Foleville afterwards crossed the sea, but obtaining the king's free pardon returned to Ashby, and died there in 1347.

‡ The seat of the late gallant Colonel Cheney, who had *five horses shot under him* at Waterloo, and who, some years afterwards, received his old regiment (the Scotch Greys) here with most distinguished hospitality.

been benighted, and, recovering their way by the sound of the Vesper bell at Ashby, one of them dropped her stomacher to mark the spot, resolving to dedicate a portion of that land to the use of the church whose bell had been instrumental in their preservation. Certain it is, that the land so bequeathed, is set out *in the shape of a stomacher*, posts still accurately defining its boundaries.

[It is not unlikely that the proceeds of the land were originally bequeathed for the continuance of the vesper bell, but that the hay necessary for the church strewing was taken thence when the practice of ringing the evening bell fell into disuse.] But the church of Ashby Folville is full of ecclesiastical curiosities—its walls contain some rude frescoes—it has a hagioscope, a perfect rood loft, and an ancient hour-glass stand. It has also attached to its south aisle a curious chapel, the last resting place of the Folvilles and Woodfords, now shamefully neglected, as indeed the rest of the sacred edifice is, and as are all the churches in Rothley Soke. The most ancient monument in this chapel is that of a knight, whose effigy, in gigantic proportions, reclines in an attitude of prayer on an altar tomb. Both the tomb and figure are of coarse grit stone, and fragments of ancient armour, and a pair of massive iron gauntlets still rest and rust at his side. It has no inscription, nor any appearance of ever having had any, but my loquacious guide informed me

“IT WAS OLD FOLVILE WHO SLEW BELER.”

“And this,” said he, drawing me from the side chapel to the chancel, “is the wonder of wonders—

The Tomb of the Headless Lady.”

I should observe that I had in my ride gleaned one tradition about the subject of this singular tomb. It was to the effect that the lady was absolutely *born without that very necessary appendage to vitality—a head!* but being a rich heiress, and lovely withal, and moreover deficient of that member which it is said, “no man can tame,” she had irresistible charms for the Lord of Ashby Folville, “who loved gold, and hated a scold.” My conductor gave a very different version of the story. His account was that the lady *had* a head, and a very beautiful face to it, and that the grim knight, her husband, a sort of Bluebeard in his time, having learnt that his gentle lady, during his absence in the wars, had ventured to speak to one of his own gender, met her first salutation with the words “*Disce mori*,” and, uplifting his battle-axe, at one blow brought her head to his feet, her quivering lips twice afterwards repeating the words “*Disce mori*.” “There,” said my rustic guide, with a look of implicit confidence in the truth of his narrative, and pointing to a beautiful cross at the lady’s side—“there is the picture of the very battle-axe that did the bloody deed, and there on the handle are the words that were uttered.”

I gazed in dumb astonishment! On a low altar tomb, about eighteen inches high, lay an incised slab—and upon it, between two rich foliated crosses, the effigy of a lady of very graceful form, and draped in a style of singular elegance for the period. The figure appeared perfect, with the exception of the very important appendage alluded to, of which, however, I imagined I could discover some very faint traces. Having, by the help of the sexton’s wife, given the slab a much-needed ablution, I applied my paper and heel-ball, and I here present the reader with the result of my *rubbing* and her *scrubbing* :—



It was in a moment evident to me, as it will probably be to the reader, that busy feet had, in the course of centuries, nearly obliterated every trace of the head, and that dirt had done the rest! It was equally plain that the beautiful crosses had in the rustics' fancy been metamorphosed into battle axes, and that the partial obliteration or obscurity had been the parent of all the old wives' tales that had so long been current in the valley! How our great county historian, generally so accurate in his description of sepulchral memorials, had been led to give the weight of his high authority to the vulgar belief, was a greater wonder to me than the "Headless Lady" herself.

And who was this interesting person, whose effigy has so long served—if not "to point a moral"—at least "to adorn a tale?" The inscription round the slab is fortunately sufficiently legible to tell us.

"*Hic jacet Rob'tus Woodford, armiger, co'nanguineus et heres Rob'ti Woodford militis; videlicet filii Thome, filii et heredis p'dicti Rob'ti Woodford; et Elizabeth' una filiar' Edmundi Villiers, armigeri, uxoris p'dicti Rob'ti; qui quidem Rob'tus obiit 111. die Martii anno Dom. MCCCCLXXXI^o. Thome Elizabeth' obiit 12. die Augusti A. D. MCCCCLXXIV; quor' a't'o'n propiact Deus. Amen.*"

Yes, the long libelled lady was indeed a daughter of that house "whose inheritance was beauty"—a Villiers of Brookesby! She was a direct ancestress of one of our most gallant living soldiers, Sir Alexander Woodford. I am not sure, too, whether the tradition of her virtues and her fate did not give rise to that singular sign still, I believe, to be found in one at least of our London taverns, *The Good Woman*!—which is, in fact, the representation of a HEADLESS LADY.

Wymenold, Nov., 1849.

T. R. P.

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ST. JAMES'S MAG., NO. V.

THE FIRST HOUR OF 1850.

BY JOHN HAY.

"We'll have some talk with this same learned Theban."

NINE!—Ten!—Eleven!—Twelve!—Pass, old year. Time thus turns the key that locks thee in the sepulchre of the past, with all the buried hopes which thou hast recklessly swept over. Stamped with many dark and appalling features, and worn now to a faint and shadowy ghastliness, thou dost flit away with much of dread but more of hope, leaving me to receive thy successor as best I may.

Welcome, young stripling! with a face half promising, yet somewhat sad:—come in, New Year, and I will talk with thee now, in thine infancy, of things past, present, and to come. One bumper to the memory of the departed. Fill again,

"Let not a moonbeam glimmer
Between the wine and brim;"

and here, good Eighteen Hundred and Fifty,—brave semi-century,—is a hearty health to thee.

I do remember how, not long ago, I welcomed one of thy predecessors even thus, and he came in the fulness of promise and the ripeness of youthful hope. Another,—and another,—and another, and many others came; and they looked more and more sadly, and each passed away and seemed but the nearer approaching to despair. And then came the hard lot of man,—then was learnt the lesson of the higher ends and aims of life,—then was the imagination taught to bow to the reason,—and now I look for lines in thy face, of a different character to those which marked thy precursors, and though I see no longer the rosy smile which cheered and cheated me in by-gone time, yet there is placidity upon thy countenance and calmness upon thy brow that defy care and despise fate.

Nevertheless, New Year, there are many who will turn from thee, loathing thee as a curse, and praying thou mightest be the last they have to meet; and many who have been awaiting anxiously to see if thou comest smiling, will dim their eyes with tears, and rend their hearts with sighs, when they scan thy young countenance and look in vain for that expected smile. To them thou bringest no renewal of hope—no revival of happiness, and the æra is only marked because they are more and more forlorn. But there are other and happier souls to whom thou comest but

as a token of continued enjoyment and fresh delight : souls that neither the world nor time has chilled, but that are throbbing in the pure benevolence of guileless youth. These shall cordially hail thee as a desired stranger, and, living in their own present, while Fancy makes their brilliant future, they shall meet thee all unheeding what thy latter days may be, and welcome thee with smiles as bright as those thy happy face wears for them.

And, ah ! how many mark thee not ; how many care not for thy coming and going, but breathe on from day to day the apathetic atmosphere of the world,—live their little span with “a heart to dulness wed,”—and so die and are forgotten ! And how many are so surrounded by excess of pain and trial, and so enclosed within the brazen wall of irremediable suffering, so entirely harried from one breath of sympathy that to them all days, all seasons, all faces are alike, and they mark neither thy coming or thy going.

Pause a moment, while I recall some of those strange shadows that have flitted o’er the magic mirror of thy departed parent.

There is a palace—not a residence of royalty—but of nobility so magnificent that much royalty might envy its elegant luxuriousness : all that Taste could require Wealth has procured ; the wide world has been ransacked for all that is rich or rare, and the master-minds of the world have bequeathed the treasures of their genius, on canvas or in marble, to these lofty halls. Two ducal coronets belong to the hrow of the lord of the domain, and a host of lesser honors crowd about him : the blood of the Plantagenets flows in his veins, and the names of Grenville, Cohan, Temple, Nugent, Chandos, Brydges,—names that even yet start the pulses of an English heart—are his. And what is the grand pageant that brings such innumerable crowds to his halls to-day ? It was but yesterday that a mighty queen was feasted here—feasted worthily ; and what is the festival to-day ? The minions of the law are scattering the treasures to the four winds of heaven, and he but yesterday so mighty, is to-day a beggar !—Shut out the frightful picture !—pause we but awhile and we shall hear the blows of the ruthless axe on the glorious oaks of Stowe—and more—and more—oh, who shall say how much ?

Over the narrow sea where our Celtic brothers dwell, what ghastly figures dim the glass. Pinched penury, sordid pain, and screaming famine, crowd on the scene ; while gaunt plunder, and mad revenge, and ruthless murder, crouch behind, only till the victim is within the grasp ! A thousand hands are stretched out from our own white shore, flinging their bounty across the Channel ; but it is, after all, “but two loaves and three small fishes,—and what are they among so many ?”

But the world is not darkened. Look in that resplendent and crowded theatre, where beauty and brilliancy blend with divine music, and see the nightingale of Sweden with her God-gift of a voice, pouring out those matchless strains that “take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium.” Look over Dover Straits, and see how republicanism copies monarchy, while a President holds his levee till he believes himself “every such a king.” Peer still onward, and behold the Divine City, the mother of nations, and see the gathering of the tempest of wrath in the bosoms of the people, and the terrified and disguised flight of the sovereign pontiff ; both spiritual and temporal rule hurled from their united throne, and a roar of anarchy rising over the terrible wreck !

Look farther yet into the deeper shadows of that awful mirror—far into the hot plains of the East. See British valour fighting for glory and dominion, amid the tangled jungle and beside the rolling stream. Fierce and formidable is the foe, and rash and unadvised the onset; thousands are swept away, and the dreadful field of Chillianwallah but marks one record more of how bravely Britain fights, even when fighting vainly. But the rolling smoke recedes, and yet beyond behold the falling citadel of Moultan, and the triumphant victory of Goojerat; the momentary error is splendidly redeemed, and again England stands alone, commanding the rich East to bring its treasures to her feet.

Now gaze on the eastern shore of the vast Pacific, where, spread over ten degrees of latitude, the sons of earth from every soil and clime are scrambling for the yellow gold: some wasting soul and body in the greedy and untiring search; and some with subtle chicanery winning from the hard hands that have so painfully obtained it, the debasing treasure! But all striving and struggling as if life had no hope nor end, and destiny no boon nor bounty but yellow and shining gold!

Again, amid the ever-moving phantoms that come and go, there are terrible scenes even in our own loved land. In the middle of our great metropolis, the fire-king seizes with his flaming right hand on the gloomy and mysterious dens in Lincoln's Inn, and law and lawyers tremble; an ungovernable monster of steam rushes under the walls of Carlisle, and only mingled blood, bones, and flesh, are left where but now was human life. The ill-starred Floridian with her emigrant crew, is driven on the wild rocks near Harwich, and the cares of two hundred unfortunates are ended. In the north, down in the very inmost caverns of earth, the fearful fire-damp explodes, and seventy-five disfigured corpses are scattered through the gloomy mine. Norwich witnesses the fearful accomplishment of justice, and collected myriads gaze on the departure of the hardened wretch whose hauds are stained with the blood of four fellow creatures. Not all gloom the view; bright sunshine falls across the scene in broad and level rays. Loyalty hails on every occasion the fair Majesty of England—the daughter, wife, mother, who is the exemplar for her sex, and almost tears in pieces in its rage the poor, degraded, drunken fool who might have caused alarm for a moment with his impotent flash of powder as the Lady "throned by the west" passed by. Religion blesses gratefully the power that daily strengthens and extends the Church, and enlarges the sphere of its sacred mission. And here bravery, and statesmanship, and mercantile wealth unite to do honour to the unflinching soldier who is proceeding to his dangerous post, though luckily to find his work accomplished ere his arrival. At that banquet smiles the grim hero of a hundred fights, who, even in his advanced old age, "saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Look, now, where, crowding our shores, come the light-hearted and gallant sons of Gaul, long deemed our hereditary foes, whom it was our duty to fight and conquer all over earth and sea, and to whom we now give the right hand of fellowship with a cordial grip worthy of our nation. Again, turn to see the fall of a potentate, once so mighty that the very locomotives on the lines that called him lord hushed their tempestuous breath before him, and ceased to whistle shrill. Alas, for the Railway King! Alas, for the monarch of steam!—as suddenly, perhaps as justly, deposed as exalted—but driven from his throne amid outcries of all sorts—the

yell of deceived shareholders, and the execration of the press from the thunders of the *Times* to the squibs of *Punch*!

But what fearful figure—blue, cramped, and ghastly—steals on the scene? Too well-remembered demon! once again making thy frightful march from east to west! Foul and obscene minister of death!—insatiable purveyor for the grave!—all-dreaded Cholera! At thy horrible presence how crouch and shudder the poor!—before thy fatal steps how fall the countless victims in the wretched, unclean courts, and the vile, unventilated alleys of the Queen of Cities!—among the miserable hovels that are dotted down among the gloomy coal-mines and glaring furnaces of South Staffordshire, and in the disgusting purlieus of the City of the Clyde! And elsewhere, and everywhere,—none is secure; though, alas! the heaviest penalty is paid by the poor wretches who are not less the ministers than the victims of wealth. Haste thee on, gorged and grisly spirit! and let it never more be said, that England—glorious England, mighty England—**RICH** England—invites thy perilous visit by keeping in disgusting rankness the filthy spots which are to be the very hotbeds of pestilence!

But a splendid pageant crosses the mystic glass! The Queen of the Free sails over the element that calls her Lady, to the Island of the Distracted. A million of joyous shouts split the welkin; the miserable starved peasant, the hungry and angry agitator, the credulous repealer, and the bigoted loyal Orangeman, all unite their discordant voices in the universal “hundred thousand welcomes!” Ten thousand differences vex the minds of that strange hut gallant race, and each man stands beside his brother equally prepared for the hug of affection or the thrust of death. But on one point all agree; and that is, to honour with heart and voice, “with trumpets, also, and with shawms,” the beautiful queen who ought, in Paddy’s view, to do thus yearly, and meet an Irish Senate in College Green.

And another brilliant pageant follows after an interval. The Lady-monarch is not there, but her truly regal Consort, with the bright forms of promise for aftertimes; the young Duke of Cornwall, the lord of richest subterranean treasures, independent of his heirship of royalty; and that fair Princess who may, perhaps, match with her equal, but cannot in the wide world find her superior—they are there to represent the absent, and atone, as much as may be, for the absent. Over the bosom of the Thames glides the splendid train, and Gog and Magog rejoice in their inmost wooden hearts over the honour paid to their own especial city. Down the stream floats the royal barge, preceded and followed by its magnificent retinue; and few indeed note the filthy current, and the poisonous agents that convert the flowing river to an ever active source of poison. Away with such dreams! Note the moving shadows as they pass, and believe that the Thames is indeed silvery, and that the countless keels upon her bosom, bringing the treasures of the world to the capital of the world, float in the limpid element surrounded by the breath only of confidence and security.

But hark!—a sad and solemn strain of mortuary music draws upon our ears, and the gloomy passage to the grave is laid bare before us. A fitful procession glides noiselessly over the glass—palls, and plumes, and varied hatchments, throw their mocking splendours around the march of death. First in rank, though last in order, moves the royal insignia of England—the widow of the fourth William passes to her husband’s tomb. Glorious

queen!—spotless woman!—faithful wife! The memory of her thousand virtues shall long hallow the hearths of England, and the beloved Adelaide shall hold her own glory amongst us, even beside the beloved and revered Victoria.

Again are the royal arms displayed on the funeral tablet—not of England only, but of Scotland and of Ireland too. And though no regal crown surmounts the empty helm, and though the sinister baton crosses the otherwise spotless shield, yet the regal descent and the strawberry-leaved coronet throw a brilliant light on the obsequies of Beauchamp, and the Grand Falconer of England goes to the tomb, cheered by his own motto,—“*Auspicium melioris cævi.*” Then follow a series of coronets with pearls and strawberry-leaves—there goes the black cottised bend on the golden shield of the Harleys. “*Virtute et fide,*” is their lofty word, and two earldoms, Oxford and Mortimer, their just boast. Follows the silver chevron with its black escallops and the golden garbs on the blood-red shield of the Edens. A loftier name, a longer lineage, follows—one of the “redoubtable Talbots,” who bear the golden lion on a sanguine field. Well did he who is gone to his narrow home honour his own motto, “*Humani nihil alienum.*” Let those who have lived within the sphere of his influence bear testimony to that. Another, in the same rank, follows, boasting the blood of Hobart and of Hampden, yet bestowing liberal graces and saying, as he gives, “*Auctor pretiosa facit.*” Look on to the black eagle on the silver shield of the Achesons. Look on to the red cross of the Bourkes, with the safe watchword, “*Cruce salus.*” Look on to the ermine-clothed eagle in the sable shield of the Tuftous, while the supporting birds look upwards to the lofty vault where their flight might be free and far, “*Alas volat propriis.*” Then follow lozenge shields; one of silver, with the red lion of the Egertons; one rich with the quarterings of Phipps and Annesley; one blazoned for Stewart and Gardiner, but shining in a literary light of its own. In gloomy procession follows the train signalled by the red hand of Ulster. Glance on the azure eagle on the golden shield of Carnegie, on the prompt “*Avant*” of Stuart of Allanbank, on the wavy bend with its three plates between the six red roses of Warrender, on the cockatrice on the helm of Nugent, with its imperious word, “*Decrevi*”; on the buckle and boars’ heads of Fergusson; on the blue pheon of the Sidneys, and the fess and shells of the Shelleys on the same black shield, whose owner boasts a direct descent from the Norman duke who overthrew the Saxon dominion here; on the golden pelicans of the Lechmeres; on the three crosses on the sable bend of the Hanhams; on the silver otters on the black shield of the Hartopps; on the three golden crosslets on the blue shield of Knatchbull; on the leopards’ faces on the chevron of Smith; on—“*Away! I’ll see no more!*”

“What! Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?”

But could we read all the private memoirs of the past year as we have looked at its public phantoms, what a strange record might be made of the short career of the departed. What pages of horror, and anguish, and shame, might we not unfold! What ineffaceable marks of youth wasted, manhood all evil, and age become a curse. Actions to make life unceasing penitence, and “*deeds eternity cannot annul!*” And bright leaves, too, would be shewn—bright leaves self-lighted, where we might read of

benevolence that cheered the desert path; lofty courage, that not only dared danger, but scorned base suspicion. True faith, that sacrificed all life's promises for the heart's unstained treasure—and, perhaps,—aye, *perhaps*—some few instances of true and tender love. Start not, young stranger; wonder not, thou new-born year; thy locks are bright and flowing :—when they are turned grey by time, and thou shalt give place to a successor, thou too wilt know of this, and believe that among the high duties, the honourable labours, the countless blessings of this life, there are “ shadows, clouds, and darkness ; ” terrible temptations, fierce trials, sore combats, long endurances, that must needs teach the true soul to long for the termination of the weary probation.

But recreant should I be did I do ought to stamp regret upon thy face in this the first hour of thy career, and, besides, the season itself is hallowed and happy. Thou comest at a time when all the pure philanthropy of our nature arrays itself before the altar of domestic happiness. Oh, the bliss of the social Christmas fireside! if we may forget this hard world awhile, and feel again the sunshiny security of too fugitive youth, it must be when we meet with those we loved “ lang syne ” by the cheerful and cheering hearth that witnessed our early endearments. The ruthless hands of Time and Destiny break in upon the united circle of childhood, and scatter its members to all quarters of the earth—and Death lays hold of his victims and their places know them no more—and Poverty chills and Wealth scorns—but there are true hearts yet left, and this blessed period brings them together, as by a spell, to the dear centre of happiness, to renew for a short space the dreams of the days that are gone.

What—amid the bliss of a hearty Christmas meeting—care we for troubles past or to come? Even the daily strife is forgotten—the struggle of yesterday and to-morrow: there is a kindly veil of oblivion drawn over all by the hands of love, and the black spots are hidden and forgotten, till separation again renews their bitterness and gives us back reality.

Thousands have hymned the delights of Spring: pastoral poets have sung from the flood till to-day: and May is pleasant, no doubt, with its garlands of sweet flowers, and its choir of winged harmonists, its azure sky, and its emerald turf besprinkled with pearl-like daisies. But it is in the summer climate of a Christmas fireside that I find my felicity; with bright smiles for sunshine, and fair faces for flowers, and sweet songs from sweeter lips instead of the carolling of birds. Ah! this is true philosophy, to make to oneself out of so bleak and bare a season such a scene of delight and enjoyment—such a summer of the soul.

But the last sands are ebbing from the glass, and the hour—the first hour of eighteen hundred and fifty—is closing. Now go on, New Year!—pass on thy rapid course!—What unto thee and thy father Time are Hopes fulfilled or blighted,—Love perfected or withered,—Ambition crushed or crowned? Thou wilt on over the wave of life unheeding what hearts or thrones are wrecked before thee; and thou wilt duly disappear and give way to a successor—and he to another—and another—until the hidden designs of Omnipotence are accomplished, and Time and his progeny are lost in the inconceivable gulf of Eternity.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. V.—THE TRIAL OF COLONEL TURNER AND HIS FAMILY FOR BURGLARY IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND.

THIS affair occupies a great space in the "State Trials," and in almost all other collections of old trials. Why it should do so is not now clearly evident, for the facts are not very complicated, and the details thus lengthened become somewhat prosy. The remarkable feature in the matter is that a man who lived with credit, reputation, and position in the city of London, as Colonel Turner had done for a considerable time, should at once descend so low as to become a felon and burglar, and rob and ill-treat his most intimate friend. This sudden turpitude no doubt arose from Colonel Turner's domestic extravagance, for it appeared he lived beyond his income, and affected on all occasions a grand and costly appearance—a line of conduct but too frequently mortal to honour or honesty. The trial of Colonel Turner created much sensation at the time it occurred, as is shewn not only by the long reports of it, but by its being referred to by most of the historians and chroniclers of events of that day. Pepys talks a good deal about it in his memoirs, and tells of how he and his wife went to view the Colonel's execution, with an earnestness and zest which would have done honour to the taste, or rather rivalled the shame of those modern fashionables who delight in similar sight-seeing.

Colonel Turner was a gentleman by birth and station. His father was a clergyman, who held a living near London for forty years, and was much respected for his godliness, charity, and other virtues. The Colonel's wife, who was tried with him, came of the family of the Foyles in Dorsetshire, people of wealth and distinction. The Colonel himself was a cavalier, and had fought manfully for King Charles. His first commission was as Captain of a troop of horse, which he brought at his own expense to the regiment of the Marquis of Newcastle. He shared in many of the battles of the civil war, and was held in such esteem by Charles I., that on one occasion, when Turner was taken prisoner, the King sent three exchanges to the enemy for him. Turner was a Lieutenant-Colonel at the end of the war; and in his retirement he was courted and esteemed by a large and superior circle of friends—among them, Mr. Tryon, the rich merchant whom he plundered.

The trial of the unfortunate Colonel Turner and his family took place at the Old Bailey, before Sir Robert Hyde, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and others. It lasted during three days, the 15th, 16th, and 19th January, 1663. According to a custom even to this day too often observed at the Old Bailey and elsewhere, no counsel appears to have been employed for the crown, and the prisoners had the consequently additional hardship of being directly prosecuted by the bench which was to try them.

The indictment set forth: That Colonel James Turner, John Turner,

and William Turner, on the 7th day of January, in the 15th year of the king, about ten of the clock of the night-time of the same day, at the parish of St. Dionis Back-church, in the ward of Lime-street, London, the dwelling-house of one Francis Tryon, merchant, did feloniously and burglariously break and enter, and on him the said Francis Tryon, then and there being and resting, feloniously and burglariously did make an assault, and him the said Francis Tryon in corporal fear of his life feloniously and burglariously did put; and one pendant pearl set in gold, and a precious stone fixed thereunto, of the value of £150; two other pendant pearls, [and other jewels of a very considerable value] and £1023 of money, being the goods and chattels of the said Francis Tryon, did feloniously and burglariously steal, take, and carry away: and that afterwards, on the 8th day of January, in the fifteenth year aforesaid, at the parish and ward aforesaid, the said Mary Turner, wife of the said Colonel, and Ely Turner knowing the said John Turner to have committed the said felony and burglary, did receive, comfort, and maintain him, against the king's peace, his crown and dignity.

To which indictment the prisoners severally pleaded *Not Guilty*.

The prisoner, James Turner, complained to the court that the sheriffs had taken possession of his house and seized his goods.

The sheriffs said they conceived they had done nothing but what was customary: that having heard the prisoner was committed for felony and burglary, and none but children being in the house, they thought it for his good to secure his estate in case he should be acquitted, and for the king's benefit if he should be convicted, that so the goods might not be embezzled; and therefore they had caused an inventory to be made, but they had dispossessed nobody. They had indeed left a servant or two in the house, but they had offered the prisoner to leave the goods with any friend of his that would undertake they should be forthcoming if he was convicted.

The Lord Chief Justice Hyde said, that the goods of a man accused of felony were not forfeited till conviction, and that the prisoner ought to have them to live upon; but on the other hand, it was but prudent and agreeable to law to take care the goods be not embezzled, because on a conviction they were forfeited to the king, and therefore the sheriffs had done no more than they ought to do, to see that the goods were not taken away; he might have what he would for his present supply, and if any one would give security they should be forthcoming, they might have the keeping of them.

Then the prisoner said he had several papers in his house that were necessary for his defence, and desired he might be permitted to go and fetch them; but the court said they could not give him leave. He was in the sheriff's custody, who was answerable for him. He desired then that one of his sons might go, but was told they were indicted with him; but if the sheriff would send one with them, he might. The prisoner desired he might have the process of the court to bring in his witnesses.

The Lord Chief Justice Hyde answered, they could grant no precept to bring them in; the court could not compel them to come in.*

Then he desired that the prosecutor himself might be in court; but

* This injustice to a prisoner no longer exists; for, by the 1st Anne, St. 1, c. 9, he has the same power of bringing and swearing witnesses on his behalf, as the crown has with regard to witnesses for the prosecution.

the Lord Chief Justice said they could not compel him, if he would forfeit his recognizance. After which the prisoners were remanded to prison.

The 16th January, 1663, the prisoners were again brought to the bar, and a jury were sworn and charged with them, and the king's witnesses were called, and first, Sir Thomas Aleyn was sworn. He deposed,

That having heard of this robbery on Friday se'night in the morning, he went to visit Mr. Tryon in the afternoon, and he was desired to examine the business; and first, he examined Mr. Tryon's man and maid, who confessed they had supped abroad at a dancing-school, and hearing one Mr. Tryon was robbed, they hastened home: That he demanded whether they used to go abroad after their master was a-bed, and the man said he had been twenty or thirty times at Colonel Turner's (the prisoner) at supper, about a year since; but (though this proved to be false) this was the first occasion of their suspecting Colonel Turner: That the deponent then proceeded to examine the Colonel, who not denying it as a person of his spirit might be presumed to do, confirmed the deponent's suspicion. Then the deponent directed his house to be searched, but they could find nothing there: That the next morning Alderman Love came to the deponent, and informed him, if he would go into the Minories he might discover who robbed Mr. Tryon; and that Mr. Turner had removed several hundred pounds that morning, and that Mr. Love told him he would meet a maid-servant of his at such a corner, who would shew him the way to the place; and he did so; and at the further end of the Minories he went into a shop, and found Colonel Turner with his hand in a chest, and there were two wallets there, one of £100 and the other of £200; and in a chest in the kitchen the deponent found two wallets more, whereupon the Colonel was speechless: That afterwards the deponent examined the Colonel where he had this money; he answered, it was removed by himself, his wife, and children that morning; that he removed it till this foolery was over; and the Colonel said he received it of a goldsmith about fourteen days before, whose name he had forgotten: That the Colonel desired he might go to Mr. Tryon's, and they took coach, and carried him and the money to Mr. Tryon's house; and the Colonel said Mr. Tryon should have all the rest of his money and jewels again by three o'clock that afternoon; whereupon they let him go; but the deponent coming to Mr. Tryon's again about four in the afternoon, understood that the Colonel was arrested; whereupon the deponent sent the city marshal and his men to bring the Colonel to him, who when he came said he had brought all the things, if the officers had not prevented him, and pressed very hard for an hour or two, and said if he did not go, Mr. Tryon would lose the rest of his money and jewels. Then he begged he might go but to the Hoop Tavern and send for his wife; which being granted, he sent his wife for the jewels, and the deponent directed the officers to secure her when she returned. About eleven o'clock his wife came, and then the Colonel desired to speak with Mr. Tryon in private; and afterwards told the deponent that Mr. Tryon's soul was pawned to him, and his to the thief's that no discovery should be made: That when the deponent examined his wife, she denied that any money went from their house that morning; and being examined where she had the jewels, she said she knew of none; but she had a couple of bags that she was sent for; near Whitechapel or the Tower she

said she was told a person should meet her, and ask what she did there, and she was to answer she walked up and down for something that should be given her; and one brought her the two bags, which she delivered to her husband; but what was in them she knew not: The Colonel said he had performed his part, and he hoped Mr. Tryon would perform his: That they run over the jewels, and there were all except one carcanet of diamonds and jewels, valued at £200, and one cat's-head eye-ring she had upon her finger, but that was delivered: The Colonel said the carcanet should be forthcoming too (it was fallen down behind a chest), and he would give Mr. Tryon his bond to pay him the remaining £600 in six months; and pressed that there might be no prosecution, for two souls he said again were pawned for it, and desired an end of the business. But they told him the examination had been public, it was not in Mr. Tryon's power to end the matter with him, but that he and his wife must be sent to Newgate; whereupon the Colonel answered, "How say you, Mr. Alderman! then I had better have kept the jewels."

Ld. Ch. Just. Bridgman.—Then on Thursday the robbery was committed, on Friday he was examined, Saturday the money was removed, and that night the jewels were brought, and he was committed.

Sir Thomas Aleyne.—I have this further to add, that before he went to the Hoop Tavern, he confessed it was Mr. Tryon's money that he removed. And when I bade them secure his son at the Minorities, he ran out at a back door, and leaped over a ditch, and could not be heard of till yesterday, though I sent out warrants against him.

Mr. Tryon sworn. He deposed that on Thursday night was se'night, about eleven o'clock, two men came to his bed-side, and one of them who had a lanthorn waked him, and he asking them who they were, and what their business was, they made no answer, but bound and gagged him, and used him very barbarously. That his servants it seems were out at supper that night, so when he had lain in this condition about an hour, he rolled himself off the bed, and fell and hurt himself; however, he made a shift to get to the window, and cried out murder, thieves, &c., and his neighbours came in and unbound him. That he then went down to his warehouse, and found the jewels and money gone, and observed it must be somebody that was privy where he laid his jewels, as the prisoner James Turner was, and said that Turner used to frequent his house, and they were very familiar.

Mr. Tryon's man, Hill, sworn:

He deposed, that when he went out that night, he left the door double-locked, and the jewels were safe then, and that when he returned, all the best jewels were gone. That he was saying to the prisoner, that Saturday he was in custody, that if he and the maid had been at home, he supposed they should have been killed; and the Colonel answered, they would only have bound him and the maid. And asking him further, how it was possible they could get in? the Colonel told him, one went through the entry in the day-time, and lay there till night, and then let others in. And upon asking how he came to know it? the Colonel said he examined them.

Hill deposed further, that about a year before, Colonel Turner would have had him got a will forged for old Mr. Tryon, he having no children; and made himself and two more executors.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Hyde.—Did not you go to Mr. Turner's that night the robbery was?

Hill.—No ; the maid and I went to Mr. Starkey's, and hearing there was such a robbery, I ran home in a great fright, and found the doors open, and the neighbours within.

Turner said, as to the business of getting Mr. Grainger to forge Mr. Tryon's will, it was spoken only in jest, but Hill affirmed the contrary.

Elizabeth Fry sworn :

She deposed, that about six last Saturday morning, Mrs. Turner came to her house, and called her up, and told her that a friend of hers, a merchant, was lately broke, and he had a wife and seven children, and they desired to secure their money till they had taken their oaths the money was not in the house, and that her husband and her son Ely were coming with the money, and asked the deponent if she had a spare chest. That Turner, the husband, came in and asked his wife concerning the seals, and she said the gentlewoman who owned the money had desired her to pull them off. And they offered the deponent twenty shillings for her kindness, and said the gentlewoman empowered them to give it, and hid the deponent conceal it, because the discovery would ruin the gentlewoman and her children, and if any one questioned her about it, she should say they desired her to let some linen lie there.

Ld. Ch. Jus Hyde.—When the money was brought, was there any discourse of eleven hundred pounds ?

Fry.—To the best of my remembrance it was so. There were five wallets brought into my house, three were put into a chest in the shop, and two in the kitchen.

Mr Gurnet sworn :

He deposed that he met with Colonel Turner the Saturday after the robbery, and he said he did not doubt to make a discovery of the thieves and clear himself, and that he had already met with the jewels and £500 of the money, and the rest he should have by three o'clock in the afternoon ; and on the deponent's asking who the thieves were, he said they were friends, but that two of them being strangers, went beyond their commission in using Mr. Tryon so barbarously as they did.

Major Ralph Tasker sworn :

He deposed, that on Saturday morning, Sir Thomas Aleyn met him, and took him into the Minories with him, and two maids shewed them the house where Colonel Turner was, and they found him with his hand in a chest, and there were two huckram bags of about £200 each, and another in the kitchen ; that one whom they said was Colonel Turner's son, fled out of the house, and that Sir Thomas Aleyn pressing Colonel Turner to know whose money it was, the Colonel swore by the eternal God it was his own. And that they sent for a constable, and took coach, and carried the money and the Colonel to Mr. Tryon's, and that the Colonel and Mr. Tryon having had some discourse in private, the Colonel came out, and said, the old gentleman and I am agreed, I will trust the money no longer with you, but with the old gentleman himself.

Ld. Ch. Just. Bridgman.—Did you see the bags out of the wallets ?

Sir Thomas Aleyn.—We saw one which was sealed, I think with the Bishop of Chichester's seal.

Ann Ball sworn :

She deposed that she was in bed when Mr. Turner and his wife brought the money to Fry's house. That she saw Turner and his wife come in, and when she understood they had brought money, she told Mrs. Fry

they should be undone if they kept it in the house, and that thereupon Fry went and acquainted her sister, and so it came to Sir Thomas Aleyn's ears.

Frederick Ixam sworn :

He deposed, that he was at Mr. Tryon's on the Saturday night, and saw the bags of money taken out of the several wallets, and one of them had a seal, which was said to be like the Bishop of Chichester's, and they compared it with the seal of a letter which Mr. Tryon had received from the Bishop, and found them agree.

Hanson, the goldsmith, sworn :

The Bishop of Chichester's letter and the seal on the bag being shewn this witness in court, he deposed that the seals did agree ; and they were also shewn to the jury.

Cole, a sergeant, sworn :

He deposed, that on Saturday in the afternoon, he arrested Colonel Turner in an action of £700, at the suit of Thomas Lyon, and others, that were bail for him : and having him at the Hoop Tavern, the constable came and charged them to assist him in taking Colonel Turner before Sir Thomas Aleyn, and that discoursing afterwards how Mr. Tryon's house could be robbed, and none of his doors broke, Colonel Turner said he had taken a man in the Minories, who had discovered how it was. That one went down into the cellar in the day-time, and lay there till the old gentleman was in bed, and then took the key from his bed-side, and let in the rest ; and Mr. Tryon's servant, saying, he supposed if the maid and he had been at home, they should have been killed, the Colonel said no, you would only have been bound.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Hyde.—Did he say nothing of Mr. Tryon's tooth?

Cole.—He said, that the fellow putting his finger in his mouth to gag him, the old gentleman bit him ; and struggling to get out his finger, he pulled out a tooth.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Bridgman.—What do you know, Mr. Hill, about breaking your own desk ?

Hill.—My desk was locked, and the key in my pocket, and I lost out of it about 45*l.* of my own money. It stood upon a table in the warehouse, and the jewels were in a drawer under a table in the counting-house.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Bridgman.—How did you leave Mr. Tryon's door ?

Hill.—Double locked, and I had the key in my pocket, and my master had another key in his chamber.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Bridgman.—Mr. Tryon, how was your door opened ?

Mr. Tryon.—They forced open the street-door with a crow of iron, and I never lock my chamber-door.

Ld. Ch. Jus. Hyde.—Were your counting-house and till where the jewels lay, locked ?

Mr. Tryon.—Yes, and the till was opened, I know not how ; my key was among a bunch of keys.

Peter Vanden-Anchor sworn.

He deposed, that being just come home, his daughter said, she heard a great cry of murder, and he ran out, and found some of the neighbours breaking open Mr. Tryon's door, and he first got into the house, and ran up to Mr. Tryon's chamber, and found him bound with a rope.

Chaplain sworn.

He deposed, that he was at Mr. Tryon's door with Mr. Vanden-Anchor,

and they went into the warehouse, and found the cash, &c., taken away, without breaking anything; but that several pieces of plate were left; that soon after Mr. Tryon's man came in, and said, he had been at Colonel Turner's at supper; but the maid, when she came, said, they had been at one Chamberlain's, a goldsmith; and that a little after, Colonel Turner came in, and made a great bustle. And the deponent observed, that all the doors were opened with keys, and he said they asked Mr. Tryon who bound him, and he said he thought one Christmas.

Christmas sworn.

He deposed, that about two of the clock, on Friday morning, a constable came and knocked him up, and said he must go to Mr. Tryon, for he had been robbed, and that he came out to him, and they carried him to the Exchange, and from thence to the Compter; and about ten the next morning, Colonel Turner came and asked him what Justice he would go before, and they went before Sir Thomas Adams; and nobody charging him with anything, Sir Thomas discharged him.

Mr. Millington sworn.

He deposed that he came to Mr. Tryon's on Saturday in the evening, and Mr. Turner told him of his being arrested, and said it prevented his getting the jewels and the remainder of the money, and desired the deponent would intercede, that he might go about the jewels, and said, if he did not go presently, the thief would be gone; and he said he was walking about Tower-hill, or White-chapel; but the serjeants said, this was out of their liberties, and they would not go with him, but some of them on his importunity went with him to his own house, and his wife was some time in private with him behind a partition, and when they came out, he said publicly to his wife, that there was a man would be walking all alone on Tower-hill, and bade her go thither, and he would deliver her what he told her; and about two hours after, the jewels were brought by his wife, and Mr. Turner carried them to Mr. Tryon's, and they were opened, and they found one carcanet jewel wanting, of 200*l.* value, and Mrs. Turner said the man told her it was fallen behind a chest, but did not doubt to procure it to-morrow. That Sir Thomas Aleyn, telling Turner he must commit him to Newgate, Turner said, then he had better have kept the jewels; and the remainder of the money being demanded, Turner said he would be bound for it.

Mr. Mannock sworn.

He deposed, that Colonel Turner told him in Newgate, Mr. Tryon was to give him 500*l.* to get his jewels and money again, and that he had got him 500 . and most of the jewels, and believed he should have had them all, if Sir Thomas Aleyn had not secured him; and he told him the five hundred pounds he delivered to Mr. Tryon, were had at his own house.

Sir Thomas Chamberlain sworn.

He deposed, that he was with Sir Thomas Aleyn at Mr. Tryon's, when the several examinations were taken. That they very much suspected Colonel Turner, he being familiar in the house, and coming often for jewels, knew where everything lay. That before Mrs. Turner came in with the jewels, Sir Thomas Aleyn received a note, whereby he was assured, that Turner and his wife had been at the house in the Minories; which when they acquainted Mrs. Turner with, she swore and took on, and said, she was a false woman that said she had been there; and Colonel Turner came in and cursed and swore, and said, why do you vex and torment my wife!

she is *enceinte*. That Sir Thomas Aleyn saying he must make a mittimus for him and his wife, she said to her husband, do you send me of your errands? you shall send somebody else another time, I thought it would come to this.

Sir Thomas Aleyn deposed further, that William Turner being taken and brought before him as a person of ill fame, and likely to do such a thing, and Mr. Tryon looking on him, and suspecting him to be one of them, the deponent demanded, when he saw Colonel Turner, and William Turner answered he had not seen him to speak to these three years.

William Daws sworn.

He deposed, that William Turner was at his house drinking a pot of beer last Wednesday se'night, and a neighbour came in, and told the deponent he was a dangerous fellow; and that soon after Colonel Turner came in and paid for the beer, and William Turner and the Colonel went away together.

Rouse, servant to William Daws, sworn.

He deposed, that upon Wednesday the sixth of this instant William Turner came to their house. and said he staid for Colonel Turner; and after some time, Colonel Turner came in and paid for the beer, and they went away together.

Peter Cully sworn.

He deposed, that he was with Sir Thomas Aleyn, &c. at Mr. Tryon's, and asking Colonel Turner, why the money was carried from his house to the Minories, the Colonel affirmed with an oath, that there was none carried.

Mr. Watcher sworn.

He deposed, that the last Saturday Colonel Turner said on the Exchange, that Mr. Tryon should have all his money and jewels by three that afternoon, and that if any man could say he lost six penny worth of his money or jewels, he had two fellows in custody, that should suffer for it; and asking him why the money was removed from his house to the Minories, the Colonel denied it with an oath.

Mr. Garret sworn.

He deposed, that when they were looking over the money at Mr. Tryon's, Colonel Turner said, Jack, take notice this is my money; but they compared the seal of one of the bags with the Bishop of Winchester's and found them agree.

Mr. Pilkington sworn.

He deposed, that he was with Colonel Turner at the Hoop Tavern, and that the Colonel gave them that account of their usage of Mr. Tryon, and getting into his house, as Cole the serjeant, and some of the other witnesses had already deposed.

Mr. Martin's coachman sworn.

He deposed, that about eight or nine o'clock on Thursday night, as he was driving by Mr. Tryon's, he saw four men standing by his door, and every one had a handkerchief about his neck, and a great cudgel in his hand, and they pulled their hats over their faces, which made him suspect such a business.

Mr. Tryon deposed further, that he believed William Turner was one of those who stood by his bed-side, and struck his tooth out. That at least he was very like him in face and size, and they had no vizards on.

Col. Turner said in his defence, that he and his family were in bed and asleep that night Mr. Tryon was robbed; and that the constable coming

to him, and acquainting him with the accident, he went to Mr. Tryon's, who desired his assistance to find out the thieves; and that Mr. Tryon having been like to be robbed a year before, by a gang that harboured about Tower-hill, he went thither about twelve o'clock on Friday night, and there he met one Wild, whom he suspected to be one of the thieves, and charged him with it, and seized him by the collar, and Wild promised him to produce the things, if he would not prosecute him, and the Colonel promised on his salvation he would not; and then Wild whistled, and there came another fellow, whom he sent for the money, and it was carried to the Colonel's house, and afterwards to the Minories, to induce Wild's confederates to bring the rest of the money and the jewels thither, under a pretence of sharing them. That when he was taken up, he was forced to send his wife to Tower-hill, who met Wild, and received the jewels according to appointment; and the Colonel added many other improbable circumstances.

Ld. Ch. Just. Hyde.—You have told a long story about Wild; that you took him by the throat, and that you were alone. What weapons had you?

Col. Turner.—None, my lord.

Ld. Ch. Just. Hyde.—When you let him go, and he called other fellows, in such a case as this, would not they have knocked you on the head?

Turner.—My lord, Wild had engaged his soul to me, and I had engaged mine to him.

Ld. Ch. Just. Bridgman.—Great security indeed!

Then Colonel Turner called some witnesses; and first—

Mosely the constable.

He deposed, that he came to Mr. Tryon's house, and found him bound on Thursday night; that soon after Mr. Tryon's man came in, and they asked him where he had been, and he said at Colonel Turner's at supper; whereupon the deponent went to Colonel Turner's, and asked where his sons were, and he said they were in bed, and desired the deponent to go up and see,

A servant of the Marquess of Dorchester called.

He deposed, that Colonel Turner's sons were at his lord's that night the robbery was, from between seven and eight until nine o'clock.

Colonel Turner's maid called.

She deposed, that her master and his sons were at home all Thursday and Friday nights; whereupon the court observed she would say anything, and she was set aside.

Mr. Cook was called.

He deposed, that he had known Colonel Turner these twenty years, had dealt with him for several hundred pounds, and trusted him, and found him very faithful. That he had seen jewels in his possession of the value of eight or ten thousand pounds; and that if he had been such a person as he was accused to be, he might have broke very advantageously.

Mr. Legoose deposed that the Colonel had been solicitor for him in a business, and dealt very faithfully; though indeed he had the report of a person that lived too high.

Mr. Jefferies deposed, that he understood Mr. Tryon used to trust the Colonel with jewels of a considerable value, and had a good opinion of him.

Col. Turner.—My lord, if Sir Thomas Aleyn would have let us go, we had taken the thief.

Alderman Smith.—Did not I speak to you, and advise you to let us

know where the man was, and I would go myself, or any of the persons present, and you utterly refused it, and said, there were two souls pawned, and you would not discover him?

Marshal.—He refused to let us go with his wife, and said, the thief would meet no man.

Ld. Ch. Just. Hyde.—William Turner, what have you to say?

William Turner.—I was at home. I never was at Mr. Tryon's in my life, until I was there with Sir Thomas Aleyn.

Ld. Ch. Just. Hyde.—John Turner, you are charged with being very busy with your father and mother in removing the money; and when you had notice you would be apprehended, you ran away.

John Turner.—I did not know who was come, or whether they came to apprehend me, or no; but the woman saying, flee for your life, I got away; and I confess I did carry two bags from Wild upon Tower-hill to the house in the Minories, before Sir Thomas Aleyn came.

Ld. Ch. Just. Bridgman.—This is a likely story, that you should in the day time, between eight and nine in the morning meet a noted thief at Tower-ditch, to receive two bags of money.

Ld. Mayor.—How many turns did you make, when the money was carried from your father's house to the Minories?

John Turner.—My father and I went twice; the first time I carried 200*l.* and the next time 300*l.* as near as I can judge.

Ld. Ch. Just. Bridgman.—William Turner, upon what occasion did you meet James Turner at the ale-house?

William Turner.—I did not come thither to meet him; but having no money, and seeing him come by, I called him in, and I desired him to pay for my drink, and so we parted.

Then the Lord Chief Justice Hyde directed the jury: he told them, that as to Mary Turner, though she seemed to have a hand in the business all along, yet it appearing to be by the direction of her husband, she could not be made an accessory; and as to Ely Turner, the other accessory, he did not find any evidence affected him; for it appeared to be John that carried the money, and not he. As to the rest he said, where several men come to rob a house, and some enter, and others stand without to prevent their being surprised, they are all guilty of the burglary.

The Lord Chief Justice Bridgman added, that if the door were not broken open, but opened by a picklock, it was nevertheless burglary; that as to the story of meeting the thief upon Tower-hill, it ought to be rejected as a perfect romance. And admitting that one of the thieves came in at the door in the day-time, and let the others in in the night, it was nevertheless burglary in them all.

The jury having withdrawn, returned in about an hour, and brought in James Turner guilty, but acquitted the rest.

The 19th of January, 1664, sentence of death was passed upon Colonel James Turner, and he was hanged the 21st of the same month, in Leaden-hall-street, near the end of Lime-street, where Mr. Tryon lived.

Before he suffered, he confessed that he himself, William Turner, one White, a solicitor, and White's friend, committed this robbery, but that his wife and sons knew nothing of it. He restored Mr. Tryon the carcanet of rubies and diamonds that was wanting.

During his imprisonment, and at his execution, Colonel Turner appeared very courageous, though his long speeches on the scaffold led many to think that he looked for a reprieve from the King.

GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

BY WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS," &c.

"Tho Percies are rising in the North ;
The Nevilles are gathering in the West."*

THE RISING OF THE NORTH IN 1569.

*Shaps drogt, maye drogt.
Esperance me comfort,
Ge bile bein,*

Neville Motto.†

"The Rising of the North" was so especially the rising of the Bishoprick, and the ballad of that title bears so high a rank in merit, that I offer no apology for reprinting it from Bishop Percy's text, with copious notes, which I trust will explain it in as minute a manner as is consistent with interest.

It was the enviable privilege of the late lamented Sir Cuthbert Sharp to visit the scarcely appreciated editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, at Dromore, in 1798. He ascertained "The Rising in the North" to be his favourite ballad, and the venerable prelate recited it to him with great energy and effect.

"The Catholic nobility of the North (and of such were the Nevilles, Percys, and Dacres) felt little kindness to Elizabeth, and looked with anxiety to Mary of Scotland as the true heir of England. Westmoreland was certainly privy to the intended union of the Duke of Norfolk with the Scottish Queen, and the deposition of Mary, and the imprisonment of the Duke and of many of his adherents in the South, alarmed the Northern Earls for their own safety; and though at first they submitted themselves to the President of the North, yet, soon after, some false or exaggerated rumours induced Northumberland to fly first from his manor of Topcliffe to his keeper's house, and from thence the night following to Brancepeth Castle, where he found the Earl of Westmoreland in equal alarm. The country flocked in to them; and driven, it would seem, into rebellion by very fear and apprehension of arrest, the two Earls were in a few days at the head of a tumultuous army, in open defiance to Elizabeth."

* These and numerous other verses introduced in foot notes are portions of "Claxton's Lament," a beautiful ballad by Surtees (and Balcan?).

† The first occurs on a garter round "the Neville cross" at Brancepeth; it also occurred on a beautiful groined roof there discovered in 1818, and was there written "*mais droyte*." The second is quoted as the usual motto of the Raby family, and the third is that worn by the Abergravenney branch. Some junior lines gave "*ne vile*" only. The Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland, descended from the family, got a capital punning motto on both names, "*Ne vile fano*."

Listen, lively lordlings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee.
 And I will sing of a noble earle,
 The noblest earle in the north countriè.*

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,†
 And after him walkes his faire ladiè :
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight or flee ‡

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That ever such harm should hap to thee :
 But goe to London to the court,
 And faire fall truth and honestiè.

* "The two great princes of the north were the Earls of Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmerland at Raby Castle." To me the ballad smells strongly of Yorkshire, and I can almost obtain a glimpse of the minstrel between *Norton Conyers* and the *Percy* manor-house of *Topcliffe*. As a Bishopric man, I must stand up for mine ain countrie, and while I fully admit the enchantment thrown over the mind by the Percys of romance and song, I question whether one of them arrived at the pinnacle of power enjoyed by the first and great Earl of Westmoreland and his descendant, the "proud setter up and puller down of kings," or to the honour attendant on the hero of *Neville's Cross*. The very characteristic of the family, who descended from the Saxon earls of Northumbria, and who mingled their blood with royalty, is "noble" *par eminence*—"*The noble Nevilles*." After all, the palatinate was earlier known to the Percys than their border country. Dalton, afterwards Dalton *Percy*, was brought to them by marriage with *Ellen de Baliol*, and was apparently the first English possession acquired by the family north of the Tees, but, dazzled by their more northern lands, they sold it in 1370 to the *Neville of Raby*.

† Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, son of Sir Thomas Percy, brother to the sixth Earl, who was beguiled into the "*Pilgrimage of Grace*" by Aske the great captain, who, with his force, shouted at Wressill gates, "*thousands for a Percy!*" for which offence he was executed at Tyburn in 1537. His unfortunate son had been disappointed of the custody of the Scottish queen, by Mr. Lowther, a deputy warden, who was called by Northumberland "*a varlet, too low a man to pretend to such a charge*." The character of Northumberland was the worst possible for his onerous charge. After his betrayal into Lord Hunsdon's hands by the Douglas, the statesman writes, "trewly he semes too follow hys owld humors, redlyar to talke of hawks and hownds than any thing els; very muche abasht and sorrofull, beyng yn grete feare of hys lyfe, and yett redlyar to talke of those vayne matters than otherwyse." It is evident that both earls were very poor, and Northumberland especially. His brother Henry, whose character seems to have been none of the kindest, succeeded him, and in his turn falling into suspicion, was shot, or shot himself in the Tower. His luckless brother, just before his execution, had named himself "*Symple Thome*," and said that "*Symple Thome must dye to sett up crewell Henry*."

"And woe to the mermaid's wyly tongue;
 And woe to the fire was in her 'ee;
 And woe for the witching spell she flung,
 That lur'd the north star from the sky!"

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
 Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee ;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee :
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou ladye faire,
 The court is full of subtiltiè ;
 And if I goe to the court, lady,
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
 And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee :
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe* I will bee.

Now nay, now naye, my lady deare ;
 Far lever had I lose my life,
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.†

“ Thou remember'st

Since, once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.”

The earl had had communication with the Queen of Scots, and he and his wife had received tokens from her—two diamond rings, a cross of gold, and a little stone, set in a tablet of gold. They returned “such tokens and trifles as they had.”

The Duke of Norfolk, who rashly contemplated marriage with the “queen of all hearts,” had a sister Jane married to the Earl of Westmoreland, and the duke as he went to court according to command, sent a man to Neville, to require him “for all the brotherly love that is betwixt them, that he would not sturre; for if he did, the said duke was then in danger of losing of his hed. And as for the Earle of Northumberland, (saith he), let him do what he list. Thus muche the Earl of W. said unto us [Northumberland and confederates, old Norton, &c.]. And more he saith: that notwithstanding this message, he would take such part as we did.”

The Earl of Northumberland confessed that the motive of the rebels was for the reformation of religion, and the preservation of the second person of the realm, the Queen of Scots.

Westmoreland was summoned to court as well as Northumberland, and similar fears deterred him from going.

* Pledge.

† This conversation is extremely touching. The lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester. The order to Northumberland to repair to the court, was sent to him by Sussex, on the 9th of November, and the same night he left Topcliffe “uppon the soddaine of a false larume.” The conspira-

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To Maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.*

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro mee ;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companiè.

tors perceiving him to be wavering and unconstant of promises made to them, caused a servant of his, called Beckwith (after he was laid in his bed), to bustle in and to "knocke at his chamber doore, willing him in hast to arise and shift for himselfe, for that his enemies were about the parke, and had beset him with great numbers of men, whcreupon, he arose and conveyed himselfe away to his keeper's house." He sent an excuse to Sussex on the ground of the report, but the latter sending a messenger, found him gone. "My lady [Northumberland] sayeth there shal be no trobbell, but I wyll no more truste any words." Percy also replied to the queen, stating the "old cancar" of his enemies, and that he durst not adventure into her presence until he had craved her pardon, and until time had shewn how untrue the reports were.

The countess took an active share in the toils of the rebellion, attended her husband in the advance of the army, and fled over the border to the house of Jock of the Side, "a cottage not to be compared to any dog kennel in England." After suffering many outrages, she escaped over the seas, and in 1570, she and the Earl of Westmoreland are stated to "have nether penny nor half-penny." She, however, received a pension from Philip of Spain of 100 crowns a month, (as she supported many other of the ancient religion) and far away from her children, and disowned by her family, she died in exile, 1596. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and she lived abroad, "with good edification, and much esteem for her piety and wisdom."

* The ballad narration is quite possible. The Sheriff of Yorkshire, old Norton, left his house at midnight, in like sort as Percy did (*Sharp's Memorials*, 15). The distance between Topcliffe and Norton Conyers is small, and there was ample time after the arrival of the queen's command, for a letter to be sent. Norton knew the wavering mind of the man to whom he pledged his faith, and might contrive the bustle at Topcliffe. But he had certainly been in the conspiracy before. (See Note to Stanza II.) From the Confession of Christopher Norton, it may be collected that Percy had been with his father, and made him privy to the dangerous position in which he stood, which grieved his father exceedingly, whose duty, as a queen's officer was to disclose what the earl had told him; but the earl reminded him that he had been a *sarrand* in his grandfather's house, and that he confided in him as a man of honor, and his countryman: his father at length promised to keep his counsel, but "not to be partaker in it;" that his father wished himself beyond sea, as he feared his religion would cost him his life; and they rode to Mr. Tempest's, at Holmside, with a view to engage shipping at Newcastle. Shortly after their return home, they heard that Percy's house was beset by the Lord President and a great company: they then set out immediately for Brancepeth, thinking, by Mr. Tempest's help, to escape over sea; but there they found the earls and the confederacy, and, two nights afterwards, the earls began to stir. The earl stated, that on his flight from Topcliffe, he intended to bend his course to Alnwick, but, unfortunately took Raby in his way. There he found all the Nortons and other gentlemen, and the Neville was furnished with his men and friends, as if ready for rising, "which seemed unto me very strange, he was brought to that, when good hope was paste, and more fitted for us to seke to convey ourselves awaie." Percy mentions the "great persuasions" of "old Norton" long before the Topcliffe bustle.

One while the little foot-page went,
 And another while he ran ;
 Until he came to his journeys end,
 The little foot-page never blan.*

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he kneeled on his knee ;
 And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
 And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wit, if you the truthe wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,†
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good erle's in jeopardy ?

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;
 That erle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life
 Well advanced shall thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,‡
 Gallant men I trowe you bee ;
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good erle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake hastilie,
 O father, till the daye we dye
 We'll stand by that good erle and thee.†

* Lingered.

† His gallantry was his ruin. He was executed after his uncle Thomas at Tyburn, very repentant, and exhorting all men to take example by him. " Being hanged a little while, and then cut down, the butcher opened him, and, as he took out his bowels, he cried, and said,—“ Oh Lord, Lord, have mercy upon me !” and so he yielded up the ghost.”

‡ Old Norton had eleven children ; seven are only mentioned on record, as actually implicated in the rebellion.

|| “ We'll keep our bond to our noble Lord,—
 We'll tiae our faith to the Southern Queen ;
 And when all is lost, we'll cross the seas,
 And bi farewell to bower and green.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shewe yourselves right bold and brave ;
 And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
 A father's blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :
 Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast ;
 Whatever it bee, to me declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;
 It were a shame at these your years,
 For you to ryse in such a fray.*

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,†
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :
 When thou wert young and tender of age,
 Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,
 Unarm'd and naked will I be ;
 And he that strikes against the crowne,
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

" Our towers may stand, till down they fall,—
 That's all the help they'll get from me ;
 False Southrons will be lords of all,
 But we'll ne'er hear it o'er the sea."

* The name given to him at the period in connection with the rebellion, was "The Patryarck," or "Old Norton." Camden describes him as "an old gentleman, with a reverend gray head, bearing a cross with a streamer." His age was 71. He fled to Flanders, and the allowance to "Richard Norton, *fanchien*," was 18 crowns monthly.

" Now, foul befall the venom'd tongues
 That slander'd two such noble peers ;
 And brought such woe and misery
 On silver hairs, and failing years."

† The sentiments of Francis are exact to the truth. He had been foolish in the first instance, and was the bearer of a diamond ring from Mary of Scotland to Percy. At the conference of Raby, when Northumberland arrived, he joined the latter against old Norton, and thought the cause an impossibility; and the peer in his confession roundly states that the recreant Francis, with the two Tempests, father and son, and others, "departed, providing to make shift for themselves." He fled to Flanders, from whence he writes to Leicester and Burleigh, disclaiming any influence on Percy, with whom he was not friends, blaming Dr. Morton who threatened the loss of their souls, and stating that he was wholly against the drawing arms at the conference (which he places at Bruce-peth), that he then so persuaded them, that at that time they desisted from stirring, and that he and others departed from them, and were not at the beginning of their uproar, nor came to them for two or three days after. He repeatedly begged pardon, but was refused. However, his son John kept part of the family property. Francis was greatly disliked by the other rebels in exile for his submission.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,*
 And with him came a goodly band
 To join with the brave Erle Percy,
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.†

With them the noble Nevill came,
 The Erle of Westmoreland was hee:‡
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
 Thirteen thousand faire to see.||

Lord Westmoreland his aneyent raise,
 The dun bull he rays'd on hye,§

* Old Norton was the life and soul of the expedition. "Olde Richard Norton's devise to cheere us, to keepe and continue together, from breakinge and devidinge ourselves, as we oftentimes were in hand," was the appearance of a person professing to be a Spanish emissary, who promised aid from the Duke of Alva. (See *Sharp's Memorials*, 191.) At the conference of Raby, after his son Francis had departed, he was a prime cause of keeping Percy (who seems to have been a most unwilling agent when the din of arms was to arrive), in conjunction with Neville. "Yet," says Percy, "for the keepinge in of those gentlemen that seemed at first so frankly to take my parte, I shewed not greatly to mislike their earnest maners in seeking to put the same in execution as before is said, and yet put them off with such dilatory meanes and ways, as above is specified, untill the last, that I was drawn into it per force."

† Yet the names of persons of that county attainted are extremely few.

‡ Charles Neville, the last Earl of Westmoreland of that name, was, according to Northumberland's statement, extremely averse to rising, and "only pressed and sore urged by others." "Sirs," said he, "for that you are amynded thus to proceede in this matter, let me knowe what the quarell shall be." Said they, "For religion." "No," saies he againe, "those that seeme to take that quarrel in other countreis, are accompted as rebells; and therefore *I will never blot my honore, which hath been this longe preserved without stayning.*" He was of a sporting, amorous bent, with little of the high bearing of a Neville, and after the rebellion escaped to Flanders, where he sued for a pardon in vain, and after much insult, died in obscurity in 1601. His portrait, in the possession of the Earl of Abergavenny, presents him with a high forehead, small regular features, "the Neville nose," and a pleasing, but inenergetic and effeminate expression. He frequently endeavoured to procure James of Scotland's intercession, but James fought shyly, and Elizabeth thanks him for his answers to the rebel in a manner that reveals an inexorable determination, mingled with repeated glimpses of the wounds his treason had caused. "My *arche-rebel Westmarland*—yea, such a one *as made me knowe a traitor in my land*—that wicked traitor Westmarland, whom many benefitz of life and lande, besides all other kind and lovinge traitementz, could never let but he wold nides make his name *the first traitor that ever my raigne had*; to whom, neither cause nor injury, nor poverty, nor ill usage, gave ever shadowe of mene to move snehe a thoght, but wer hit not *that he liveth by my meanes* (whom many wold, for the horror of his fact, or now have dispatched), *securus propter contemptum*, els had it not bine possible for him to have lived to this howre" (1593).

|| "They went to Wetherby, and there taryed three or foure dayes, and upon Clifford Moore, nigh unto Bramham Moore, they mustered themselves, at which time they were about *two thousand horsemen, and five thousand footmen*, which was the greatest number that ever they were. From whence they intended to have marched towarde Yorke, but their myndes beinge sodainly altered, they returned." The retrograde movement was fatal.

§ The bull's head sable, armed or. was constantly worn by the Nevilles as a crest, in both "three-quarter and profile style," out of a ducal or earl's coronet,

And three dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.*

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The halfe-moone shining all soe faire†

or chapeau. Their supporters were two pied bulls armed, unguled, collared and chained, or, with some trifling variations, being occasionally ducally gorged. On a cradle which belonged to the last Earl, the supporters are a bull and lion rampant, and two roundels contain the crest and a lion rampant. They also had a very celebrated badge, consisting of a bull passant, bearing a banner (in the manner of an *Agnus Dei*) charged with the Neville saltire; while from the beast's neck proceeds a sort of streamer, also adorned with that most famous cross.

The whole of these bull insignia were with the device of *b b* derived from Bertram Bulmer, Lord of Brancepeth, whose daughter and heiress married Geoffrey de Neville, temp. Rich. I. The daughter and heiress of this couple married Robert Fitz Maldred, a direct descendant from Waltheof (the Saxon Earl of Northumbria, A.D. 969), and the Norman star being then in the ascendant, his son assumed his mother's name of Neville; but retained his own paternal coat, the saltire, which became the most cherished bearing of the north, and occurs everywhere.

The Nevilles descended from Gilbert de Neville, a noble Norman *admiral* in the Conqueror's fleet, and their arms were, or, fretty gules, on a canton sable, an *ancient ship*. In the quartered shield this bearing takes the next rank to the saltire of Fitz Maldred.

An "ancyent" is a standard.

* I can add nothing to Percy's observations on this cognizance. The device has not occurred to me among the Neville badges, yet some junior branches of the family (as Neville of Chytle, Yorks., &c.) bore a greyhound's head erased. But the text may have undergone corruption, for in another ballad, in the Bishop's folio MS., containing the sequel of the Earl's history, his banner is described by him thus:—

Sett me up my faire dun bull,
With gilden horns, hee beares all soe hye.

† "The Whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte, forsoth as I yow sayne;

The Lucetts and the *Cressaunts* both: the Skotts faught them agayne."

So at the battle of Otterbourne the Percy standards "stode on hye; that every man myght full well knowe." The White Lion statant was an ancient badge of the race, and the *lucies* or pike-fish were constantly quartered with the paternal coat, that being the condition on which the heiress of Lucy conveyed to her husband, the father of Hotspur, by whom she had no child, all her broad lands, thus for ever alienating them from the scions of her own blood. Truly "*the Percy's profit was the Lucy's loss*." In this case the lucies and the crescents formed a badge as on Percy's Cross, at Hedgeley Moor, where the horns of the silver moon waned before the saltier of Neville in 1463. Lord Montacute, the brother of the imperious king-maker, was sent into Northumberland to raise the people, by Edward IV., who sent a large force to his aid, "least, peradventure, he giving too much confidence to the men of the Bishopricke and Northumberlande, might through them be deceyved." He was encountered on his march towards his enemies by "the Lorde Hungerford, the Lord Roos, Sir Raufe Percy, and divers others, at a place called Hegelymore, where suddavely the saide lordes, in manner without stroke striking, fled, and only Sir Raufe Percy abode, and was there manfully slayne, with divers other, saying, when he was dying, *I have saved the bird in my bosome*, meaning, that he had kept his promise and oth made to K. Henry, forgetting belike, that hee in King Henries most necessitie abandoned hym and submitted him to King Edward." (*Hollinshead*.) The

The Nortons aneyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.*

Then Sir George Bowes he straightwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make :†
Those noble erles turn'd back againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.‡

That baron|| he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee.

silver crescent is still worn as a badge by the family; the horns are made to meet, and the circle formed is divided per pale, sable and gules, and charged with a manacle, or, which is so constructed as to look like a pair of spectacles. Whether the sable side has given rise to the saying, "*Lord Northumberland's Arms*," meaning a *black eye*, common for the last two hundred years, I cannot say. The cognizance was probably acquired in some crusade, but in a pedigree, temp. Hen. VII., a miraculous origin is given to this device of the descendants of "William Alsgerouns," or "William with the Whiskers." They were, according to it—

. . . Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy;
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè [Persia]
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse;
In hys scheld did schyne a MONE veryfying her lyght,
Which to all the ooste yave a perfyte fyght,
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth then persue;
And therefore the *Perses* the *cressant* doth renew.

* "To get the more credite among the favourers of the olde Romish religion, they had a crosse with a banner of the five wounds borne before them, sometime by olde Norton, sometime by others." Some of the rebels bore on their standard a plough with the motto, *God speed the Plough*, and others, *In hoc signo vinces*, "a fond imputation of the poesy of Constantinus Magnus."

Aske and his partners, in 1536, affected the same concern for true religion. "They named this theyr seditious *voyage*—an holy and blessed pilgrimage. They had also certayne banners in the field, in which was paynted Christe hanging on the crosse on the one side, and a chalice with a paynted cake in it on the other side, with diverse other banners of like hypocrysie and feigned holynesse. The souldiers had also embrodered on the sleeves of theyr coates, in steade of a badge, the similitude of the five woundes of our Saviour, and in the myddest thereof was written the name of our Lord."

† I do not understand these two lines. On the rebellion becoming manifest, Sir George hastily fortified the Royal fortress of Barnard Castle, and was most anxious to join the Earl of Sussex at York, but the Earl directed him to remain.

‡ The exiles often wished that the "Erle of Westmerland had taken Sir George Bowes at the first, and kept him styll."

§ Sir George had been Marshall of Berwick. Baron seems to be used in the sense of a rich and powerful man, unless indeed the Bowes family were barons of the Bishoprick. The rebels endeavoured to draw Sir George out to fight, but he refused, from which circumstance doubtless the popular rhyme arose

"Coward, a coward, of Barney Castell
Dare not come out to fight a battell."

Indeed poor Barnard Castle has always been the butt of the Bishoprick. "Bar-

The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.*

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore,
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.†

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,‡
With horse and harneis faire to sec ;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

ney Cassel, the last place that God made," produces "a Barney-cassel man," and "a Barney-cassel bred on;" the "Barney-cassel breed" being considered completely outlandish, and it must be confessed that personal frays are more scandalously conducted there than in any other place I know. "A Barney-cassel Whisp" is a handful of straw used by slovens to mend their corn sacks. Again, "Lartington's frogs, and Barney Castle's butcher dogs," point to something like cowardly conduct in triumphing over the weak. But *ohé ! jam satis*, although

High crowned he sits in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale,

he has few good properties except producing "Barney-cassel gingerbread, the best i' t' world."

Richard III. as is well known, lay much at Barnard Castle, in right of his wife, and on Edward IV.'s death was attended to London by a troop of northern men, "marvellously ill-favor'd."

* The rebels on their return from Wetherby besieged the castle, and Sir George withstood them gallantly for eleven days, but the treachery of his men who leaped over the walls opened the gates, with his lack of diet, compelled him to march out under a most honourable composition from the castle which "stondith stately upon Tees." Mr. Surtees concludes from the ballad authority, that the insurgents got possession of the outer area ; but were baffled before the chief strength of the place, or citadel, within the inner moat. As the traitors of his little garrison threw open the outer gates, Bowes would naturally be driven into the strong hold as a last defence ; indeed at the best, his means were very inadequate to defend an extent of above six acres. It is not easy to understand the meaning of the outer walls of *lime and brick*.

† Quite in character. She would swear and box her courtiers' ears most lustily.

‡ The Earl of Sussex had 7000 men, the Earl of Warwick and Lord Clinton, some 12,000 ; and 1000 harquebusiers are named. Read "twenty thousand."

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
 Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdën ;
 Untill they to Yorke castle came
 I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye ;
 And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
 Now rayse thy half moone up on bye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
 And the halfe moone vanished away :
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
 Against so many could not stay,*

- * " Now the Percies' crescent is set in blood ;
 And the northern bull his flight has taen ;
 And the sheaf of arrows are keen and bright ;
 And Barnard's walls are hard to gain."

The Earls " shrank quite away, and fled into Scotlande, without bidding their companie farewell."

The Westmerlande *Bull*, and man in the *Moone*,
 The beare hath brought their braverie downe ;
 I dare saye for sorrowe they are redy to swoone,
 That ever they ymagynde to trouble the crowne.
 Come humble ye downe, come humble ye downe ;
 Perforce now submit ye to the Queene and the crowne,
Joyful newes for true subjects, &c.

When that the *Moone*, in Northumberland,
 After the chaynge, in age well coune,
 Did rise with force, then to withstande,
 The light and bright beames of the soune.
 The sorrowful dolers soone began,
 Through Percies pride to many a man.
 But then anone, the Westmere *Bull*,
 Behelde the rysinge of this moone,
 Thinking that shee had byn at full,
 He hastyd then anone full soone,
 With horse, and armes, and all his might,
 From perfect daye, to uncertaine lyght.

Q. John Barker. (*The Plagues of Northumberland to the tune of Apelles.*)

I will tell ye, for troth, what newes I heare :
 The Bull of the North is a frayd of the Bear.

The moone and the star are fallen so at strife,
 I never knewe warre so strange in my lyfe ;

What made the Murrians hed so stoute,
 To seeke the sheafe of Arroes out ?
 A morryon of that hed ! the Northe may saie ;
 That hed from the boddye mnst needes a waie.

The Lambe, that knewe this newes before,
 Did bid the Lyon begin to rore ;
 The Lyon, that could not then refraine,
 Did byd the Beare go shake his chayne.

News from Northumberland.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
 They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,*
 Nor them their fair and blooming youthe.†

Wi them full many a gallant wight
 They cruellye bereav'd of life:
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,
 And widowed many a tender wife,‡

The Dndley family, Earls of Warwick, wore as cognizances, the white lion, the white lion and the ragged staff, and the bear and ragged staff, which was derived from Beauchamp.

The Murrians (Moor's) head was the crest of Norton; the sheaf of arrows that of Bowes.

* "The flower is shed, and the spring is fled,
 And he wanders alone at the close of the day;
 And the sleety hail, in the moonshine pale,
 Glistens at eve, on his locks of grey.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sung sweet,
 The day we left the North Countrie;
 But cold is the wind, and sharp is the sleet
 That beat on the exile over the sea."

† Francis fled, John was but slightly implicated, Edmund the ancestor of Lord Grantley is not named, William seems to have been pardoned, George was "doomed to die," but the wealthy rebel could be saved by composition, and he is not named afterwards; Thomas was not implicated, Christopher was executed, Marmaduke of Stranton pleaded guilty and was pardoned, Sampson fled, Richard and Henry are not named. These were the eleven sons of Norton.

‡ This is all matter of well-known history, and I am unwilling to reprint from my own work.

THE WHITE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

A TALE OF KILMALLOCK.

THE place where our younger days have been passed, even if they should have proved days of sorrow, can hardly be left by us for ever without feeling some pangs of regret, and our thoughts must often return to those hours which are lost in the flight of years, the more distant, the more hallowed. But can a stranger pass through Kilmallock, and not be struck with the many remnants of "the olden times" that it presents—its mouldering towers and its magnificent abbey? Alas! each moment adds to the desolation, and soon no trace of even these will be found.

In the middle of the once splendid aisle of Kilmallock Abbey, lies the

tomb of Maurice Fitz Gerald, the celebrated White Knight, that singular compound of good and evil, and both upon the grandest scale. Being not only a prodigious admirer of such ancient reliques, but somewhat given to the pleasant occupation of dreaming while awake, I sate one day upon the White Knight's tomb, meditating on his past fame and present nothingness till I had fairly dreamed myself away into the world of other times. From this agreeable reverie I was suddenly roused by a loud laugh, and of so unusual a sound, that I actually jumped up from my seat. The feeling however was but momentary, and turning round I discovered a most outlandish figure leisurely taking possession of the seat which I had just left. It was a little man with something of that cast of countenance which is generally ascribed to the Cluricaune race; the sunk but brightly glimmering eye, the nose nearly equal in length to the entire face, and some other no less striking points of coincidence almost made me imagine that one of those beings had indeed thus suddenly arisen before me.

Giving rather a satirical smile, and settling himself still more comfortably on the tomb, he said—

"I believe I have disturbed you, sir;" then without waiting for my answer he went on, "I have come many a mile to meet one who can tell me the spot where Maurice Fitz Gerald really lies?"

"You are at present, sir," said I, "resting upon his ashes."

"Hn," replied the little man, "glad of it, I have a crow to pluck with him."

I could not help starting, and eyed my friend rather suspiciously—"Who ever heard," thought I, "of a man having a crow to pluck with one who has been dead for centuries?"

The stranger chuckled at my apparent astonishment.

"Surprised, are you not, sir? but from generation to generation hatred to this man who sleeps beneath us has been handed down as an heirloom in our family; and cursed be the heart of an O'Rourke that ceases to nourish such a feeling."

"When the object of it," answered I, "has been for centuries a tenant of another world, it is unchristianlike and sinful not to forgive and forget."

"It may be so, sir," replied he, evidently working himself into a passion, "but you little know the wrongs our race has suffered from *him*, all that was beautiful and brave sank beneath his power; and what is left of the O'Rourke's but the reptile, the laughing stock, the half man, half beast that now sits in triumph upon his ashes."

The little man's features lit up with such fierce enthusiasm, that ugly as he was I could not help being struck by them; but the dark shade that passed quickly over them, shewed how sure and deadly would be his revenge, if a living mortal were unfortunate enough in any way to injure him.

"They tell me," he continued, "they tell me that Heaven itself has set its mark on this foul murderer; and, be the day as bright as ever made this earth happy, a drop of rain is still found on the tomb."

"Yes," said I, "it is said——"

"Said," he repeated, bending a frowning look on me—"you don't believe it, then?"

"Certainly, I do believe it, for I have seen, or at least have fancied I have seen, the drop a hundred times."

"Half the things of this world are but fancies," he replied thoughtfully.

"But there—there—do you call this fancy?"

He pointed to a dark speck on the stone.

"Heaven I thank thee for having granted *her* prayer."

"*Whose?*" exclaimed I, eagerly, anxious to make out the story of this mysterious being.

"Young man," he answered, "you have not laughed at my vehemence, or my folly; you may feel an interest in the recital of the woes of other days. Sit down, then, beside me, and on the grave of him, the destroyer of an ancient, our noble, our unoffending race: listen to the words of the last descendant of the Princes of Brefni.

Overcome with agitation, he paused for a few moments, and then commenced the following story.

"These conventual ruins which now surround us, were, at the time I am about to speak of, in their full pride and magnificence, and echoed each day the voices of many that have long since passed into the land of peace. The Abbess presiding over the convent was a truly amiable and virtuous woman, but was forced in many things to pay an unwilling obedience to the White Knight, who, not content with confining his cruelties to his castle at Mitchellstown, exercised a despotic authority over the entire of the south of Ireland, and chiefly about these parts. Alas! I know not what induced my unfortunate ancestor to place his only daughter within these walls, but in those times of warfare and confusion females could find but few places of security in their native land, except when immured in convents, or when buried in mountain fastnesses.

"Elgiva O'Rourke was the loveliest girl of her time, justly indeed called *the flower of Brefni*. Her dark ringlets shaded a face of dazzling fairness, and her step light with youthful joy, carried pleasure wherever it moved, and lessened to others the convent's gloom. I forgot to mention that she had not taken the veil, but was only placed there until the times became more quiet, and long-expected peace revisited this ill-fated country.

"Time glided on with but little variation to Elgiva; the walls of the convent were the limits of her world, and beyond them she rarely wandered, and then always accompanied by one of the elder nuns. In some of these excursions the Abbess herself became her companion, and as she was a woman infinitely superior to the other nuns, Elgiva felt greater pleasure in her society. Few, however, were the pleasures this unfortunate cause of our ruin was to enjoy in this world.

"The Abbess had successfully endeavoured to conceal from the White Knight the knowledge that Elgiva O'Rourke had found an asylum with her, knowing well from the deadly feuds which had so long existed between his family and the Princes of Brefni, that he would lose no opportunity of obtaining possession of so valuable a prize. Unfortunately, by some accidental circumstances, it was discovered, and you may well judge of the horror of Elgiva, when she suddenly found herself in the power of her father's bitterest foe, and received the command to prepare for immediate removal to one of the White Knight's fortresses. Trusting alone in Him who has the power to save in the greatest extremities, she became an inmate of Mitchellstown Castle, but to do justice to the memory of its hated master, she was there treated rather as a guest than a prisoner, and enjoyed more liberty than she had even in this abbey.

"Among the children of the White Knight was one, of a very different character from his father. Edmund Fitz Gerald was merciful and just, and many a poor wretch, the victim of his father's cruelty, found in him a comforter. Too romantic, perhaps, in disposition, he at first pitied, and then unconsciously loved Elgiva, her young heart could not long be blind to his passion, and he soon found his love not unrequited; their dreams of bliss were never destined to be realized, and all the vengeance that an O'Rourke could hope for, burst on the head of a degenerate child.

"The White Knight quickly discovered their growing partiality, but the wretch cared not if the daughter of his enemy were dishonoured. Finding, however, his son bent on marriage, and too noble to enter into his father's schemes, he determined to remove Elgiva, but his precautions were taken too late; the night before her intended departure, Edmund persuaded her to fly with him, and with one faithful attendant reached this place. The Abbess was forced to give a reluctant consent to their being united here, but the morning intended for their nuptials brought with it a fearful tempest. The White Knight, frantic with rage, pursued the fugitives, and in the middle of the ceremony burst into the chapel. Yes! perhaps on this very spot, where rest the ashes of the murderer, the life blood of Elgiva sank into the ground—the tyrant stabbed her to the heart. Edmund was banished for many years his father's presence, while his poor servant suffered bitterly for his fidelity. Pent up in a small chasm between two rocks,* as in a clopstick, and supplied with just sufficient food to keep up life he lingered for several days in excruciating agony, until death released him from his sufferings.

"From that hour I may date the decline of the once powerful Princes of Brefni. To revenge Elgiva's death, war was carried on for a long period against the White Knight; but his evil genius prevailed. In the dungeons of his castle the bravest of my race expired; one alone, a deformed and crippled being, the tyrant spared, as he tauntingly said, to be the progenitor of a mighty and a splendid tribe. Behold me the very image of that man, the last"—he paused and struggled for breath—"the last of the Brefni race. But have I not lived to see all but the memory of his deeds sink into oblivion, and his possessions belonging to another name.

"You have heard my story. From America I came to see this spot, and I now bid you farewell. Sometimes when you wander here, think on Phelim O'Rourke, be assured he will not forget the stranger of the White Knight's tomb."

He darted away before I had time to thank him for his confidence, and was out of sight in a few moments.

We never met again, but some days since by chance looking over an extract from an American paper, the following paragraph caught my eye.

"At Boston, on the 17th of February, 1829, died PHELM O'ROURKE, the last heir male and representative of the ancient Princes of Brefni.

The tomb of the White Knights was broken open a few years since by a soldier who dreamt that there was money concealed in it, but his only discovery was, a part of a rusty sword, a spur, and some broken pieces

* In laying the foundation of the magnificent Castle of the present Earl of Kingston a skeleton was found in the exact situation described above, suspended between two rocks.



W. G. W. Lith.

Stamford & Pomeroy, 1848

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of armour—a treasure more to be prized by an antiquarian than by him. Since then the memorable stone alluded to in the tale has been lying by, broken into two fragments. The following is the inscription on it:—

HIC TVIIIHVS FRECTVS FV-
 +T+NMEMORIAM+LL+VSSTF-
 MMAT+S.GERALD+NORVM QV+
 VVLGO VOCANTVREQV+TES
 ALB+
 +OHANIES.CVM.F+L+OSVO
 EDMVILDO.FT.MAVR+C+O.F+
 I+O.RRFAT+EDMVND+.
 ETMVL+AL++E+VSDEM.FAM+L-
 +AFFH+C.TVNLAITAR.FREEF
 ATVS

The Abbey and adjoining lands were granted to Sir Philip Coote brother of the 1st Earl of Mountrath, and are now in the possession of his descendant Charles Chidley Coote, Esq., of Mount Coote. From an elder branch of this ancient family came the celebrated Sir Eyre Coote, the conqueror of Hyder Ali. He was the sixth son of the Rev. Chidley Coote, D.D., by Jane Evans, sister of George, first Lord Carbery, and was born at Ashhill, now the residence of Eyre Evans, Esq., though the old house which witnessed the first appearance in life of this hero who was the means of adding so much to our Indian Empire, is now in ruins, the present mansion being on a different site. This neighbourhood also can boast of being the birth place of another hero, General William, Lord Blakeney, the celebrated Governor of Minorca, who was born at Mount Blakeney, about two miles from Kilmallock, but whose immediate family have become extinct in the male line, the property being now in the possession of Mrs. Fitz Gerald, of Whitegate House, near Cloyne, a descendant of the brother of his Lordship. Lieutenant General Sir Edward Blakeney, G.C.B., the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, derives from the elder branch of Lord Blakeney's family.

E. M. R.

EVERLEY MANOR,

SOUTH WILTSHIRE.

It is strange that in no part of the British dominions perhaps, is the aspect of our Island as it existed centuries ago, so distinctly exhibited as in some of those counties which border the British Channel, and which therefore, we may reasonably conclude, were first and most densely inhabited. Large tracts of country in Hants, Sussex, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire still remain in their primitive state, bearing however upon their surface interesting and indubitable marks of the habits, usages,

and inhabitation of tribes of men whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity. Of these extensive districts, however, none exceed—few equal in interest,—that wide and well-known upland range, called Salisbury Plain, which spreads over a considerable portion of the southern division of the county of Wilts, affording now, as it did ages ago, a delicious herbage for those innumerable flocks of sheep which browse in its remarkable and almost interminable solitudes. The Downs of the south of England are deemed by many, as districts only to be travelled over in haste, and avoided if possible as bleak, uninteresting, inhospitable wastes. But to those who are familiar with their peculiarities as distinct from those of any other part of our Island, there is found much to admire, and not a little to elevate. The lakes of Cumberland and the mountains of Wales are certainly picturesque in the highest degree, and fill the mind with pleasing images and lively sensations; but amid the solitary plains of the south there are scenes which, differing widely in every respect from those above mentioned, yet, when contemplated under favourable circumstances, lay claim to a grandeur and an interest exclusively their own. Even here the painter's eye and the poet's fancy may be filled and satisfied; the taste and efforts of man have indeed added nothing to these scenes, but nature reigns supreme, and the eye rolls over widely-spreading plains, and verdant slopes, and lonely treeless valleys, existing now as they ever were—unbeauged since the wild denizens of the forest roamed unmolested in these solitudes, or the warlike Briton entrenched himself on each commanding steep. Though denominated a "Plain," the district of which we are speaking, excepting to the north-west of Amesbury, near Stonehenge, scarcely answers to its appellation. It is occasionally deeply indented with valleys, and among these is peculiarly distinguished the vale of the Upper Avon, watered by that beautiful stream, and adding fertility and beauty to many a rural village and lordly domain. But this vale is rather the exception than the rule; for this large tract being principally, if not wholly of the chalk formation, can boast of few rivulets or springs, and the eye wanders over a boundless extent of hill, slope, and valley, exhibiting little but one smooth carpet of verdant down, varied here and there by a group of solitary cairns, a knot of ancient thorns and hollies, or a wide spreading patch of gorse and heath. And yet the very sameness of the scene has its charms;—its primitive aspect, its boundless extent, its numberless remains of remote antiquity, all fill the imagination—it is a picture you contemplate nowhere else. Gilpin well describes the effect of its undulating surface when he says—"It is spread out like the ocean, but it is the ocean after a storm."

Near the north-eastern boundary of this vast tract—like an oasis in the desert—is situated the Manor of Everley, with its fertile lands, its ancient Manor House, its two retired, well ordered, and peaceful villages, and its commodious farm houses, betokening from the large ranges of agricultural buildings, and the numerous ricks, and other signs of abundant produce, a more than common share of agricultural wealth and intelligence. The history of this Manor is interesting. The author of the "Magna Britannia"—says that it was parcel of the vast possessions of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster. On the division of his estates between his two daughters, Maud and Blanche, this Manor became the property of Maud, and she dying without issue, it descended to her younger sister, Blanche, who married John of Gaunt, fourth son of

Edward III. Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., inherited the estate. In the time of King Edward VI., a grant of the Manor of Everley, and Park, and Free Warren was made to Edward, Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, on whose attainder it reverted to the crown, and was afterwards granted by Queen Elizabeth to her royal falconer, Sir Ralph Sadleir. Sir Ralph was notoriously fond of all field sports, and particularly of hawking, and he could not have found a place in the whole kingdom better suited to his tastes than Everley. Indeed he shews his appreciation of its many advantages, in this respect, by having built the Manor House, and made it his residence, when permitted to retire for a while from his public offices and political anxieties. He was a distinguished man in his day, and highly employed by the crown. Lloyd says in his "State Worthies,"—"Little was his body, but great his soul." And he also adds this extraordinary testimony to his worth,—“He saw the interest of this estate altered six times, and died an honest man!” After remaining for some time in the family of Sadleir, this Manor passed to Sir John Evelyn, whose daughter and sole heiress, Elizabeth, married Robert Pierrepont, Esq. From the Evelyns it passed to the Barkers, who sold it to Sir John Astley, Bart., of Pattishull, from whom it has descended to the present Baronet, Sir Francis Dugdale Astley. When this Manor became the inheritance of Francis Dugdale Astley, Esq., the grandfather of the existing possessor, it presented a very different appearance to that which it now wears. The church, built by William de Wykeham, the Manor House, erected by Sir Ralph Sadleir, and the ancient village of East Everley, were in close juxta position, affording a pleasing instance of that old English mode of arrangement which at once betokened security and social comfort and reliance. But here, as in almost innumerable other similar instances, the village and church were removed to a more convenient distance, the old Manor House was enlarged, and the style of the exterior probably altered, and Everley House now exhibits to the passer-by rather the semblance of a modern English mansion of the first class, with its verdant and undulating park, its groves and spacious gardens, and well-arranged paddocks, than a possession of the once warlike Plantagenets, or the residence of the Royal Falconer of Queen Elizabeth. A portion of the interior of the mansion will, however, well repay the inspection of the curious. It remains as occupied by Ralph Sadleir. The old drawing-room is particularly worthy of remark, as an interesting specimen of the style of interior decoration adopted in the country mansions of those days. The ceiling between the massive girders is a kind of labyrinth of raised work, richly gilded—the wainscoting is of oak, and a genuine portrait of Sir Ralph Sadleir in his costume as Queen's Falconer, having a hawk on his arm, and one also on his crest, has been judiciously replaced by the present owner in the position it probably occupied nearly three centuries ago.

But there is another remnant of ancient days, which to the present lords of the manor is of even more interest than the foregoing. It is a painting which hangs in the hall, being a copy from the curious original, which, as we are informed, is still to be seen at Astley Castle, in Warwickshire, where it has probably been preserved from the remote period of the actions it records. It is in compartments, each recording the progress of these transactions, viz., the feats of arms performed at Paris before Charles VII. of France, and before Henry VI., at Smithfield, by that

redoubted knight Sir John de Astley, of Pattishull. As allusions to these will be made in our historical account of the family, we will not detail them here. The various portions of this curious historical record have been also most skilfully and beautifully worked in tapestry by the lady of Sir John Astley, the first possessor of Everley, and ornaments the ancient drawing-room which we have just described. Among the family portraits, that of this famous Sir John de Astley is most interesting and valuable. It is in every respect a fine painting. The countenance displays a character of stern determination, and the frame of the sturdy warrior, muscular and sinewy, gives a fair earnest of that invincible strength which overcame in deadly encounter two of the most noted champions of his day.

The country around Everley, partaking as it does of the general characteristics of Salisbury Plain, yet is more undulating and varied than most of that extensive tract. Its ancient aspect has, however, been much altered of late years by the breaking up of large portions of the Downs. Dwarfish oaks of every fantastic shape, clusters of ancient thorns covered with the grey lichen, and hollies of great age and large dimensions, have been in many places destroyed to make way for the plough, and it is now only in certain places that the original and wild forest character of the scenery can be discerned. But in the remains of early British and Saxon occupation the name of Everley abounds. Tumuli, earthen works, high banks, and deep trenches, marking former habitation, meet the eye in every direction, and proudly prominent above all stands the almost isolated eminence called Chidbury Hill, exhibiting on its apex one of the most formidable entrenchments in the country. This "camp," as it is termed in the vicinity, is seen from all surrounding parts, and commands an extensive view over the whole Plain. It encloses seventeen acres within the ramparts, is double ditched, the depth of the vallum being forty-six feet. It was probably one of that vast line of entrenchments which was thrown up by the aboriginal Britons against the Belgæ, when the latter invaded and took forcible possession of a considerable portion of Hampshire and of Wiltshire. At the foot of this bold eminence Sir Richard Hoare discovered the remains of a considerable British village, and on opening some of the numerous barrows which crowd the vicinity, he met with many interesting relics, consisting of cups, sepulchral urns, pointed pieces of metal, deposits of burnt bones, pottery, flint, arrow-heads, spear-heads of brass, and other implements of the same metal. One discovery he made in his researches here, was of so interesting a nature that we cannot refrain giving the account in the learned antiquary's own words. The tumulus in question he called "*The Hunter's Barrow*:"—"It had a large cavity in it, and appeared to have had a previous opening, and the shepherds of the Plain assured us that it had been previously opened. But having so frequently experienced the fallacy of these vulgar reports, we were not deterred from making the trial; and we were highly recompensed for our perseverance by the discovery of one of the most interesting interments we ever witnessed. The first object that attracted our attention was the skeleton of a small dog deposited in the soil, three feet from the surface; and at the depth of 8 feet 10 inches we came to the bottom of the barrow, and discovered the following very perfect interment deposited on a level floor. The body of the deceased Briton had been burned, and the bones and ashes collected in a small heap, which was

surrounded by a circular wreath of the horns of the red deer, within which and amidst the ashes were five beautiful arrow-heads, cut out of flint, and a small red pebble."—*Vide Ancient Wiltshire Tumuli*, p. 22.

This was an interesting memorial of the habits and feelings of past ages; and for others, equally instructive, we must refer the curious to the works of Sir Richard Hoare, who was indefatigably employed for many years in the investigation of British antiquities, and in the opening of tumuli in the counties of Wilts and Dorset. Some have protested against these latter proceedings as a wholesale desecration which the results have not sanctioned. The various articles procured in these researches are now in the Museum of British Antiquities at Stourhead, the residence of the Hoare family. But not only the Britons, but the Saxons also, are known to have occupied this interesting district, and Chidbury Camp was doubtless used by them as one of their principal strongholds.

Tradition assigns a residence of the Great West Saxon King Ina to have existed near Everley House, and from the foundations of extensive buildings visible in a field behind the East Everley farm, it is not improbable that these indicate the site of the ancient palace. What adds to the probability of this suggestion is the fact of an ancient raised road extending from Chidbury camp a considerable distance in this very direction, plainly establishing a communication between the camp and the palace and its dependent village. That this ancient way was not the work of the Britons is manifest from its cutting through one of the large tumuli in its course. What adds also further to the probability of this interesting historical fact, is the circumstance of a large pond in the centre of the ancient village of East Everley, and close to the site we have mentioned above, being still known as "the King's Pond." But were we to pursue to their extent the details of all worthy of observation in this neighbourhood, so rich in antiquarian gems, we might fill a volume. When we add to the intellectual enjoyment which these scenes afford the exhilarating purity of the atmosphere—the singularity of the landscape—the wild state of nature in which much of this tract is yet wrapped, we may quite accord with the feelings of Sir John Astley of Pattishull, when he left the rich and warm and woody plains of Staffordshire for the more bracing and healthy Downs of South Wiltshire.

The ancient and honourable family of Astley is supposed by Sir William Dugdale, from the near resemblance in the bearing of the arms, the lands they held by military service of that honour, and the employments they had under the Earls of Leicester, to be a younger branch descended from Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who claimed descent from Almaric, a son of Robert, King of France. The first by name upon record is Philip de Estleja or Estley, who in 12 Hen. 11 A.D. 1166, held of the Earl of Warwick three knights' fees, viz., Estley or Astley in Warwickshire, the principal seat of the family, with Wedinton, Hillmorton, Milverton and Merston, de veteri feoffamento, by which it is plain (says Dugdale) that his father or grandfather was enfeoffed of them. We will not pretend to dive further into ancient records for the early history of this distinguished family, but will commence our account with THOMAS DE ESTLEY, son and heir of Philip above mentioned: of him it is recorded that he held certain lands by military service of Simon de Montfort, and

in the 12th of King John paid to that King a fine of one hundred marks to be excused attending him in his Irish wars. Five years afterwards he joined the rebellious barons and was sent prisoner to Bedford Castle, and his lands were seized. In 1st of Henry III. they were restored to him, and four years after he was put into commission for the gaol delivery both at Warwick and Leicester, and the year following for seizing into the King's hands all the demesnes whereof King John was possessed at the beginning of the wars with the Barons. He married Maud, second sister and co-heir of Roger de Camvil, and grand-daughter of Richard de Camvil, the founder of Combe Abbey.

WALTER DE ESTLEY, his son and heir, bore honourable employment under Henry III., for as Dugdale says, he received favors of the King as his father had done, and A.D. 1235 he answered for one knight's fee in Warwickshire.

THOMAS DE ASTLEY, son and heir of the preceding, and known among historians as Thomas Lord Astley, played a conspicuous part in those disturbed times. In the 26th Henry III. being a knight he was constituted one of the King's Justices, at which time he paid fifteen pounds to the King for his relief. Six years after he was sent with others of the great men into Gascoigne, and in 47th Henry III., taking part with those who seized on the King's revenues in Warwickshire and Leicestershire, he became eminent for his activity in fomenting and maintaining those troubles. When the King in order to satisfy these his rebellious Barons submitted to those unreasonable ordinances called "*Provisiones Oxonii*," which constituted several persons whom they could trust in various parts of the realm to secure what they had got, this Thomas Lord Astley was the only man entrusted with the management of Warwickshire under the title of *Custos Pacis*. But these rebellious acts terminated fatally to him at last, for fighting with Simon de Montfort at the battle of Evesham, he was there slain, and his large estates in the counties of Warwick, Northampton, and Leicester were confiscated and bestowed on Warine Bassingburne. This Thomas Lord Astley was twice married, first to Joan, daughter of Ernald de Bois, a great man at that time in Leicestershire, and afterwards to Edith, daughter of Peter Constable, of Melton Constable, in Norfolk. By his first wife he had Andrew, his son and heir, and a daughter called Isabel, who married William de Bermingham. By his second wife Edith, he had three sons, Thomas, Ralph, and Stephen, and one daughter, Agnes. Thomas settled at Hill-Morton, but dying without issue devised his estate to his next brother Ralph, from whom the families of Astley of Melton Constable and of Hill-Morton in Warwickshire are lineally descended.

ANDREW LORD ASTLEY, son of the first wife Joan, was repossessed of his paternal estates by virtue of the decree called "*Dictum de Kenilworth*." In 12 Edward I., A.D. 1284, he was appointed Commissioner for taking Assizes of novel disseisin, Mort d'Ancestour, &c., in Warwickshire. The year following he claimed by prescription, and obtained a Court Leet-Gallows-power to punish the breakers of Assize of bread and beer, Free Warren, with other privileges in his Lordship of Astley cum membris, viz: Merton-Jahet, Wedington and Milberton. In the 22nd Edward I., A.D. 1294, he joined the expedition into Gascoigne, and two years after was summoned to attend the king at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, upon the first of March, well fitted with horse and arms to compel John Baliol, King of Scotland, to do his homage, and to avenge such injuries as he had done to

the king's subjects. The year following, Prince Edward being made General of the English forces against the Scots, Lord Astley had summons to attend there upon the feast of St. Nicholas, and in the same year he was summoned to be in London upon Sunday next after the Octaves of St. John Baptist, furnished with horse and arms to attend the King in his expedition into Flanders and Gascoigne. This service was however dispensed with by his sending such knights and others as he thought proper to serve in his stead. He was also summoned by the King to be at York on the feast of Pentecost, A.D. 1296, well accoutred with horse and arms, to march into Scotland. This Andrew Lord Astley gave the Canons of Erdbury a certain wood called Herewards Hey. He was summoned to Parliament among the Barons of the realm from the 23rd of King Edward's reign. He died A.D. 1301, leaving two sons, Nicolas and Giles de Astley.

NICOLAS DE ASTLEY succeeded to the estates, and was in 1302 put into the Commission of the Peace, and was summoned to Parliament second and third Edward II. In 1312 he was knighted, and two years afterwards attended his Majesty in that fatal expedition against the Scots, which terminated in the battle of Bannockburn, where both he and his brother, Sir Giles Astley, were taken prisoners. As he left no issue, his nephew, Thomas, son of his brother Sir Giles, succeeded A.D. 1326. This THOMAS LORD ASTLEY received the honour of knighthood in the tenth year of Edward III. The following year he founded a chantry in his parish church of Astley, and afterwards in 1343 procured licence to change those chantry priests into a dean and secular canons, and thereupon built a beautiful Collegiate Church. This is still a building of much interest, though the disgraceful work of demolition took place in the reign of Mary, and was continued about the year 1607, when many of the monuments and chapels were removed or defaced. On the death of Sir William de Astley (of whom hereafter) without male issue, this ancient possession passed by the marriage of his daughter to the Greys of Ruthin, afterwards raised to the Marquisate of Dorset, and Dukedom of Suffolk. It is now, or was lately, the property of the Newdigate family. This Thomas Lord Astley enjoyed many public employments, and was a powerful baron in those parts. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Grey de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and had issue Sir William de Astley, Sir Thomas, and Giles, from whom the Astleys of Wolvey are descended.

SIR WILLIAM DE ASTLEY, succeeded, and had many public employments under Henry IV. He had issue one only daughter, who, marrying as her second husband, Reginald, Lord Grey of Ruthin, received the manor of Astley as her dowry and inheritance.

SIR THOMAS DE ASTLEY, Knight, second son of Thomas Lord Astley, and brother of Sir William, sat as one of the knights of the shire for the county of Warwick. He was also retained by indenture to serve the King one whole year in an expedition his Majesty personally made into France, attended by three archers, completely armed and appointed for the war. He married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Richard Harcourt, Esq., and had issue five sons, Thomas, John, William, Richard, and Henry.

THOMAS ASTLEY, Esq., his eldest son and heir, removed to Pattishull, in the county of Stafford, a seat which continued the residence of this family for many generations. He married Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas

Gresley, of Colton, in Staffordshire, knight (nurse to King Henry VI.), by whom he had issue one son, named Thomas. John, the second brother of this Thomas Astley of Pattishull, is eminently distinguished in the chronicles and histories of those times for his great courage and skill in arms. In the year 1438, he maintained in Paris a duel on horseback in the presence of Charles VII., King of France, with Peter de Massey, a native of the Rue St. Antoine, and, piercing Massey through the head, had the honour of presenting, as was mutually stipulated, the helmet of his antagonist to his Lady. In 1441, in presence of King Henry VI., he fought with and vanquished Sir Philip Boyle in Smithfield. Dugdale informs us that this Sir Philip was an Arragonian knight, who, having been in France by the King his master's command, to look out some such hardy person against whom he might try his skill in feats of arms, and failing there of his desire, repaired to England, where he received a signal defeat. The combat was gallantly maintained on foot with battle-axes, spears, swords, and daggers! This renowned warrior was knighted by the King, and had an annuity of a hundred marks bestowed upon him, and afterwards was elected knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and bore for his arms the coats of Astley and Harcourt, quarterly, with a label of three points, crmine. He lies interred at Pattishull, under a handsome monument.

Five generations succeeded the first Thomas Astley of Pattishull in lineal descent, when we arrive at RICHARD ASTLEY, Esq., eldest son and heir of Walter Astley, by Mary, daughter of Francis Trentham, of Trentham, in the county of Stafford, Esq. This Richard lived in the time of the civil wars, and was a zealous royalist and cavalier. He was early in the King's service, raised a troop of horse, and maintained them at his own expense. Hume preserves the memory of a short prayer of this stout cavalier before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill. It was to this effect, "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!" For his services, he was knighted by Charles II., and soon after the Restoration, was created a Baronet. He married first Elizabeth, daughter of John Philipps, Esq., of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, and secondly, Henrietta, daughter and co-heir of William Borlace, Esq., of Great Marlow, in Bucks. He was succeeded in title and estate by John, son of his second wife.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY, Bart., relinquished the abode of his ancestors at Pattishull, and purchased the entire manor of Everley, where he resided, and, leaving no male issue, bequeathed his estates at Everley, and also in Leicestershire, to his relation, Francis D. Astley, Esq., who was descended from Thomas, a brother of Sir Richard Astley, the first Baronet, by his second marriage.

FRANCIS D. ASTLEY, Esq., made Everley his residence, and greatly improved the estate. He removed the church from the immediate vicinity of the Manor House, and rebuilt it on a bold eminence to the south-west of the park. He had three sons, 1. John Dugdale, his heir; 2. William Buckler, of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, who married, in 1818, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq., of Tidworth House, Hants, and died in 1849, leaving a daughter, Mary, married to Captain Duff, and 3. Francis Bickley, in holy orders, who married in 1813, Mary Anne, third daughter of John Newdigate Ludford, Esq., of Annesley Hall, Warwickshire, and has issue John Newdigate Francis,

born in 1817, Benjamin Buckler Gifford, in holy orders, Mary Dorothea, who died in 1844, Elizabeth, Juliana, and Frances Anne. FRANCIS D'ASTLEY, Esq., was succeeded by his eldest son, SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, who was created a Baronet in 1821, and sat in parliament as one of the representatives for the county of Wilts. He was succeeded in his title and estates by the present Baronet, SIR FRANCIS DUGDALE ASTLEY, who married Emma Dorothea, third daughter of the late Sir Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, in the county of Somerset.

CHAPTERS ON TRADITIONS.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRAGEDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND.

"VENGEANCE is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Had these vengeful conspirators taken to heart and to practice this saying of Holy Writ, how much evil, misery, and sin, would have been avoided? But men blind their eyes to the truth, when their had passions are paramount. In our last chapter we left Adam Beaumont, and his fierce and relentless company, among the dark Fells of Furness, where the bleak moors, and savage rocks were in becoming sympathy with their cruel deeds, and yet more cruel designs. For, not satisfied with the blood of their powerful and wicked foe, they thirsted even more for the blood of his good and knightly son, who was now living in fancied peace and security in Eland Hall, together with his loving wife and darling babes. So many long years had now passed away, that much of the former caution was laid aside, and, occasionally, the young knight and his lady would venture abroad unarmed and unprotected. Quarmby and Beaumont, by means of their spies, soon heard of this, and all the ancient hate returned, and also, that fearful thirst for blood, which had already brought so much woe to both sides. They accordingly laid their plans, and, leaving that savage wilderness, in which they had so long taken refuge, they descended once more like a black cloud charged with the thunder-bolt, into the fertile valley, where peaceful Calder winds her beauteous course.

"Adam of Beaumont then truly,
Lacie and Lockwood eke,
And Quarmbey came to their countrie,
Their purpose for to seek.

As if their cruel hearts were hardened, and their memory and their conscience seared, they did not scruple to repair again to their old haunt in Cromwellbotham* Wood, and to lie concealed in that very

* Cromwellbotham means the "foot of the winding spring."

glen where they had whileholme shed the blood of that fierce and puissant knight, Sir John de Eland. And here, receiving food and sustenance from Lacie's house, close by, they lay hid till the eve of Palm Sunday, having spies to keep a close watch upon the family at Eland Hall, and their movements. Upon obtaining therefore more certain information on this holy eve (sad time chosen for such unholy purpose), they stole from their hiding-places, and "it being mirke midnight" made their way to Eland Miln,* which, as before mentioned, lay on the further bank of the Calder stream, just below the hill on which the Town stood, and a short walk from the old Hall, which was on the other bank, somewhat higher up. Stealthily forcing their way into the miln, they there did hide themselves, till the early dawn tinged the hills, and the cock crew his shrill clarion. Little did the miller guess that he had such unwelcome company so near, and he was up betimes, and charged his wife to go into the miln, and bring some meal from the sacks therein. But, before she could take the moutre, or even she touched a sack, she was seized, and hound, both hand and foot, and her mouth was gagged, so that she lay there as still and quiet as the sacks themselves. Now, it so befel, that the miller heing, if not the better, yet the stronger half, and having his wife in due and proper subjection, could not brook this delay, but, as his custom was when things went wrong, he took his cudgel, determined to chastise her for her delay. But little did he wot what was to befall. As he entered the miln, he was soon felled with his own cudgel, and, being also bound fast and gagged, he was laid close by the side of his loving wife. But while these things were enacting, we will return for a while, to take a glimpse within the walls of Eland Hall. Here the young knight and his fair lady,† were living in sweet security, loving and beloved, right dear to all their people, and especially honoured, and cheerfully obeyed, by all their loyal lieges in the good Town of Eland. Under this, their good lord, they lived in peace and plenty, and none could say that he had ever been turned away from the Hall, without tasting well and heartily of the hospitable cheer therein. And as he was a kind lord and master, so was he a right loyal knight, and to Holy Church, as we have before seen, he was a great benefactor, as the parson of Eland could well testify, and the good monks of Whalley Abbey have fully set forth in their Coucher hook. It was on this eve of Palm Sunday that, while his relentless foes were skulking in the dark hiding-places of Cromwellbotham Wood, that this good knight retired to rest with his fair wife, and their lovely babes. There was a storm without; the casements rattled; many a gust descended the wide open chimney, and roared in the old oaks that sheltered that ancient mansion. Shrieks seemed to mingle with the blast, and a hollow moaning ever and anon filled up the pauses of the storm. At length the knight betook himself to sleep, but a fearful dream disturbed his rest. He fancied that the doors opened and shut violently; the storm raged more and more, and faces of hostile men peeped in upon him, now from the open door, now through the casements, till at length, armed men, with sword in hand, surrounded the bed, grinning horribly, and threatening to slay him and those so dear to him. Valiant to the core, the knight started from his bed to grapple with his foes, and with a shout of de-

* Mill.

† She was a daughter of Gilbert de Umfraville.

fiance, flung himself upon the floor, where waking, he found it was all—a dream! He opened the casement; the storm was hushed; not a cloud rode through the sky: the moon gleamed brightly on the passing waters of the river, and tipped with silver the branches of the huge oaks throwing their dark shadows athwart the grassy glade.

The knight again retired to rest, but rising early in the morning was still disturbed in mind, and an uneasiness that he could not quell dwelt upon his spirit. Perceiving that all was not well with her lord, his fair lady tenderly besought him to reveal that which had thus ruffled him, and he told her of the dream that he had dreamed, and of the storm, and of the sudden ceasing of it when he looked forth from the casement. And he added that he feared much that some evil accident was about to befall either him or his. The lady mused for awhile, and then bade her lord take courage, for, said she, it is the morn of Palm Sunday, and to church we must go, as is our wont, and surely no evil can betide good Christians on such a holy day, and going forth, too, for so holy a purpose. The knight wist not what to reply, but being thus persuaded, prepared to keep his church as was ever his wont; and as the sweet bells threw their merry echoes down the river he left the Hall with his fair lady by his side, and his young son and heir closely following with several of his household. They thus arrived at the river's bank, where a long weir was carried across transversely to conduct the waters to the large wheel of the miln. Below this weir there was a ford, over which was a passage by large stepping-stones, which road, leading round the back of the miln, conducted the passenger up the hill to the church, and also the town. Scarcely had the knight and his lady reached the river's brink, when a sad and fearful sight met their eyes. For thus saith the ballad:—

The draught had made the waters small,
The stakes appeared dry,
The knight, his wife, and servants,
Came down the dam thereby.

When Adam Beaumont this beheld,
Forth of the miln came he,
His bow in hand, with him he held,
And shot at him sharply.

He hit the knight on the breast-plate,
Whereupon the bolt did glide,
William of Lockwood, wroth thereat,
Said—"Cousin, you shoot wide."

Himself did shoot, and hit the knight,
Who nought was hurt with this,
Whereat the knight, had great delight
And said to them—"I wis

"If that my father had been clad,
With armour, such certaine,
Your wicked hands escaped he had,
And had not so been slaine.

"Oh! Eland Town, alack," said he,
 "If thou but knew of this,
 These foes of mine, full fast would flee,
 And of their purpose, miss."

William of Lockwood was adread
 The town would rise indeed,
 He shot the knight, quite through the head,
 And slew him thus with speed.

His son and heir was wounded there,
 But dead he did not fall,
 Into the house conveyed he was,
 And died in Eland Hall.

Thus far did these vengeful men proceed in this direful tragedie, but if they thought to escape from the second misdeed as they did from the first, they counted their chances ill. The wild beast may pursue his prey into the very net in which he may be taken withal.

The Lord's servants throughout the town
 Had cried with might and main—
 "Up gentle Yeomen, make you bown,
 This day your *Lord* is slain."

And right speedily, and with good heart, did these loving liegemen sally forth, and they hurried to the miln and guarded the main road, perchance the murderers might pass that way. And seeing the toils in which they were well-nigh beset, Beaumont and his party looked around and had short time to consider what to do. To loiter there was certain death.

By Whittle Lane they took their flight,
 And to the old Earth Gate,
 Then took the wood, as well they might,
 And spied a private gate.

Themselves coming craftily,
 To Aneley Wood that way,
 The men of Eland manfully
 Pursued them that day.

Whittle, and Smith, and Rimmington,
 Bury, with many more,
 As brim as boars they made them bown
 Their Lord's enemies to slo'.

All sorts of men shewed their good will—
 Some bows and shafts did bear,
 Some brought forth clubs, and rusty bills,
 That saw no sun that year.

Like beasts at bay, Beaumont, and Quarmby, and Lockwood, ere they gained Aneley Wood, turned round upon their pursuers, and fought like men in desperate case. The Eland men pressed upon them till their

shafts being all spent, and fearing to come to a close fight with such odds against them, they thought to make good their retreat into the thick copse of Aneley Wood. But Quarumby, who was in truth the hardiest of them, and one who had never ceased stirring up the less deadly vengeance of his companions, refused "to turn his face," and was soon mortally wounded by his foes. And now was shewn a brave spirit that would have well suited a better cause, and shews how noble minds may be turned aside by pursuing evil passions.

Lockwood he bare him on his back,
And hid him in Aneley Wood,
To whom his purse he did betake
Of gold and silver good.

"Give place with speed, and fare ye well,
Nt shield you from mischief,
If that it otherwise befall,
It would be my great grief."

Leaving Quarumby only when the breath was out of his body, the others well knowing every nook and corner of the huge wood, avoided the deadly shafts of their foes for the nonce, but this second deed of blood was execrated by all men, and a wretched fate overtook, at the last, both Beaumont and Lockwood.

But as for Beaumont and the rest,
They were undone utterlie,
Thus simple virtue is the best,
And chief felicitie.

Adam Beaumont, deprived of his lands, after lurking in great danger of being seized and punished, made his escape into foreign parts, became a Knight of Rhodes, and after long and greatly distinguishing himself, was killed fighting against the Turks. Lockwood's fate was romantic, and yet more sad. By this last double murder of the Knight of Eland and his son, the Manor of Eland and all the broad lands became the inheritance of the sole surviving child and daughter, Isabel, who being placed under the guardianship of Sir John Saville, of Tankersley, afterwards became his wife, and founded the great and puissant house of Saville, now represented by the Earls of Scarborough, who still hold the manor. The advice given by the bard to this Saville, who married the heiress, will conclude this sad and fatal tragedie of Sir John Eland of Eland.

Learn, Saville, here I you heseech,
That in prosperitie,
You be not proud, but mild and meek,
And dwell in charitie.

For by such means your elders came
To knightly dignitie,
But Eland, he forsook the same,
And came to miserie.

We copy a portion of the following pedigree of the Elands from a note in the Coucher Book, or Chartulary, of Whalley Abbey.

1. Henry de Eland married the daughter and heir of De Whitunde, and had a son.

2. Hugo de Eland, who had three children, and lived circa 1193.

3. Hugh, his eldest, succeeded.

4. John de Eland, his son, succeeded circa 1259.

5. Sir Hugh de Eland, his son, succeeded, and lived circa 1307, and married Johanna, daughter and heir of Sir Richard de Tankersly, by whom he had three children. Thomas, who succeeded Richard, ob., Margery, who married first John Lacey, or Lacie, or Lascy de Cromwelbotham, and secondly, William Constable, of Nottingham.

6. Sir Thomas de Eland had a son.

7. Sir John de Eland, who is said to have married first Alice, daughter of Robert de Lathom, and afterwards had two other wives. By his first wife he had issue.

8. Sir John de Eland, the reputed murderer of Beaumont, Quarmby, and Lockwood, according to the old ballad. He lived 1325, was Sheriff of Yorkshire 15 Edward III., and was succeeded by his eldest son.

9. Sir John de Eland, who married a daughter of Gilbert de Umfraville, and had issue John de Eland (whose sad demise is above related), and Isabel, who afterwards, as sole heiress, married A.D. 1350, Sir John Saville, of Tankerley.

RAMBLES IN MANY COUNTIES.

I. CORNWALL.

FEW people have less occasion than Englishmen to travel abroad for the sake of enjoying beautiful scenery, whether of hill, lake, or forest; and yet where shall we find such determined tourists? go where we will, east or west, north or south, to the top of the Andes, or the top of Mont Blanc, it is all one; we are sure to light upon Englishmen, who, indeed, seem to realize in their own persons the old astronomical notions respecting the sun's diurnal movement; they are daily travelling round the earth, their own country being the only place they leave unvisited, so that in general they know as little, correctly, of the English land, as they do of the English language, which, as Voltaire said of Zadig's acquirements, "est fort peu de chose." Now this at all events is being original, for I do not think it can with truth be predicated of any people beside themselves. The Frenchman is perfectly satisfied with *La Belle France*, which, albeit he may have seen no other lands, he is ready to die for it,

is incomparable; the German has an equally exclusive opinion in favour of his *father-land*; and even the restless Arab confines his wanderings to his own deserts, and neither seeks for, nor believes that there can be, anything half so desirable. Such feelings, no doubt, if too much indulged in, serve to a certain extent to contract the mind; and yet, like most evil, it is not altogether unmixed with good; it is a web of two colours, the proportion of black being large, if you will; but still there is a brighter tissue interwoven. "Not to make the bridge much wider than the flood," it is my had or good taste—I know not which, nor is it of any great importance—to be an ardent admirer of the thousand and one spots of interest that are to be found in merry England; and like honest Sancho, who found his wit grow mouldy in the Sierra Morena from want of some one to impart himself to, I would fain unload the budget of my rambles to all that may be willing to listen.

It was my hap, a few months since, to visit Cornwall, that land of brave seas, brave mines, and brave men, and there I will at once set down my readers without troubling them to accompany me upon a tedious journey by railway, or otherwise, from London to the Land's End. Midsummer was about to commence when I set up my pilgrim-staff in Penzance, the Montpellier of England, as the natives delight to call it. I could not have made my appearance at a better time for myself, for the Eve of St. John the Baptist is a grand season with the Cornish folks; it is their *Goluan*, or *Light and Joy*. The evening, too, chanced to be remarkably fine, even for summer, the sky being well nigh cloudless, and the waters of Mount Bay rippling along with a low, loving murmur, till the tiny waves broke upon the shore.

Scarcely had I got myself snugly seated at the window of my little inn, enjoying what the Puritans of old so emphatically styled "creature comforts," than I began to be aware of a considerable stir and commotion in the town. A glance stolen from the more important avocations of the table shewed me various groups of young men employed, with much noise and laughter, in dragging along boughs and furze, all of which had been accumulating for the express purpose since the month of May. Despatching my dinner with much more haste than I had at first contemplated, I hurried out, greatly to the astonishment of mine host, who had been explaining these matters to me, as eager for what was to be seen and heard as any schoolboy for the drawing up of the green curtain on the first night of a Christmas pantomime. On all sides were preparations for the evening festival in the shape of huge bonfires as yet unlighted; while on the quay, and by the market-place, and even on a rock in the middle of the bay, poles were fixed upright in the ground, with tar-barrels suspended from the top of them. But when these preparations were finally completed there was a general pause; every one stood as if at a loss what to do next, or stared anxiously at the sun, whose broad crimson disc already touched the horizon. Curious to know what it all meant, I tried to stop a little urchin on his way to one of the expectant groups, but "the rogue fled from me like quicksilver;" so I could only do what my neighbours did, which was—nothing.

At length the sun set; and at the same instant a loud shout burst from all around, torches flashed and waved from all quarters, tar-barrels and bonfires leaped up into a blaze, east, west, north, and south, from shore, from headland, from fishing town, from farm, and from villa. Torch-

bearers now perambulated the fires, like the Druids of old—from whose fire-worship indeed this was a manifest derivation—and at the same time the air was filled with rockets, whizzing, crossing, and scattering showers of light around as they exploded. The prettiest part, however, of the ceremonial to my fancy were the troops of little maidens, who, dressed out in all their finery, and garlanded with flowers, tripped up and down, hailing with their merry voices the Eve of St. John.

So much for earth and air. By sea things went on, if not so noisily, at least as brilliantly; the waters of the Bay were in truth living waters; they danced, gleamed, and sparkled, reflecting the timid light of the stars, the silvery glances of the moon, and the broad red flames which torch and bonfire flung upon them from every eminence.

But now came the finale; and one which, if it could be transferred to the mimic scene of the stage, would make John Bull open wide his goggle eyes and stare again with wonder. When the torches were burnt out, the inhabitants of the quay-quarter, without regard to age, sex, or condition,—some sober, but more, as it seemed to me, half-seas over—joined hands, and scampered through the town with shouts of “an eye! an eye!” As the fates would have it, I had approached so near the vortex as to come within its influence, and a jolly fisherwife, pouncing upon me as a hawk might upon a partridge, compelled me to join the line, willy, nilly. On then we whirled, and in a few minutes—why should I be ashamed to own it? there is oftentimes little sense, but on the contrary, much folly in being wiser than our neighbours—in a few minutes I found myself shouting as loud as the best of them,—“an eye! an eye!” On a sudden there was a general halt, that nearly took me off my legs, and the last couple made an eye to this tremendous needle by holding up their clasped hands, and under the arch thus formed—or through the eye of the needle, if you like it better—we danced, scrambled, and galloped, like so many mad devils.

It was near midnight before my companions tired of this rough sport, when, as if by general consent, the needle fell to pieces, and the whole party broke into groups, some taking one way and some another. For myself I set off at once for my inn, for to own the truth I was tolerably exhausted by this Cornish revelling, and was not without fear that there might be some other ceremonies of the same kind, to which, if I stayed any longer, I might, nolens volens, be made a party.

A sound sleep was, as it deserved to be, the reward of my midnight exercise, and it was late the next morning before the sun, which had for a long time been peeping in at my window, contrived to awake me: and a beautiful day it was—one of the most brilliant that I remember to have seen for many years. The sky for the most part presented an expanse of the deepest blue, speckled here and there by a few flying strips of thin fleecy cloud, which scudded rapidly along from east to west before the breeze.

I had now full leisure, while eating my breakfast at the open window, to enjoy the beauties of the Bay, that I had neglected on the preceding night for the bustle of the *Gotuan*. Its broad waters deeply indented the land which hemmed it in, and which was covered with verdure and in a high state of cultivation. But the most striking object was St. Michael's Mount—

‘ Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Itayona bold.”

It is a huge pyramid of rugged rock, crowned with a mass of battlements, with few natural gifts beyond a scanty herbage and a few fir trees. This, however, as I presently learnt, was not always the case; in the olden times it was so densely wooded, if we may believe tradition, as to have been called, "*Le Hore Rok in the Wodd*;" that is to say, "*The Hore, or Old Rock in the Wood*." The gigantic pile stands about a "flight-shot" from the land, being completely isolated by a narrow belt of salt water; and as the crest appeared now in shadow, now in sunshine, from the flitting of the clouds, it looked like some enchanter's citadel built high in air. Little imagination was required to invest it with all manner of wild and beautiful attributes; and, if not exactly to subdue reason, yet to lull her to sleep for a time, while fancy called up and realized the fables attached to it by the fancy or superstition of our forefathers. But the reader, who has not had the good fortune to visit the Land's End, may be inclined to exclaim, "what in the name of common sense is this same St. Michael's Mount, about which you indulge in such wild reveries? is it a rock, or a castle, or a monastery, or a town?"—One and all, *lector benevole*. The little island is a rock of hard granite, in which transparent quartz is the chief substance, of a conical form, and so steep towards the sea as to be almost perpendicular. At the base of the Mount is a small town, consisting of three or four streets, which seem to have been in the act of climbing up the hill, under the influence of Orpheus's lyre, when they suddenly stopped in their progress because the musician ceased to play. Humble as the town is, it yet can boast of a harbour, defended by piers, and capable of holding fifty sail of fishing vessels. More than two hundred feet above these houses, measured in a perpendicular line, is an irregular pile of buildings, that at one time was both a monastery and a fortress, though now degraded—so both the romancer and antiquarian must term it—into a private habitation.

While I was still enjoying at the same time my breakfast and the distant prospect—for St. Michael's Rock was situated on the opposite side of the Bay—a stranger entered the room, which, be it remembered, was open to all who chose to use it, for in these excursions I ever eschew with right good will that peculiarly English custom of ensconcing myself in a private chamber, and shunning all intercourse with unknown folks, as if every one, who had not a regular card of introduction, must needs entertain a design upon one's pocket. On such occasions it is my wont to mingle as much as possible with the inhabitants of whatever locality I may chance to be in; and most heartily do I recommend it to all travellers to fling aside those abominations called *Guide Books*, *Handbooks*, *Roadbooks*, "*aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*," and trust to their own eyes, ears, and mother wit, and such scraps of information as the charity of the natives may be willing to afford.

The stranger, I have just been speaking of, was a tall, stout, middle-aged man, whose manners, though tinged with a degree of rusticity, still evinced the gentleman. The same might be said of his dress; it was not exactly in the height of fashion, and it had even a touch of quaintness about it, but still it was the habit of one who belonged to the superior class of commoners.

In a few minutes we had got into an animated converse, growing naturally out of the season and the various objects of interest around us, and I soon found that my good fortune had provided me with an excel-

lent pilot for these parts. As regards Cornwall, his information was so minute as well as extensive, that he strongly reminded me of that chapter in a certain tour, which the learned writer headed, "*De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*" He laughed heartily when I told him of my adventures the night before, and added, that I might think myself lucky in having set up my pilgrim-staff at Pezance, rather than any other place.

"In any part of Cornwall but this," he said, "you would have missed the sight, for this fire-worship, if I may so term it, is no longer practised anywhere, save in the towns and villages of Mount's Bay. By the bye, have you been on the Chapel Roek yet—St. Michael's Mount I mean, just opposite to us on the other side of the water?"

"Not yet," I replied; "but I was just thinking, when you came in, of hiring a hoat for the purpose."

"Not the least occasion. Have you never heard our old ballad of the Mount?"—

"Both land and island twice a day,
Both fort and port of haunt."

In less than half an hour, the tide will run out far enough for any one to pass dry-footed to St. Michael's, which you must know is the case twice a day for three or four hours during the ebb—unless indeed the weather is unusually rough and stormy; when that is the case, the little isthmus remains covered with water for days together, and for so long the rock is, as you now see it, a complete island. But perhaps you are no friend to long walks when an easier mode of conveyance is to be had? If so, as my time is pretty much at my own disposal just now, we will take a hoat or a chaise at once, and I will have the pleasure of accompanying you in the excursion—always supposing that you do not object to an associate."

"So far from objecting, I feel myself much indebted to you for the offer."

"And in what way shall the trip be made? for myself, I am equally ready to walk, ride, or row, as you may prefer."

"By hoat then, since you leave it to me to choose. The water looks so green and tempting, and there is such a delightful breeze—"

"Which, however," interrupted he, "is right against us, for the wind has veered round within the last ten minutes. But never mind for that, two stout pair of arms will take us there as well; or, if not quite so rapidly, you will only have so much the more time to enjoy your short trip across the bay."

Accordingly, a boat was procured, and in a few minutes we were flying across the water as fast as the strength of two sturdy fishermen could impel us, the oars bending all the while in their hands, or seeming to bend, like willow rods. If, however, the way had been ten times longer, it would have seemed but too short with such a companion at one's elbow. He had a legend for every cave, a tale for every headland; and when he left the fabulous for the real, the fancies of superstition for the natural products of land and water, he was no less at home, no less eloquent and inexhaustible. I have many a time since, when recalling my Cornish friend to memory, been puzzled to comprehend how he could impart so much information, and of such varied kinds, in so short

a space of time. What may seem still more surprising was, that his communications had not half the weight and importance with me at the moment that I have found them to possess when I afterwards came to reflect upon them. I was fascinated by the light, easy, gossiping tone in which he imparted everything, no matter what the subject might be; but it was even this sense of amusement that made me look upon him at the time more in the light of an amusing, than an instructive companion. This, however, is hardly the place to attempt—and it might perhaps be a poor one—to give the details of the conversation which so much enchanted me.

"I could have wished," he said, after having descanted upon the various sorts of fish with which the bay abounded—"I could have wished that you had visited us a month earlier, or a month later; in the one case you would have witnessed the FURRY, and in the other you would have learnt something of our pilchard fishery, which is a matter of no little importance in these parts."

"Furry!" exclaimed I; "the word is not altogether a stranger to me, and yet so indistinctly does it float upon my memory, that in trying to recollect its meaning I seem to be catching at a shadow, which defies every attempt to fix it."

"Let me help you out then," he replied. "The Furry is now confined to Helston, and takes place on the eighth of May, at which season the day is ushered in at a very early hour by the music of drums and kettles, and all manner of incongruous sounds. Woe to the unlucky wight who should have a taste for working on this festival, and is detected in such a breach of the Furry laws. Be his condition what it may, the merry-makers seize upon the delinquent without ceremony, set him astride a pole, and bear him to the river, which they compel him to try and leap across, under pain of being flung into it should he prove refractory. In any case his chance is not much, for you may be sure the part they choose is neither the narrowest nor the shallowest, the object indeed being to give him a sound ducking."

"Cool work," said I, "for the month of May, if it be such a season as I have known for the last ten years."

"Compound then," replied he, laughing; "compound, if you like it not, our Cornish chonghs are reasonable, and will gladly let you off on payment of a modest fine. But let me go on with my story. About nine o'clock in the morning our revellers proceed to the Grammar School, where they demand a holyday for the boys; and this being granted as a matter of right and custom, they go round from house to house collecting money—how to be laid out, I need not tell you. They then *fade*—that is, go—into the woods and fields, where they pass the time till mid-day, when they return to Helston, with flowers and oak-branches in their caps, and 'till dusk continue dancing hand in hand through the streets to the sound of fiddles, that play a tune peculiar to the occasion. By the privilege of old custom they *thread* the houses of all classes at their pleasure, that is they dance in at one door, and out at the other, and I don't think they ever find any one cynical enough to oppose them. Many even of the better file, not so many years since, were as fond of this sport as their neighbours. In the afternoon they would visit some farmhouse in the vicinity, whence, having regaled themselves with syllabubs, they would return to town, and dance the *fade-dance* as merrily as the

rest. A few years since that time, fashion seems to have made a sort of compromise with custom, by which either gained or lost something. According to that mode, a select party at a late hour in the evening would pass rapidly through the street, and re-appear quickly in the drawing-room, where they met their friends and danced till supper-time; in the long run however, this too has gone out of use, and the Furry is now chiefly celebrated by the humbler classes, with whom old customs ever remain the longest. But here we are at our landing-place."

Before us was a plot of green extending to the base of the hill, and the tide had run out so low that we could walk round the island, while in one part the retiring waters had left an isthmus of sand and pebble, about thirty or forty yards wide, and it may be eight hundred yards in length, which joined the rock to the mainland. The town, already mentioned, seemed to be inhabited chiefly, if not entirely, by fishermen, without much beyond the mere circumstance of novelty to attract attention. We at once therefore commenced our ascent by a steep craggy passage facing the north, and for the first time I began to think it would have been as well if the day had not proved quite so fine, for the beat of the sun was anything but welcome on such a journey. Gladly would I have compounded for a rough north wind and a soaking shower of rain. So on we went, "larding the lean earth," till about mid-way, we came upon a small battery, and near the summit, passed a second fortress of more formidable dimensions, both intended to protect the entrance of the bay below; at length we reached the very crest of the rock, and much to my surprise, found it entirely occupied by what my new acquaintance informed me were the remains of the fortress and the ancient conventual buildings; and sorely did they appear to have been beaten by the rain, and buffeted by the winds for many centuries. The prospect from this elevated stance was magnificent, and scarcely capable of improvement, even by being seen from the leads of the tower to which we now ascended. At this enormous height sea and land lay spread out before us as in a panorama, the individual objects of sight diminished it is true in size, but infinitely multiplied in number from the extension of the horizon. Miles of down, wood, garden and villages, seemed to occupy a very small space; the sea alone retained its usual proportions, or, I should rather say had increased them; it had, if possible, grown more vast, more magnificent as a whole, though the gentle swell of its waters was no longer perceptible from this height, and the largest of the little fleet of fishing-vessels seemed to be not much larger than the tiny models which children launch in sport upon some pond or streamlet.

"What think you of the prospect?" asked my companion.

"Beautiful! magnificent!" I exclaimed.

"And yet if you had witnessed what I have upon the sea yonder, you might perhaps be less enthusiastic in your admiration."

"You mean, I suppose, in the stormy season when shipwreck and loss of life must be frequent on such a coast as this?"

"I mean when the weather has been no less fine than it is to day, and the bosom of the sea was heaving as gently as a woman's when she slumbers."

"Indeed! that I should hardly have expected."

"It is true, however—over-true—for it involves the loss of one of

my oldest friends ; and what makes it particularly painful is that I was an involuntary spectator of the whole affair."

Seeing him pause, I did not venture for a short time to disturb him, but as this silence grew every moment more awkward I at last said, " if the subject is not too unpleasant to you I must confess myself not a little curious to know how it all happened ?"

" Well," he replied, " it might not be much if you read the story in the newspapers while sitting over your breakfast by a London fire-side ; but here upon St. Michael's Rock, in sight of the very waters where it took place, it may give you a momentary thrill—unless," he added with a peculiar smile—" unless you chance to be very hard-hearted."

I denied the imputation, and begged he would proceed, with the certainty of having a sympathizing auditor.

" Be it so then. An early friend of mine had come down to these parts with his wife and two sons, both grown up, his object being to see our tin-mines, and whatever else he might find worthy of notice. Through the greater part of the excursion I was their companion, and you will easily suppose that under my guidance they did not omit seeing St. Michael's Mount. And well would it have been for them, had they contented themselves with what might have been seen ashore, but after having fully discussed the wonders of the Mount, nothing would satisfy them but they must have a sail upon the water, to which indeed there was sufficient temptation in the weather. It was just such a day as it is now, and very nearly the same time of year. As Mrs. Weldon—for that was the lady's name—declined joining her sons and husband in the proposed trip, from fear of sea-sickness to which it seems she was at all times very subject, I agreed to stay behind with her ; and it was farther arranged that on their return they should have a Cornish dinner in the cottage of a fisher-wife, an old acquaintance of mine. I would fain have persuaded them to take a boatman with them, but the young men were much too proud of their nautical skill to listen to such a thing, and as the weather was so fine I did not think it worth while to dwell upon the suggestion, the less so as my friend expressed the utmost confidence in his sons' experience of such matters. Neither did the way in which they started, at all belie these promises ; they got afloat in sailor-like fashion, and altogether handled their boat like men who had been used to the work.

" ' They understand what they are about ?' asked the lady somewhat anxiously when our landmen-sailors had got to some little distance.

" ' Much better than they did about a Cornish dinner,' replied I. ' Now, what do you imagine would be your dinner, if I were to leave you to what most assuredly would be Martha's idea of a dainty meal ?'

" ' A pic, I suppose,' said the lady, ' full of all manner of good things ; for you know the old proverb ; if a certain black gentleman were to trust himself in Cornwall, he would infallibly be caught and baked in a pie.'

" ' But not in the hovel of a poor fisher-wife. I'll tell you what your dinner would be ; a dish of pilchards—rather a rank diet in any form to those unused to it, and certainly not improved by being chopped up, as they will be, with raw onions and salt, diluted with cold water ; this savoury mess to be served up with barley or oaten cakes, without the help of knife, fork, or spoon, Martha and her fraternity being of the opinion with the wild Arabs, that fingers are quite sufficient instruments to be employed in eating. It may perhaps however, help to reconcile you to this cookery when you hear that the fairness of the Cornish women, in spite of

constant exposure to so rough a climate is owing to the oily nature of their diet, in confirmation of which, some learned folks aver, that the same thing is observable in the inhabitants of the Malabar sea-coast, where a similar fish-diet occasions the like plumpness of form and delicacy of skin.'

"Mrs. W.'s face lengthened so considerably at these details, that I was fain to comfort her by explaining that I had already despatched Martha's eldest daughter to the nearest village to procure meat or poultry for our dinner, in case my friend should find the pilchards disagree with his palate. Having satisfied her mind upon this important point, we amused ourselves with walking round the rock, for it was now ebb-tide, and then crossed over to the mainland, where, if there was nothing particularly striking within a reasonable distance there was yet quite enough to occupy a stranger to the country in so fine a season. In this way we carried on, to use the sailor's phrase, very well till the hour previously fixed for dinner, when we strolled leisurely back to the Rock, and finding everything ready, began in the usual spirit of hungry folks, to be impatient for the return of our companions. On looking out for them, we perceived their little bark about a mile and a half off. At this moment, although the distant horizon was dotted over with vessels of all kinds, there was not a boat within half an hour's sail of them. Mrs. Weldon waved her handkerchief as a signal to them to return, and whether they saw it, or had made up their minds to come back, I cannot tell, but they tacked about, when, as if the wind had only waited for that moment, a sudden squall as violent as it was brief, struck the boat, which immediately upset, and plunged the whole party into the water. The young men, being unable to swim, must quickly have sunk, but that the father, who was an adept in the art, contrived most gallantly to keep them both afloat. It was manifest however, that so unequal a struggle could be of no long duration, and that it would be utterly impossible for him to bring them safe ashore. No time, as you may imagine, was lost in pushing off to their assistance, but these things are not the work of a moment even with the readiest and most willing; the fishermen had to be summoned, the boat to be got off, and then both tide and wind were against them. I should in vain attempt to paint the frightful suspense of the next half hour. Concluding I was much more likely to be in the way than to be of any service, I staid behind to pacify as far as possible Mrs. Weldon, who, bewildered by her terror, was screaming and imploring to go with the seamen to the rescue of her husband and children. It was now a race for life or death. The sturdy Cornishmen bent to their oars till their skiff seemed more to skim than cleave the waters. They had got to within thirty or forty yards of the drowning men. Involuntarily we cheered, men, women and children, all who had collected upon the shore, as if our voices could have reached them. The distance lessened to twenty yards—to ten—to little more than an oar's length—and in that moment they sank, never to rise again. Let me draw a veil over the scene that followed; it would give me much pain to describe, and afford you no pleasure to listen to it. You have doubtless,' he added, abruptly changing the conversation, 'heard of St. Michael's chair?'

Adapting myself to his altered tone, I replied in the words of the old ballad,

"Who knows not Michael's Mount and Chaire,
The pilgrim's holy vaunt?"

Yonder then it is—that small projection over the battlements of the

tower, which cannot better be described than in the words of our learned historian, Polwhele. He tells us, "it is a chair composed of stones projecting from the two sides of the tower battlements, and uniting into a kind of bason for a seat just at the south-western angle, but elevated above the battlements on each side, having its back just within, and hanging high over the rocky precipice below."

"In the name of Heaven," exclaimed I, "of what use can such a seat be?"

"That," he replied, "depends entirely upon whether you speak of the past or the present. If you speak of the past, then I answer that this chapel was at one time much resorted to by pilgrims, many of whom having stronger nerves than their brethren would complete their devotions at the Mount by seating themselves in the chair, and there *showing themselves as pilgrims to the country round*. If it were not a pity to mar so pleasant a legend, I would add that some wise folks have determined the said chair to be no chair, but the remains of a lantern, in which the monks lighted up a heacon for the mariner at night, or when the weather was hazy."

"But you talked of a more modern use attached to this uncommon seat."

"Why, the good dames of the neighbourhood do say, that if a wife has the courage to sit in it, she will ever after govern her husband; if the husband be the first to get there, then he will be master of his wife, the rule being, first come first served. I remember hearing a story of this kind when a boy, which, as you look so laudably inquisitive, I must needs repeat to you.

"Once upon a time there lived at Market Jew, or Mazarion—the town you see below yonder—a certain cobbler, who, being just married to a young woman, most vehemently suspected of an inclination to wear the breeches, he the said cobbler did incontinently set off to take possession of St. Michael's chair. This, you can see yourself, is an adventure of some little peril, and the rather as when in the chair, you must turn round before you can get fairly seated. Now our Crispin was by no means a bold man; in fact he was somewhat of a coward, and he had scarcely been there a minute, with his feet dangling in air, and the sea raging so many hundred yards below him, than his nerves failed him altogether. He became sick and giddy, and would gladly have escaped to the firm rock, but he had not courage enough to rise and turn round, which he must do if he meant to reascend. To make matters yet worse, the wind began to be boisterous, and the sea-gulls flew about in all directions screaming like so many evil spirits that rejoiced in the approaching storm. The poor cobbler roared out lustily for help; but what was the use of roaring, though he had possessed the voice of a dozen bulls, when not a soul was within hearing by a good mile at least? At length, as luck would have it, his new bride climbed the rock upon the same errand that had brought him there; and no sooner did she spy her husband, than guessing how matters stood she determined to take advantage of them.

"'So you are there, sir,' she exclaimed. 'Well a day! then it's like I've got a master, and neither tongue nor nails will help me.'

"'Is it you, Mary?' cried the cobbler. 'In the name of all the saints, lend a hand to help me up. If I stay another minute in this accursed seat—St. Michael forgive me for saying so—do, Mary, that's a love—that's a darling. I shall fall—I know I shall.'

" 'Get up then, Martin Bray—get up.'

" 'But I can't turn round.'

" 'And what ails you then, that you can't turn round? have you got the rheumatiz' in your bones?'

" 'I'm afeard, Molly. Oh, oh! for the love of heaven, help me up. I'm falling, I'm falling!'

He was indeed, and only just in time the bride caught him with a nervous grasp. Thus supported, he would fain have scrambled up, but this she had determined should not be without terms, and the same hand that held him up, kept him still a prisoner in the chair.

" 'Not so fast,' said she; 'before you leave that seat you must say your catechism.'

" 'Bless your dear face, Molly, I know nought of catechism.'

" 'Oh, yes you do,' replied the inexorable Molly; 'all good husbands do, and I am determined you shall be a good husband.'

" 'I will, I will,' cried the poor cobbler; 'a double-soled one.'

" 'Well, then; first, you promise and vow never to contradict me in anything.'

" 'Oh, yes.'

" 'I am to have my own way in everything?'

" 'Oh, dear! yes.'

" 'The key of the pantry, the key of the cash-box, the key of —'

" 'Yes, yes.'

" 'To go where I please, and when I please; no questions asked?'

" 'Yes, yes.'

" 'I am to be master and mistress up stairs and down stairs, in bed and at board?'

" 'I swear it, by St. Michael and St. Kevyn, and all the saints in the calendar.'

" Hereupon the triumphant bride landed him once again safely upon the rock, and he lived ever afterwards a henpecked, but a prosperous cobbler; for if the rule of Mary was somewhat despotic, it was yet exercised with much judgment in all worldly matters, so that the young women were wont to quote their example as a proof how much better it was for husbands to submit themselves to the government of their wives.

" And now what say you? have you a mind to essay St. Michael's chair? "

" Not the least occasion," I replied; "I'm not a Benedict, and if ever I should be so—no offence to St. Michael—I trust to rule my wife without his help."

" There is no use then," he said, "in staying here any longer. You have seen all that is worth seeing; and, as I have still two or three days on my hands, we'll go over to the Scilly Islands."

" With much pleasure."

" Come along then; the tide is with us, the wind is fair, and we ought not to be more than six or eight hours at the utmost in getting there, unless the breeze should desert us—of which there seems little fear, for it's fresher now than when we started."

What we saw in these so much talked-of islands, must form a chapter in our next number.

AN APPARITION.

I have often thought that a very useful, as well as amusing volume might be written on the various absurdities which have at different times and places been fully believed in by that rational and reasoning animal—man—so at least he is pleased to think himself. It is curious to see how superstition has had its ebbs and flows; and then again how it has stood still. Or, to vary my metaphor, it is not a little amusing how, when reason has with infinite pains and toils driven out one kind of credulity, another has on the moment started up to take its place! and all this without saying anything of the constant recurrence of old and exploded beliefs under new names; so much so indeed, that there is scarcely a popular error of the day, but what may be traced to other times. Some day or another, *diis faventibus*, I may venture upon such an attempt, unless an abler hand should forestall me in my purpose. In the meanwhile, I submit to the reader the following well-authenticated story, which I picked up amidst the dusty records of the British Museum.—*Leges et perlege.*

"On Tuesday, August 26th, 1679, one John Nibb, a very sober fellow, and servant to one Shearles, the carrier of Cirencester, accompanied with five passengers, about two miles eastward of Abbington, on their way to London. The sun had not rose hardly a quarter of an hour, but towards the south part of the horizon appeared the perfect similitude of a tall man in blackish habit, his right hand guarded with a broadsword stretched towards the south, and walked slowly that way; all which was seen by the parties above named: but it soon vanished, and in its place the sky appeared in the form of water or sea; and fishes of divers shapes were perfectly discerned to leap as it were out of the water and fall into it again; it then looking as a perfect calm at sea, which on a sudden began to be a little disturbed, as if with wind, and immediately upon that appeared about one hundred ships of several bignesses and several fashions of building; out of which fleet was discerned some small ships that continually sailed to and from the fleet, as if they had been sent out as advice-ships, or had come in to give account of the condition of an enemy. This fleet continued in perfect view near a quarter of an hour, to the great amazement of the beholders, after which the sky was for some time perfect clear; and then appeared the perfect form of a very great hill, whereon was discerned in several places the forms or representations of little villages and several woods; but the most part of the hill was plain, or rocky. On the plain part of it was clearly discerned about thirty horsemen well armed with pistols and carbines, and marched on the plain side of the hill towards the villages at a full trot, and by the shadow of a rising ground from the said hill, the sight of them was quickly lost, and the sky as it were, folded itself up, and the hill disappeared."

Strange News from Berkshire.



POPULAR RHYMES, SAYINGS, PROVERBS,
 PROPHECIES, &c., &c., &c.,
 PECULIAR TO THE ISLE OF MAN AND THE MANKS PEOPLE.

THE MANKS AND THE SCOTCH WILL COME SO NEAR AS TO THROW THEIR
 BEETLES AT ONE ANOTHER,

A traditional prophetic saying used in the north of the island. It is stated in "Hollinshed's Chronicles of Scotland," that Agricola, the Roman general, wanting vessels to carry his army over from Scotland to the Isle of Man, such as could swim and knew the shallow places of the coast, made shift to pass the gulph, and so got to land, to the great wonder of the inhabitants.

The land is assuredly gaining yearly on the sea in the point of Ayre; and the *northerns* look forward to their saying being ultimately fulfilled, notwithstanding there is yet some twenty miles to fill up.

LIKE A MANKS CAT, HAS'NT A TAIL TO WAG,

Spoken of a person who is totally unable to clear himself from the imputation with which he is charged.

THE ARMS OF MAN ARE ITS LEGS.

A punning proverb. A valued correspondent in the Isle informs me that the only Manksman mentioned in history, was one that *ran away*. If so, he kept the arms, or rather the *legs* of his nation well in his remembrance, probably he was acquainted with the following rhyming truism:—

"He who fights and runs away,
 Lives to fight another day."

AS EQUALLY AS THE HERRING'S BACK BONE DOETH LIE IN THE MIDST OF
 THE FLESH,

This expression forms one section of the oath administered to the Deemster; which oath being rather unique, I quote in full:—"By this book, and the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I, A. B., do swear, that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle, justly betwixt our Sovereign Lady the Queen and her subjects within this Isle, and betwixt party and party, *as indifferently as the herring's back bone doth lie between the two sides.*" The Deemsters, of whom there are two, are the supreme judges, both in cases of common law, and life and death. The office is of very high

antiquity; and is mentioned in the statute book so early as the year 1422; they are styled in the ancient Court Rolls, JUSTICIARIJ DOMINI REGIS, and derive their name from the original nature of their office, which was "to deem the laws truly to the parties" in any question of doubt.

The saying will no doubt remind the Manksman of *his duty*, as well as the judge, by this allusion to his almost *daily dish*.

DO AS THEY DO IN THE ISLE OF MAN,
WHAT'S THAT? THEY DO AS THEY CAN.

In the bishoprick of Durham, we have a saying, anent a small out-of-the-way uplandish hamlet towards the head of Teesdale, which we are rather guilty of using (although in a jesting manner) when we hear any of our neighbours complaining of their larder being nearly empty, to wit, "*You must do as they do at Kelton when they have nothing to eat*." Very poor consolation this for an empty stomach, I trow.

DUKE OF ATHOLL,—KING OF MAN,
IS THE GREATEST MAN IN ALL THIS LAN.

Nisbit, in his "Heraldry," vol. ii, p. 201, says, "I shall conclude with the opinion of all the great lawyers in England who have had occasion to mention the Isle of Man; namely, that it is a royal fief of the crown of England, and the only one; so that I may say without censure, that if his Grace the Duke of Atholl is not the richest subject of the king of England, he is the greatest man in his majesty's dominions." Besides the title of the Duke of Atholl, the following honours are thickly strewn upon the ancient family of Murray:—Captain General, Governor, and Lord Proprietor of the Isle of Man; Marquis of Tullibardine and Atholl; Earl of Tullibardine, Atholl, Strathgairn, and Strathardle; Viscount Glenalmond and Glenlyon; Baron Murray of Tullibardine, Balvenie and Gask; Lord of the Isle of Man; Constable of the Castle of Kinclaven; and hereditary keeper of the Palace of Falkland. His English titles are, Earl Strange, Baron Strange, of Knockyn, co. Salop, and Murray, of Stanley, co. Gloucester. The family of Murray made a complete surrender, after long negotiations, which commenced as early as 1726, into the hands of the English government, of all their rights in the island, in 1829; receiving in the whole £416,114 sterling.

George Augustus Frederick John Murray, living 1849, is the sixth Duke of Atholl.

MANNAGH VOW CLIAHTEY, CLIAHTEY, NEE CLIAHTEY, COE!

That is, if custom is not indulged with custom, custom will weep!

Manksmen are very tenacious of any deviation from an ancient custom, and commonly make use of this exclamation.

P. B. nr. D.

M. A. D.

THE BOWLING ALLEYS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Not a little surprising is it to observe how many of our national customs and pastimes, when they have grown out of fashion amongst ourselves, migrate to some other land, whence, in the due course and current of time they return under a foreign name, and claim to be of foreign parentage. A few years ago, all London—that is to say, all the dancing portion thereof, a multitudinous category!—was well nigh rendered frantic by an excessive passion for the waltz; lackaday! the poor blinded creatures whose brains—supposing them to have had brains—were dizzied by this continued whirl and circumgyration, knew not they were deluded by the Germans, and that the waltz was in very truth the *larolta* of their great, great, great grandmothers, thus graphically described by an old poet, Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra, or, a Poem on Dancing*.

“ Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embraces bound.”

A note upon this passage explains that the *larolta* is here intended. I need hardly add, what the name itself sufficiently approves, that we received the dance from Italy. But I am “shooting compass,” as a bowman might say, instead of direct to the white I should aim at. The truth is, my attention hath been much caught of late in perambulating the streets of this our metropolis, by numerous bills and painted boards, stating that within are excellent *American* bowling alleys; as if the game of bowls had come to us from the western world! Now, I never much grudged the Yanikees, or Yankees, the false fame of having invented steam-navigation, albeit they might with equal truth have pretended to the discovery of the compass, or the telescope, or gunpowder, or the integral caleulus, but I must own that “*bile tumet jecur*,”—my liver overfloweth with bile—when I find these *novi homines*, these people of yesterday, attempting to rob old England of her ancient games and pastimes. If my memory deceiveth me not, Sebastian Cabot first discovered the North American continent in the year 1497, about six years after the discovery of South America, by Columbus; but it was not till the reign of Elizabeth that Sir Walter Raleigh first planted a colony in the south part thereof, which he called Virginia, in honour of the virgin-queen Elizabeth, who began to reign in 1558. Now, it so chanceth that there doth exist a manuscript of the 13th century, in which we find a representation of a game played with bowls, and therefore, at least two hundred years before any Englishman played, or worked either, in America * Indepen-

* I have mentioned this MS. upon the authority of Strutt (Sports and Pastimes), which after a long search amidst the treasures of the British Museum, I learnt was deposited within the Bodleian, at Oxford. While I am upon this subject, it must be permitted me in behalf of the reading public, to call attention to a dangerous error into which

dently of this authority, we have many other instances quite sufficient for our purpose, though not going back to the thirteenth century. Thus Stow in his *Survey*, published in 1603, tells us that "on the right hand (at Whitehall) be divers faire tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, and a cocke-pit, all built by King Henry VIII."* In another part of the same work we are told, "This Northumberland House, in the parish of St. Katharine Coleman, belonged to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in the 33 of Henry VI; but of late, being left by the Earles, the gardens thereof were made into bowling alleys, and other parts into dicing houses, common to all commers for their money, there to bowle and hazard. But now of late, so many bowling-alleys and other houses for unlawful gaming have beene raised in other parts of the citie and the suburbs, that this their ancient and onely patron of misrule is left and forsaken of her gamesters, and therefore turned out a number of great rents, small cottages, for strangers and others."†

In addition to these historical records we find in the old ballad of "The Squyr of low degre," imprinted by William Copland, an allusion to the same pastime. The "King of Hungry," after having promised his daughter hawks and hounds, and all manner of recreations and splendour to appease her grief for the absence of her beloved squire, winds up a tolerably long list of such gifts, by saying that

"The nightingale sitting on a thorne
Shall synge you notes both even and morne;
An hundreth knightes truly tolde
Shall play with bowles in alayes colde,
Your disease to drive awaie."‡

Now, true it is that this volume beareth no date; but the latest of Copland's publications was in 1561, so far as we know from his title pages; and the *Squyr of lowe degre* was one of his earliest, if we may trust to the style and manner of the print. At all events, it must have been very early indeed in the reign of Elizabeth. Again, not to multiply instances more than is needful, we find the same topic enlarged upon in

A PARALLEL 'TWINX BOWLING AND PREFERMENT.

"Prcfirm, like a game at boules,
To feede our hoope hath divers play;
Hecere quick it runns, there soft it rowles,
The Betters make and shew the way."§

the custodians of the MSS. in the British Museum have been betrayed, doubtless by their over-zeal and anxiety. All the most valuable MSS. they have placed under glass-cases, where the air can only imperfectly get at them, the consequence of which is,—as any discreet housewife would have predicated—that they have become seriously injured by mildew. The volumes I waded through in my search were many of them in this state, and the more volatile colours of the illuminations had, as an inevitable result, considerably faded.

* Stow's *Survey of London*, p. 496, Folio, London, 1633.

† *Idem*, p. 158.

‡ The *Squyr of lowe degre*, Sig. B iv.

§ Meaning—to use the language of those days—the Betters *gave aim*, or, in other words, stood near the butts, to direct the casters which way they should bowl, as also to prevent foul play. In regard to this matter, an old writer on archery says.—"Touching the giving of Ayme, I cannot tell well what to say, onely that in a

As upper ground, so great Allies,
Doe many cast on their desire;*
Some up are thrust, and forced to rise,
When those are stopped that would aspire.

"Some, whose haste and zeale exceed,
Thrive well by rubs that curb their haste;
And some that languish in their speed,
Are cherish'd by some favour's blaste,
Some rest on other's cutting out,
The same by whom themselves are made;
Some fetch a compasse farr about,
And secretly the marke invade.

"Some get by knocks, and so advance,
Their fortune by a boysterous aime,
And some, who have the sweetest chance,
Their Mist[†] hitt, and win the game.
The fairest casts are those that owe,
No thanks to Fortune's giddy sway;
Such honest men good Bowlers are,
Whose owne true Biass cuts the way.

W. S.†

In these remarks I have gone no farther back than the reign of Henry VIII., which indeed was quite enough for our purpose; but, truly speak-

strange place, it taketh away all occasion of foule play, which is the onely commendation it can require. But in my judgment, it hindereth the knowledge of shooting, and maketh men more negligent, which eclipseth the former glory; but allow it (as men would have it), you must trust to your owne skill, for you cannot take ayme at another man's shoot (i. e., by another man's shot), nor at your owne neyther, because the weather will alter in a minute, and that, sometimes, at one mark, and not at the other."—*The Art of Archerie*, chap. xxi, p. 158; 12mo, London, 1634.

* I have transcribed these two lines from the original M.S. with much care, but must confess myself unable to give a satisfactory explanation of their meaning. Strutt, who quotes them in his *Sports and Pastimes*, alters *as* into *on*, but without assigning any reason, and without, so far as I can see, improving the sense.

† i. e., Mistis, or Mistress. Strutt here again, I know not wherefore, has deviated from the MS., and writes *enemies*.

‡ These initials, W. S., probably stand for W. Strond, whose surname is appended at full length to a sonnet that precedes this parallel; and one of such quaint prettiness withal, that, although no great lover in general of the idle tinkling of rhymed poesie, I must needs present to the reader so dainty a morsel.

A SONNET.

"My love and I for kisses play'd;
Shee would keepe stakes, I was content;
But when I wonn she would be pay'd,
This made me aske her w^t she meant:
"Nay since I see (quoth she), you wrangle in vaine,
Take your owne kisses, give me mine againe."

Both these little poems will be found in a MS. volume, by Justinian Paget, a lawyer, a common-place book in fact, wherein the learned counsellor jotted down all matters that occurred to him, from a point on law or divinity, to the best lock against thieves. The MS., from the handwriting, evidently belongs to the time of Henry VIII., or Elizabeth. The poems occur at p.p. 40 and 41. See *Harleian Catalogue*, in British Museum. Press mark, 1826.

ing, the pastime of bowls existed in the reign of Edward III., as appears by his proclamation to put it down on occasion of its having grown to an excess. Being, however, unable to discover this proclamation, in any known collection of such matters, I lay no stress upon it in the way of proof; the less, perhaps, that my argument does not need it.

Quarles, also, in his "Emblems" (1634), gives a description of bowling, and one of so lively and graphic a nature as precludes the necessity of any farther explanation. I am the rather induced to give this at some length, as the writer of an otherwise very able article upon Bowling Alleys has not altogether rightly interpreted the emblem in question.* He says, "There was the soul of the Christian typified as the Jack, while the Father of Lies (and false biases) in all his mythic terrors of horns, tail, and hoofs ('decidedly graminivorous and ruminant,' as Cuvier says), was bowling maliciously at the endangered soul, while a rival stood near, of a nature too holy to be lightly alluded to in a sketch like this." But, in truth, the description and interpretation of the emblem are these:—Mammon, typifying *avarice*, plays at bowls with Cupid, who is symbolical of *lust*. The bowls are *evil thoughts*. The Jack is the *world*. On the left side, midway between the players and the object they aim at, is Satan who directs. Behind the Jack stands Fortune, holding out a fool's cap as a prize to the players. Below the picture is an inscription, "*Utriusque crepundia Merces*;" *the reward of either is a bauble*. Of this description there cannot be the least doubt, since Quarles himself so explains it in the lines accompanying the emblem, as the reader will see in the extract presently given. The meaning of the allegory is plain enough. Man pursues avarice or lust, being thereto incited by Satan, and the end, when attained, is mere sin and foolishness. Let us, however, hear what the emblematiser himself says in explication:

"Here's your right ground; Wagge gently ore this Black;
 'Tis a short cast; y're quickly at the Jack;
 Rubbe an inch or two; Two Crownes to one
 On this Boules side; Blow, winde; 'Tis fairely throwne;
 The next Boules worso that comes; come boule away;
 Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd—P'lay;
 Your last was gone; a yeard of strength well spar'd
 Had touch'd the Block; your hand is still too hard
 Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day
 Which without pastime flies too swift away!
 See, how they labour; as if day and night
 Were both too short to serve their loose delight;
 See how their curved bodies wreathe, and skruie
 Such antick shapes as Proteus never knew.
 One raps an oath; another deales a curse,
 Hee never better bould, this never worse;

* *Morning Post*, Tuesday, September 25th 1849. This paper is exceedingly pleasant and well written; but the author, like most men of extensive reading, has trusted somewhat too much to his memory, and thus been led into an error which a duller spirit would easily have escaped. But

"non ego pœnis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura."

One rubbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and laughs :
The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes,
Sometime they whoope ; sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their Black-Santos* to the blushing skies."

"Close by the Jack behold Gill Fortune stands†
To wave the game ; See in her partial hands
The glorious Garland's held in open show
To cheare the Lads, and crowne the conq'rer's brouce ;
The world's the Jack ; the Gamesters that contend
Are Cupid, Mammon ; That judicious Friend
That gives the ground is Sathan ; and the Bowles
Are sinful Thoughts ; the Prize, a Crowne for Fooles."

BOOK I.—EMBLEM X.

Enough has been said, I should imagine, to establish the claims of England to the invention of bowls. It is possible that the error of the Americans may have originated in their confounding this game with the game of skittles, though the likeness between the two be not much more to the purpose than is the parallel so ingeniously instituted by Fluellen between the river at Monmouth and the river in Macedon. Skittles are essentially a Dutch pastime, and it is likely enough that some Hollander, indued in ten pair of breeks, did carry the same with him when he quitted his native fens for the banks of the Hudson.

Little more remains to be added upon this subject, except that the bowling-alleys were a natural offspring of the bowling-greens, to which our changeable climate was little suited. They had the advantage moreover of occupying little space, and were usually annexed to the residences of the opulent, as affording the most convenient means of healthy exercise and recreation. An old writer gives the following directions for suiting the bowl to the open or close ground, which, for ought I know, may advantage the bowlers of the present day, if they have knowledge of the same :—

"The first and greatest cunning to be observ'd in bowling, is the right chusing your bowl, which must be suitable to the grounds you design to run on : Thus for *close alleys* your best choice is the *flat bowl* ; second, for *open grounds* of advantage the round *byassed bowl* ; for *green swarths* that are plain and level, the bowl that is as round as a ball."‡

But besides these were bowling alleys attached to places of public resort, which soon degenerated into receptacles for the idle and dissolute and spread a taste for gambling amongst the younger part of the com-

* *i. e.* *Black-sanctus*, a sort of burlesque hymn in ridicule—profenely as well as foolishly—of the *SANCTUS*, or "*Holy, Holy, Holy,*" of the Roman Catholic Missal. It was accompanied by all manner of noises—"At the entrie we heare a confused noise like a Black Sanctus, or a house haunted with spirits, such hollowing, shouting, dancing, and clinking of pots, &c.—*Rowley's Search for Money*."

† Gill Fortune, *i. e.* Dame Fortune. But the quaint old moralist seems to have been led away here by a sort of play upon words—or rather a jingle of words—"Jack and Gill." To "give the ground," which occurs a few lines afterwards, is the same as to give aim, that is to say, to direct.

‡ The School of Recreation, by R. H. p. 75, 12mo. London, 1632.

munity. The invectives against them abound in writers of all kinds. Thus Gosson, in his "SCHOOLE OF ABUSE," exclaims,

"Common bowling-alleyes are privy mothes, that eate uppe the credite of many idle citizens, whose gaines at home are not able to weigh downe their losses abroade; whose shoppes are so farre from maintaining their play that their wives and children cry out for bread, and goe to bedde supperlesse often in the yeare."

All these things were no doubt true of the bowling-alleys in those days, and may possibly be true once again; but "abusus non tollit usum;" and moreover I hardly know of any amusement, however innocent in itself, against which similar objections have not been urged with equal vehemence.

MAJOR PÄCKE'S MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

IN the chancel of Prestwold Church, Liecestershirc, is a beautiful mural tablet to the memory of Major Päckc, who fell at Waterloo while leading his regiment to a successful charge against the Cuirassiers. The upper part contains a very fine bas relief of this memorable exploit, by Rossi, and the base has the following nervous and exquisite lines, of which a correspondent is exceedingly anxious to discover the author, whose name has unfortunately escaped the surviving relatives of the gallant soldier commemorated:—

"Though manly vigour withered in the bloom,
Has called thee early to the silent tomb
We will not weep for him who raised his hand,
To guard the glories of his native land,
And sealed, observant of his country's claim,
A life of honour with a death of fame!

Pride of thy parents! Gallant spirit, rest
In life beloved, and in the end how blest!
When wild ambition raised his banner high,
Fiercless and foremost thou hast dared to die,
And nobly won, on England's brightest day,
A victor-wreath that shall not fade away."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN EVENT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I send you the following interesting narrative for insertion in the "St. James's."

The mournful end of William de Maris, Son of the Lord Geoffrey de Maris, the Irish justiciary, was hastened by a broken heart, at the injustice of Henry III., in the undeserved fate of his son William, anno 1241.

It was under God's providence necessary that the present age should be attained through the iron rule of that of Feudalism; the effect of which was felt at intervals, both as a blessing and a curse. Where *might* was too often *right*, and where no amount of ancestral services performed towards the sovereign, could stay the anger and prejudice of those who ruled, or of the malignant envy of those subjects who thirsted for power, regardless of all consequences in such attainment, it is hardly to be believed, that the scion of a noble race like that of De Maris, would have left this world in religious mockery with a lie upon his lips. He was descended maternally by his great grandmother from a D'Alveto, a kinsman of the Conqueror's; his uncle Richard de Maris, dean of Salisbury, had gained by conciliatory and sensible measures and advice, the favour of King John, who made him Chancellor, and by his successor Henry III. after *twice* holding the Great Seal (the last time in conjunction with that excellent noble, William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke), was made bishop of Durham in 1217: he died the 1st of May, 1226.

William De Maris' ancestors had been signalized by unshaken loyalty and devoted services to their sovereigns, as well as by great skill and valour in the field, as was instanced by his father Sir Geoffrey, when justiciary of Ireland; who well knew how to deal with the Irish and to make the laws to be respected by them; Rapin says, that in 1230 he defeated the king of Connaught, made him prisoner, leaving 20,000 of his followers dead upon the field, though the Irish king thought to have accomplished great things at the time against the government, owing to the abstraction of a large portion of the English forces on duty in France and elsewhere, from that, even then, riotous and rebellious realm.

The subject of this notice, William de Maris, unhappily fell into Henry III.'s displeasure in the following way, and no effort was left by those foreign myrmidons and favourites to poison the king's ear, and to magnify, blacken, and distort, in the then powerfully disaffected state of the barons, the supposed delinquency of the individual. The reign of Henry, a weak, capricious, and most unjust prince, was characterized by great disaffection and turbulence amongst his barons, who were very naturally disgusted at the way affairs were carried on; and this can scarcely be a matter of surprise, when the injustice and wickedness of this monarch be considered: a prince that could reconcile the blotting out of heinous transgressions by means of a *bribe*, would hesitate at nothing, and it may be inferred that the dogged nobility of his victim in not compromising his character by such offering may have sealed his doom. This and the jealous hatred of De Neville, the chancellor, towards his family, possibly completed it; one thing is certain, that the doubt and hesitation of the authorities in carrying out the mockery of his trial gives too great a colouring to this supposition.

It seems, Henry and his queen were at Woodstock in 1237, and one night Margaret Bysset, one of the queen's maids, being late up reading, heard a noise in the antichamber as of some one walking, the floors being at that period strewed with rushes. In going to ascertain the cause she saw a person, who

proved to be a knight, stealthily seeking the king's chamber, upon which she shrieked out, and some men-at-arms came and arrested the individual, who, on being brought the next day before the authorities, exhibited the manners of a drivelling idiot, and after contributing to the amusement of the court for several days, was allowed to go at large.

However, he was a second time apprehended on a similar charge, and on being put to the torture, with a view of confessing who his instigators were, he named William de Maris and other influential men; of course, no sooner was this noised abroad, than de Maris, knowing the prejudice which would accompany his being there signalized as a traitor, flew to his stronghold, the Castle of Lundy, where, from his eagle's nest, he was enabled for a considerable time to defeat the machinations of the court favourites: at length an aid was levied on Devon and Cornwall to besiege his Island of Lundy, and four knights, with a force under their command, effected this service, and were excused payment of scutage for the king's voyage to Gascony thereon; they were Henry de Tracey, Alan la Zouche, Reginald de Valetort, and Geoffrey de Dynan. The service was completed by strategy, cutting off the island supplies, which enabled them at length to secure the person of the chief and his followers, feudatories of the De Marisco family, then, and subsequently, powerful barons in the west country, and in possession at one time of some forty territorial manors, of which a considerable portion of Huntspill, Camely, Persford, Bellaton, Eyton, Brean, the Holme, &c. &c., formed part. William de Maris, with his confederates was first incarcerated in the castle of Bristol, and afterwards transferred to the Tower of London. On the eve of St. James the apostle, in 1241, this chief was unhappily executed with sixteen of his followers; De Maris suffering the penalty of the law in the ordinary way. History tells us that the rest were dragged by horses' tails to the place of execution, and there suffered; De Maris, to the very last, after confessing all the transgressions of his life, utterly denied either his privity to the attempt on his sovereign's life, or the other crimes laid to his charge. The exemplary patience of the barons for forty years of this iniquitous reign, though the little regard Henry held for them, the continual breaking of his oaths, gave them but too much cause for umbrage. For the troubles that distracted this reign, the English are indebted mainly for the liberties and privileges they enjoy at this day. Had the barons been more passive, it may be justly supposed, that the two charters of King John, (and which De Maris' ancestors had assisted in obtaining) would have been buried in oblivion. The romantically situated castle of Lundy is some 500 feet above the sea, and commands the *only* access to the island, towards which not more than two or three men could walk abreast. It was once well populated, as its interior fences indicate, by the feudatories of its ancient lords, and many a tale of successful foray doubtless its castle walls could tell; its construction being of wedges of granite (of which the island consists), of various round towers surmounted by pinnacles, the whole of considerable area, and is a picturesque baronial stronghold. Two baronies by writ are vested in this primitively ancient house, one of 1172, and the other of 1302, and the latter had summons, the 35 Edward III, to attend the king at Westminster, to consider of methods to repel the Irish. But the glory of their ancient name and deeds have passed away, suffering deeply in their fortunes during the bloody wars of the roses, and the exterminating battles of Wakefield and Towton field in 1460 and 1461.

M.

CURIOSITIES OF GENEALOGY.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Dorchester, 20th December, 1849.

SIR,—The decay of noble blood in page 244 of your journal, reminds me of a tradition which prevails in Wiltshire,—that the last heir male of the Hunger-

ford race worked as a common collier in the coal pits of Redstock or Paulton, Somersetshire. Our Wiltshire Dallimores are said to have been the De la Meres of ancient chivalry: and I believe, that the liability of the noblest blood to degenerate might be easily established from the fact, that in most localities where distinguished names were once found, there they exist still, either pure or corrupted—either as surnames, or as Christian names.

Would not the often quoted history of Queen Anne's descent from a brewer's servant, prove a good subject for a paper in your Magazine? Miss Strickland does not clear away the mystery. The exiled Stnarts, she tells us, believed the tradition; and it has been revived from time to time in periodicals and newspapers. Many years ago I found an old parcel in Purton church, Wilts, where the chancellor's family had property, thrust behind a pew, and considered of no interest. It was a memorial of the chancellor's mother; the coats, Hyde; impaling, Langley; and had, most probably, formed part of the family pew. I called the attention of the incumbent to this unheeded relic, but with what success I know not. The tradition of the tub woman may extend a generation backward on the Langley side: Jacobite malice could never have concocted such a narrative without some foundation. I trust you will pardon this trespass on your time, for which I can plead no other excuse than the deep interest I have taken in all heraldic matters for five-and-thirty years.

A WILTSHIRE ANTIQUARY.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

Midsomer Norton, near Bath, December 15, 1849.

SIR,—In the last number of the "St. James's Magazine" a letter signed "Jonathan Oldbnck, Junr." was inserted, in which the writer expressed a wish for information respecting the male and female descendants of a Colonel Splidt. Some years since a gentleman of the name of Splidt resided at Stratford, in Essex; he was a Russian merchant, and a man possessed of large fortune; he married a native of Stratford, and died leaving one child, a daughter, who married a gentleman of the name of Lawrence.

I am not certain whether this gentleman is a direct descendant of the Colonel Splidt who is the object of your correspondent's inquiry; but I think there is much probability that such is the case, and with this impression I am induced to trouble you with this communication.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
PORTCULLIS.

* * A valued correspondent, *Lex*, is desirous of obtaining particulars of the family of Squire. About the year 1740, there were living a Job and Devereux Squire, who had a daughter Susannah, whose first husband was a Waldron. *Lex* would be much indebted to any of our genealogical readers who could aid his research as to the Squires, and who could favour him with the pedigree and arms of the Waldrons.

THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

FAIRY LAND.

SUPERSTITION is so natural to the human heart and mind that it has prevailed with little difference amongst all people, the most enlightened as well as the most barbarous, and it may still be said to linger amongst ourselves in despite alike of religion and infidelity ; even the spirit of utilitarianism, which has more than enough chilled the imagination of the modern world, has not been altogether able to extinguish this yearning for the supernatural. That it had its origin in ignorance may be readily admitted, but it was no less the source of all religions except the faith which was revealed by the Deity himself. At a time when men were little acquainted with the laws of nature it was to be expected that they would attribute elementary effects to hidden agencies, which hence became to them as gods ; it was Jove who produced the thunder, Æolus who bound or unloosed the winds, Neptune who controlled the sea, Apollo who lighted the day, and Diana who ruled the night. The same feeling peopled earth, air, and water, with spirits, and found a presiding deity for human passions and the good or evil accidents of human life ; the furies inspired remorse, Cupid or Venus filled the heart with love, and Somnus strewed the pillow or rest with poppies, and occupied the sleeper's brain with dreams. Even in the present day we retain the feeling, though not the name, for if we no longer believe in Fortune as a goddess, we are yet ready enough to attribute our bad or good success to a shadowy something which we call chance or accident. The plain truth is, that science has one belief, and the human heart another.

This doctrine in its full extent is indeed denied by Jacob Grimm ; but with all my respect for so learned and able a writer, I cannot get over my own strong conviction upon the subject. He says, with his usual eloquence, " From the gods, half gods, and heroes—the whole race of friendly or hostile beings, who, superior to men, spiritually or corporeally, fill up an interval between them and the deity—our attention is diverted to the simple appearances of natures, which have ever in their silent greatness exercised an immediate influence upon the human imagination

This original matter, penetrating all, embracing all, which has preceded the creation of everything, and which every where repeats itself, could not be otherwise than holy in its own right, without being considered in nearer relationship to the heavenly beings. Such a condition is absent from no mythology; but it does not prevent a certain peculiar reverence being paid, independent of it, to the elements. On the other hand, the real religion of a people has never sprung from the ground of this elementary worship; faith itself grows out of a mysterious fullness of transcendental ideas, which has nothing in common with this belief, but is subordinate to it. Still, however, faith allows a devotion to the elements to co-exist with herself; she mingles with it, and even when it has perished or been buried, can continue and maintain it among the people."

This is beautifully conceived, and eloquently, though somewhat darkly, expressed, but will have little weight with those who deny the transcendental philosophy, and are contented to believe that material effects must have had material causes, while the origin of the latter is wrapt up in the mystery of Omnipotence.

Like causes produced the same effects among the Scandinavians, from whom, though perhaps not in all cases directly, we have derived so much of our popular tradition. To give a minute history of all their wild and gloomy creations would far exceed any limits that we can reasonably propose to ourselves; but we may just shew so much of them as appears to bear upon the elfin mythology of England, which is the chief object of the present inquiry, but which cannot well be got at until a heap of other matter has been first cleared away.

Independently of the gods of Valhalla, the northern paradise, the Scandinavians acknowledged a multitude of inferior, but still supernatural beings. Heaven according to their creed consisted of several cities, and in one of these we find the *Light*, or *White Alfs*, who are more luminous than the sun; opposed to them were the *Black Alfs*, who were dark as pitch, and inhabited under various names the forest or the depths of earth. These latter were particularly hateful to Odin, one of whose great amusements was flinging his hammer at them. Besides these, were the *Nornir*, the Scandinavian Destinies, living also under the ash, *Ydrasil*, and somewhat remarkable from possessing one at least of the fairy attributes, though much more akin to humanity in their proportions. They were called *Udr*, or the Past; *Verthandi*, or the Present; and *Skulld*, or the Future; and it is their province to shape the lives of men. In addition, however, to these, were many other *Nornir*, who fulfilled the same functions, being some of celestial origin, others descended from the *Alfs*, and others again from the *Dwarfs*, as we are told in these verses:

"Sundry children deem I the *Nornir* to be;
The same race they have not.
Some are of *Æser*-kin,
Some are of *Alf*-kin,
Some are the daughters of *Dualin*."

We are farther informed that the future life of the infant depends upon the good or evil disposition of the *Nornir* presiding at its birth. But

now comes the difficulty—did the fairies borrow this trait from the north or from the south?

There is also a strong resemblance between the Dwarfs, or Duergar, and the Fairies, so far at least as the former may be considered identical with the Alfs. Goedmund, Torfeus, and a host of learned writers assure us—Heaven only knows how they came by the information—that these Duergar laugh, weep, hunger, thirst, and die like the rest of us; they are even possessed of souls, which is more than can be said of the fairies, and chiefly differ from mankind by superior wisdom, a spirit of prophecy, and matchless skill in the art of working iron. The weapons they forged, were so admirably tempered as to cleave rocks or cut through oaks at a single blow without damage to the edge, and were eagerly sought after by the greatest warriors, who usually obtained them from the dwarfs by fraud or violence. Indeed these iron-nerved warriors were, in most cases, no respecter of persons, and paid little reverence to the gods themselves. "Neither I, nor any of my companions," says a certain Gaukathor, "have any other religion than confidence in our own strength and constant success in arms, which to us seem quite sufficient." In the same vein another fierce warrior declares to Thorvaldus, "I give you to understand, that I believe not in images nor demons. Through many lands have I travelled, many giants and monsters have I encountered, but never was I overcome by them; hitherto therefore have I trusted to my own strength and valour." The people however were not always in the mood to endure such contempt of their deities; Hialto, the son of Skeggjus, was driven by them into exile, for reciting these verses in the public market-place:—

"I do not wish to vilify the Gods;
But to me Freia appears of no moment.
One thing alone is necessary;
Nor Odin nor Freia are of any import"—

Upon which Bartholinus truly enough observes, that their religious indifference proceeded from their contempt of death, an opinion very common among the more philosophical classes of the Romans. Much the same sort of doctrine is held forth by Plutarch in his essay on superstitions. "There is no fear," he says, "that keeps men from acting and makes them hesitate so much as superstition. He who does not sail, fears not the sea; he who is not a soldier, fears not war; he who stays at home, fears not thieves; nor are earthquakes feared in Gaul, nor lightning in Æthiopia. But he who dreads the gods, dreads every thing—earth, sea, air, skies, darkness, light, rumour, silence, sleep. Servants when asleep forget the threats of their masters; the fettered are freed by sleep from their chains; inflammations, wounds, cruel and creeping ulcers of the flesh, and the sharpest pains are alleviated by sleep; superstition alone permits not this to be said, nor suffers the mind ever to be at rest when agitated by troublesome notions of the deity. As in the region of the impious, so in the sleep of the superstitious, terrible images and monstrous sights arise. Death is the end of life to all men, but not to superstition, for it makes fear outlast life, and annexes to death the idea of immortal suffering, believing at the very time we are freed from evil we are entering upon evil without end."

Many of the weapons forged by the Duergar have left a name behind

scarcely less celebrated than the heroes who once wielded them. To such an extent was the reverence for these, or indeed for any good sword carried, that the most renowned chiefs, who appear to have had no other religion, swore by them, and well nigh considered them as gods. Not a few amusing legends in connection with such arms may be found in the old Scandinavian writers—for instance, the story told of Bodvar and his father's sword, Lövius. This wonderful weapon, like most from the same hands, had certain conditions attached to its possession; it was not to be drawn except for human slaughter, the handle must be turned downwards, and it could not be unsheathed thrice in the life-time of him who bore it, unless he were assailed. Three of the young hero's brothers had in turn endeavoured to detach the sword from the rock into which it had been plunged by their father just before his death; but although remarkable for strength, they had all failed in the attempt. It was now for Bodvar to try what he could do, when much no doubt to the surprise of his Herculean brethren, he managed it without the slightest difficulty, and thus armed he set out for the palace of a king, renowned no less for courtesy than for valour. Being overtaken by night upon his journey, he sought refuge at a humble dwelling in a forest, where he was hospitably received by the inmates, an old man and his wife, whose manner however betrayed that happiness was not always, as the poets would persuade us, the inhabitant of a cottage. In the course of the conversation he happened to mention his purpose of visiting the palace of King Hrolfus the next day, whereupon his host suddenly observed that he appeared to be a man of extraordinary thews and sinews.

"Many have found cause to say so," replied Bodvar, with a grim smile of assent.

"Ah!" sighed the old man; "if you were to hurl a bone at any one, you would be sure to kill him."

"Not unlikely," replied the hero; "but have you no fear; though the bones I have picked at your table were of a handsome size, I have no idea of requiting your hospitality by knocking out your brains with them."

The old woman burst into a flood of tears, howling so piteously that Bodvar, who had no ear for that sort of music, nor, indeed, for any music but the clashing of swords and axes, began to knit his brows, and demanded roughly what she meant. Hereupon the host seeing these dangerous signs of impatience, hastened to explain.

"I have," he began, "or, perhaps, I should rather say I had—for Woden only knows if he be still living—I had a son called Hottus. A poor simpleton he was, feeble of body, and somewhat faint of heart; but still he was our son, our only son, and we could not help loving him, the more perhaps that he had no one else to care for him. Well, the poor fellow one day took it into his head that he would go and see the palace of King Hrolfus; but the courtiers made a mock of his weakness, pelting him with bones; and there he still lies, either dead or living, in the middle of the royal hall, upon a pile of fragments from the dinner table."

Upon hearing this tale, Bodvar promised the aged couple speedy redress; and the next day going to the palace, he at once entered the hall and seated himself in the highest place. On looking round, he perceived Hottus upon the pile, as had been described, busily employed in entrenching himself with bones against the next attack. The hero's first act was to drag him from this retreat, strip him, and make him bathe in a cis-

tern close at hand, after which he placed him on the seat beside himself. The courtiers upon their return were no less astonished than indignant at the presumption of the stranger; and though at first somewhat awed by his stern looks and lofty stature, yet, when they found he gave no answer to their questions, they took heart, imagining him to be no less simple than his companion, in which unlucky belief they began to indulge themselves in their favourite amusement of throwing bones. Hottus terrified out of his wits, would have fled, but Bodvar held him back with a strong hand, and for a time seemed to be little moved at this new kind of warfare. At length a bone of unusual size was flung at him. This he dexterously caught in his hand, hurling it back again with such violence that the assailant fell dead. The courtiers instantly betook themselves to the King, who having heard their complaints decided in favour of the stranger, and rebuked them severely—"You have," he said, "introduced into my halls a froward custom, repeatedly forbidden, of overwhelming innocent men with bones, whence our dignity falls into contempt at home, and disgrace follows abroad." He then repaired to the banquetting-hall, where Bodvar still sate as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, and gave him a hospitable welcome. Satisfied with this reception and with the royal apologies for the bad conduct of the courtiers, Bodvar offered his services to kill a ferocious wild boar that for some time had been ravaging the land, and spread such dismay that no one dared to go forth against it. The proposal being graciously accepted, the warrior set out upon the adventure, and compelled Hottus to accompany him, in spite of all his efforts to escape from so dangerous an honour. Even his plea that the boar was no boar, but a witch who had assumed the shape of one, availed him nothing. His protector was inexorable. Together, therefore, they went, and no sooner had they come within sight of the enemy than Bodvar in a great hurry endeavoured to draw his sword. Lövius, however, refused to quit the scabbard, and Bodvar was forced to abide the witch's onset, finding himself in imminent danger before the weapon would allow itself to be unsheathed. Then, indeed, it leapt forth right willingly, and made short work with the sorceress; a few minutes sufficed to stretch her lifeless on the ground, when Bodvar obliged his companion by main force to drink of her blood, and eat a piece of her heart without the previous ceremony of cooking. This strange diet, which Hottus swallowed much against his will, made a new man of him. On the sudden he became so valiant, as well as strong, that he did not hesitate to tell his protector he now feared no man, not even himself, a declaration which the hero seems to have taken altogether in good part.

After many more adventures, which it would be foreign to our present purpose to relate, Bodvar died, and his good sword was buried with him according to the usual custom. It so chanced, however, that an Iclander, named Skeggius, returning from a piratical cruise, took a fancy to possess himself of the sword of another renowned chief, Hrolfus Krakius. This weapon, which bore the name of *Skofnung*, was poisoned, but in the hilt lay concealed an antidote, powerful in curing all wounds, however inflicted. As usual, certain conditions were annexed to its possession, in all of which it is not difficult to recognise a definite object. The hilt must never receive the sun's rays; the blade must never be drawn in the presence of women; when once unsheathed, it must be appeased with blood ere it was returned to the scabbard.

Though it was generally believed that such arms were jealously guarded by the deceased owners, Skeggrius did not hesitate to break open the hero's tomb, in which the sword had been deposited. More to the surprise than the pleasure of the pirate, he here found Krakius, with the formidable Bodvar and many of their companions, sitting bolt upright, with weapons in their hands, and to all appearance well disposed to do battle for their martial treasures. The fight with such enemies was too much even for the nerves of a pirate; he had recourse therefore to flattery, for, as our author gravely tells us, the dead can not only hear and speak, but are extremely greedy of posthumous fame. In the case of Krakius this was more particularly made evident, for no sooner did the Icelandic promise to spread his name far and wide, than he agreed to let him carry off his sword Skofnung. Not satisfied with this, the pirate turned to Bodvar and requested that he would give him his sword Lövius. But Bodvar, it would seem, was less open to flattery than his friend; he looked sternly at the daring intruder, and gave evident signs of an intention to rise and chastise his impudence, when Krakius good-naturedly interfered, and thus enabled him to bear away the one prize without any farther damage.

As a picture of those rude and warlike times such legendary fragments have a certain value, for enough of fact escapes in the midst of all this fable to throw a light upon manners which we should in vain seek in any other quarter. Many similar legends might be related of these cipherswords, for they constitute an important feature in the heroic fable of Scandinavia. Thus in the Edda we are told of the "sword of sharpness," wrought by the cunning smith, Velent, which has re-appeared, though with less of heroism, in our own fairy tales. The smith cuts through the body of his rival Emilius, but so dexterously that it merely seems to the latter as if cold water had run through him. "Shake thyself," said Velent. Emilius does so, when immediately the two halves of him fall asunder, and drop down on either side of his chair.

So far as these early times are concerned, the popular mythology is clear and distinct in all its parts, seeming thereby to indicate its having flowed from an original source. The case is much altered when we come to the introduction of Christianity; it mingled with, rather than superseded, the old superstition, its pure light being dimmed by the darkness it could not entirely overcome. This has produced much confusion, which has been not a little increased through the workings of time, the preternatural agents bearing one set of attributes in one age, and another in another; but as it is now no longer possible to trace the history of these changes, we are left to grapple with a mass of unintelligible contradictions. This will be seen more clearly in the following details.

Christianity had banished the Light-Alfar from Heaven, for though they possessed many of the qualities of the angels, they were undeniably of Pagan origin; they had sat under the ash Ydrasil with Woden and Freya, and were therefore classed by the church amongst the inferior evil spirits. The people however could never be brought to a genuine state of orthodoxy on this head; they persisted in believing that the beings of their old mythology might be divided into good and bad, corresponding in a lower degree with the nature of angels and demons, and while they gave up the halls of Valhalla, they yet retained their faith in the Light-Alfar and Black-Alfar. The former they supposed to inhabit the regions of air, dancing at midnight upon the grass, or sitting amongst the summer

leaves; the latter delighted to torment the human race, to whom their natures were irreconcilably opposed; in fact, they were not, as some writers have supposed, the personifications of evil, but the imaginary agents of those ills in the physical and moral world for which human ignorance could find no sufficient causes.

The Alfs are now little known under that name amongst the lower classes of the north, yet in that little we find distinct traces of the fairy. In the *Sol*, or Solver Islands, on the coast of Norway, they have been seen even within the last century. There they are described as being the size of children with caps on their heads, and are seen dancing upon the greenwood about a fire that springs from the earth, sometimes in a large ring, sometimes in many small ones, and always holding each other by the hand. Whoever chanceth to cross this charmed circle, becomes subject to their influence, and is sometimes, though not often, permitted to see them. Unless the gift be thus voluntarily bestowed, they are few who have this privilege, except Sunday-children, that is children born upon a Sunday. In the morning, marks have been found as if the turf had been singed, but such places revive in a short time, growing thicker and ranker than before. It is moreover dangerous to be breathed upon by them, the Alf-gust, or Elf-blast, being often fatal.

They have a partiality for particular spots, and yet more for large trees, which the owners in consequence forbear to cut, or in any wise injure, considering them as something holy, upon which depends the welfare of their farm and cattle. Certain diseases of the herds and flocks are ascribed to this portion of the Elfin race, and hence are called the *Elf-evil* and the *Elf-shot*, a belief which will not fail to remind the English reader of the popular superstitions of his own country. I shall, however, return to the Elves presently, when there will be an opportunity to treat of them more at large.

The name of *Underground People*, though sometimes specifically applied to a class, was yet in general supposed to comprise many kinds of spirits, such as Thusses, Teutones, Nisses, and Elves, a numerous race, that is to be found almost everywhere. Of these the largest are the Thusses, who have the stature of human beings, and live in hillocks and mountain ridges. In former times their numbers were so great that Christians could not inhabit Norway, and the land remained uncultivated, till at length the human beings found it expedient, to enter into alliance, and contract relationship, with them. Another Saga gives a somewhat different version of the matter. In this we are told that the thunder destroyed them; the myth, in either case, seems to refer to the country having been inhabited by a numerous people, who were either conciliated or expelled by a race of invaders. Such, indeed, we know from other sources to have been the case, the Teutones—who had emigrated from the East and settled in the Circassian regions—pouring forth once again from their hives, and under the guidance of Woden or Odin overswarming like a set of locusts both Germany and Scandinavia.

The whole race of *Underground People*, the dwarfs excepted, live chiefly by grazing cattle. When the shielings are deserted by their human brethren at harvest time, they move into them. Whole troops of these little grey men, may often be seen at night-time, employed in their pastoral avocations, driving before them numerous herds of cattle, while the females of the race carry milk-pails upon their heads, and children in their

arms. To assist them in guarding their flocks they have black dogs, which in Teleniak are called Huddebikiar, that is cattle-keepers. They live, moreover, in much splendour within the hills and mountain-tops, having fine houses, rich furniture, vessels, and other articles of silver, and, what seems strangest of all, they possess churches. In almost every point they resemble mankind; they are exceedingly social amongst each other, and hold good living in very Christian-like estimation. Yule-tide is a time of high festival with them. They marry moreover, and are given in marriage, and celebrate their weddings in high style, especially if the bride happens to have been abducted from the earth, a little peccadillo to which they are much inclined. On these occasions they invite their friends to the bridal, which always takes place upon a Thursday, and about the hour of midnight, when they set out for church with mirth and music. We are told how a peasant from the west once fell in with a procession of this kind, and, but for his prudence, had like Tom of Coventry paid dearly for his peeping; for the deceitful bride took the wreath from her head and held it out to him with a smile that it was no easy matter to resist. Fortunately for him his fears were too much for his passion, and he thus escaped being carried off by the elves, which would infallibly have been the case had he yielded to the temptation.

Tales of this sort are by no means confined to any one class of the *Underground People*, but would seem to belong to most of them, according as we shift the time and place. Some broad lines of distinction however occur, and these may now be worth considering.

The Thusses have already been enumerated amongst the *Underground People*. They are well-shaped, but somewhat exceptionable in their complexions, which is either blue or exceedingly pale. At sunset, and when the Thus-twilight begins, they would appear to awake to the business of life. At such times it is dangerous for any human beings, but more particularly for young women, to wander near their abodes, for they have an especial liking for the latter, and never fail to attempt enticing them within their influence by every kind of allurements. Many instances are related from the olden time of young girls who have been carried away by them to certain retreats in the hills, which hence have obtained the appellation of "*Fiddler's Knolls*."

They have also a great fancy for stealing children, and it is no uncommon thing for them to leave their own bantlings in the place of those they carry off, their own being neither so handsome nor so thriving. This fraudulent interchange however may be prevented by putting the cross upon the cradle, burning candles beside it, or placing in it bits of iron. The safest way however is to have the child christened, for then it is removed beyond the power of the *Underground People*. Some such sort of precaution is absolutely requisite, as the children who have been thus stolen, and have afterwards returned home, have seldom, if ever, prospered. If they have not died at an early age, they have rarely failed to become fatuitous, resembling in this respect the big-headed witless changelings left by the *Underground People*. And very unpleasant inmates are these same changelings. They are not only ugly in the extreme, but are apt to grow worse by indulgence, begging themselves off a beating one moment, and the next biting, scratching, screaming, and even swearing most horribly. When their real nature has been discovered, and the bereaved mother wishes to get back her own child,

she has only to adopt the following process, according to the orthodox belief of the olden time. Upon three several Thursday evenings she must treat the changeling, as whilom St. Dunstan is said to have treated the devil, that is to say, she must seize it by the nose with a pair of red hot tongs, the amount of pulling being left to her own discretion, a practice, which it is said—we hope falsely—is occasionally resorted to even in the present day. On the third evening the *Underground Mother* appears, leaves the stolen child, and carries off her own bantling.

In some localities, the milder process of whipping the changeling thrice on a Thursday eve, is held to be sufficient. But here again we stumble upon another of those contradictions so frequently occurring in fairy mythology. In the instances just given, it is evident that Thursday was a time of dread to the *Underground People*, which indeed may be easily explained from their fear of *Thor*, who was particularly inimical to them. On the other hand, we find many classes of them making a peculiar holy-day of Thursday, and even treating it as something sacred—a superstition borrowed perhaps from some Christian notions in regard to Friday—to which even now sailors seem to attach a certain sort of sacredness, by deeming it unlucky to sail upon that day, or in other words, to desecrate it by using it for the common business of life. I may also mention here too, that the little folks appear to dislike utter darkness, and dance either in the moonlight or immediately after sunset.

There is much confusion both in the name and in the attributes of these *Thusser*. They are not unfrequently called Trolls; but this is an appellation given also, and more commonly, to the Duergar or Dwarfs, to whom in stature at least they bear no resemblance. In the old northern mythology they figure as a sort of giants (Jetter). Thus, in Skirner's Journey, the Jetter-maiden, Gerda, is threatened with being obliged to pass her life with a three-headed *Thuss*. Sometimes they would seem to have been considered as the elementary spirits of cold and winter, and were then called Rime-Thusser, a notion which must have belonged to a very remote period, for it is long that they have lost their severer attributes with the common people, and have dwindled down into human proportions. They are now often called *Hange-Thusser*, or *Hill-Dwellers*, from their dwelling in *Hange*, that is heights; and the word, *Thus*, may even now be easily recognised in the Anglo-Saxon *Thyrs*, the German *Duss*, and the English *Deuce*, which is not without reason applied to the Devil, since it signifies an *Underground being*, and sometimes a ghost or spectre.

The Vettors, who in the Drontheim district are divided into *Govetter*, and *Ovetter*, live much in the same way as the Thusses, but are of smaller stature. They may be often seen even by day-light, dressed in grey, and wearing black caps upon their heads; but they generally wander abroad in the evening and night-time, and then it is perilous to disturb them. *Vetter*, the Anglo-Saxon *Wigt*, signifies every being in general, and denotes in mythical poems a certain personality, which the people of ancient times imagined was to be found in all objects animate and inanimate. Thus we read in Vegtām's Lay, that when the Aser begged all the *Vetter* to protect Balder, their supplications were addressed to the three elements of fire, earth, and water, to the sun, to bird and beast, to tree and stone, nay, even to the worm and adder. As a relic of this ancient myth it may be observed, that in many parts of Norway the com-

mon folks believe that the *Vetter* can assume at will the form of brutes, and have a particular fancy for transforming themselves into frogs. But traditions of the *Vetter*, as a distinct race, are now becoming much rarer than they used to be, as they are generally included under the generic appellation of *Underground People*. In ancient Sagas we find frequent mention of them as *Meinvetter*, and *Landvetter*. The latter, which like the *Genius Loci* of the Romans, denoted the protecting spirit of a district, were so highly regarded in former days, that Harold Blaatand made his dread of them an excuse for giving up an intended expedition to Iceland. The word, *Meinvetter*, is peculiar to this country, and exactly corresponds with the *Ovetter*, or evil *Vetter*, of Drontheim. On the Faroe Islands, *Vetter*,—and in Sweden, *Vattnar*—are regarded as fallen angels.

There is one class of *Underground People* differing considerably from any yet mentioned, although undistinguished by any specific appellation. They are represented as being uniformly kind and gentle, but for the most part sad and mournful as if uncertain of their future immortality. Afzelius has given a pleasing explanation of this popular myth, which lends it an interest that would hardly belong to the mere superstition. It arises, he says, from the sympathy of the people with their forefathers, who having died before the introduction of Christianity into the North, were laid in unhallowed ground, and were hence believed to wander in the spirit about their place of sepulture, or in the lower regions of air, till the day of judgment. They may be occasionally heard in the summer nights singing from the bosom of the hills, but if the listener breathes a word that may dash their lingering hopes of redemption, their song is on the instant changed to wailing.

This thirsting after immortality shewed itself amongst various kinds of *Underground folk*, by whatever name distinguished. When the females of the race formed connections with men, to which they were by no means disinclined, they always stipulated that the fruit of such unions should be taken to church and baptized with the usual rites. A story related by Torfeus, sufficiently explains this article of the popular faith. A certain nobleman, by name Sigvard, became intimate with a Saxicola, who stipulated that he should cause any children they might have to be baptized. In due course of time the hill-spirit deposited a living infant close by the church-yard wall, over which, we may presume, she had no power to pass, from her being unhaptized. At the same time she left a golden cup and a rich vest, which she wished to be used in the approaching ceremony. Faithful to his promise thus far, Sigvard took up the infant and carried it into the church, but upon the priest demanding if the child were his, he, from shame, replied in the negative. The priest then asked him, as lord paramount of the district, if it were his will the foundling should be baptized. To this demand also he replied "No," fearing if he did otherwise people might suppose the child to be his. Hereupon the little creature was taken back to the place where it had been found, greatly to the indignation of the mother, who, while carrying off her child, in revenge predicted and imposed a singular scourge—our author does not explain of what kind—upon the family of Sigvard to the ninth generation.

Such unions with the mortal race were not confined to the female spirits. The males also formed connections with the daughters of Adam.

Thus, in an old Swedish ballad, we are told of an elf-king, who by no means possessed the mildness we have just seen ascribed to the elfs, but who, having married a mortal beauty, shewed he could severely punish a slight offence. In seven years the lady bore him seven children, at the end of which time she begged that he would allow her to go and see her mother. The elf-king consented, upon condition that she would not say a word about the children, to which she readily enough agreed; but, as might have been expected, she failed to keep her promise. Thereupon the elf-king unexpectedly made his appearance, smote her cruelly on the cheek, and commanded her to return home with him. With bitter lamentations the lady then took leave of her friends and relations.

"Farewell, dear father! farewell, dear mother!
 Long is the time to me.
 Farewell, dear sister! farewell, dear brother!
 For grief it weighs heavily.

"Farewell to heaven—farewell to earth!
 I must leave the warm light that gave me birth."

Then on they rode through the wood's dark night;
 She wept, but the elf-king laugh'd outright.

Six times they paced the mountain round,
 Ere they entered the caverns under ground.

Her daughter then placed her golden seat,
 Said, "Mother, I'm woe to see you greet."

"Fill my cup," was the mother's sad reply,
 "For the hour is come that I needs must die."

Then the mead she drank from the eup of oak—
 Long is the time to me!
 Then clos'd her bright eye, and her heart it broke,
 For grief it weighs heavily.*

The *Huldras*, or *Hullas*, also belong to the subterranean order, the name being apparently derived from the *Hela*, or *Hell*, of the Scandinavian mythology, who was the daughter of the evil spirit Loke, and sister of the wolf Fenris, as well as of an enormous snake. But if this be her real genealogy, the Huldra of the popular superstition has retained little of the ancient goddess, beyond the fact of her dwelling beneath the earth; she is not black, nor does she live under a deep spreading root of the ash Ydrasil, nor is she the custos of the dead, all of which may be predicated of the northern Proserpine. Then, again, although there was but one Hela—one Goddess of Death—there are many Hullas, the name not designating an individual but a race, and these, moreover, are both male and female. By a contradiction, not at all uncommon amongst the spirits, they are dangerous to man, and yet are fond of his society, especially when there is any dancing going forward. On such occasions, they as-

* From the Swedish.

sume the forms of young and handsome women, taking care to hide their tails, the Christian world having no doubt communicated this awkward appendage to the ancient Hela when it stripped the goddess of her divinity. The Hulla, however, has the convenient power of drawing up or letting down this tail at pleasure, an advantage which is peculiar to herself, though it requires some care in the management, as the following tale will shew. Once upon a time it happened that a Hulla joined a dance of human beings, in so lovely a form that every one delighted in her—the young men at least—and all were eager to have her for a partner. Unfortunately in the midst of a dance her tail on the sudden came down, which being perceived by her companion, who was a prompt, quick-witted fellow, he, instead of betraying any surprise, exclaimed “you have dropt your garter, Miss.” Hereupon the Hulla immediately vanished, but she did not forget the next day to reward her partner’s discretion with a present of gold and many cattle. Upon the whole, the acquaintance of the Hulla is not desirable, and it is said that she is much more dangerous to the young men, than the males of her race are to the young women, for he who has once fallen into her hands will find it no easy matter to get out of them again. The only way to escape from the toils is to pronounce the name of Jesu, yet even then it is a great chance if the victim does not remain an idiot for life, and he will often be tormented by her real or supposed presence.

As some amends for these evil propensities, it should be said, that although she has not the same ardent desire for Christianity, which we have noticed in others of the subterranean race, yet has she no objection to be baptized if her lover wishes it, and if this be done her tail immediately drops off, as being, we may suppose, a very pagan sort of appendage, and not suited to her new condition.

The popular notions about the Huldra vary much in different localities. In some places she is represented as really being a beautiful woman, and only to be distinguished from earthly females by her unlucky tail. In other districts she is a lovely maiden to those who get a front view of her, but if seen behind she appears to be hollow as a trough, and has a blue skin. Then, again, there are parts in which she goes by the name of *Snogsnerte*, or wood-nymph, her complexion being blue, and her dress a kirtle of green. In many places she is known by her song, *Huldra-Slaat* which is said to be low and mournful, and would seem to class her with the nameless kind of spirits, whom we have already mentioned as pining for the immortality they are not certain of; at all events, she differs in this respect entirely from the rest of the *Underground People*, whose song is uniformly described, by those who have heard it, as being very lively. In Hardanger the Huldres are always clad in green, are fond of occupying the shielings deserted by the shepherds, and of taking human beings with them into the hills, where they seek to captivate them by delightful music. These, however, are attributes common to the whole race of *Underground People*. Their cows are blue, and give a plentiful supply of milk.

The Danish popular story-books contain many amusing tales of these Hullahs, one or two of which may be worth giving, as serving to illustrate the character of this numerous division of the *Underground People*.

Two packmen, or pedlars, set out one day from Tvet-farm, in the parish of Drangedale, to traffic amongst the neighbouring villages. Scarcely

had they gone about a mile from this place into the forest, where the village of Lien now stands, than they became aware of a decent-looking farm-house, and as it was growing dark they begged for a night's lodging. The host, who appeared to be a good sort of man, readily enough complied with their request, immediately proceeding to treat them with food, ale, and brandy; and, as one of the packmen had brought moreover a dram-bottle of his own with him, the travellers soon became somewhat elevated by so much good liquor. Thus passed the evening, when the carouse being over they were shewn to a comfortable bed-room.

The next morning the packmen sold a quantity of their wares to the farmer and his family, who paid them liberally and honestly, in good, fine silver, refusing to accept of anything for all their hospitality. They then pointed out the road which the packmen should take, when in an instant the farm-house disappeared, and the travellers found themselves alone in the depths of a great forest. The people at the next cottage they came to, heard this story with surprise, but all were unanimous in agreeing that it must have been a Huldra farm, a thing by no means uncommon upon the lonely heaths and dark pine-forests of Scandinavia. Generally speaking, they vanish as soon as seen; but if he who comes across a farm-house of this kind, can only manage to shoot or throw a piece of steel over it, the enchantment is destroyed, and the building with all in it becomes his own. Some places are more particularly celebrated for such forms, and there yet live people who maintain they have heard, not only the music of the Huldres, but the bleating of their sheep and goats, and the lowing of their cattle. It should be observed, too, that the Huldres often live together in large societies.

A story told of the peasant who first settled at Brodsie, will shew that if the Huldra was sometimes kind and generous, she could also be implacable when offended. On taking possession of the uninhabited land—uninhabited, that is by human beings—he suddenly saw her in the form of an old woman, habited in grey, bearing a milk-pail upon her head, and followed by numerous flocks and herds. Turning angrily upon him, she exclaimed, "You drive me away from Brodsie, and for this there shall be no luck on your farm until the house has been thrice burnt to the ground. Now I go to Heia, where none of you shall disturb me;" and hereupon she disappeared with all her cattle.

I have already spoken of the Duergar, or Dwarfs, as playing an important part in the ancient Scandinavian mythology. But they are also to be found under the same name, and with almost the same characteristics in the popular superstition that succeeded to it, and was built up on a great measure from its broken fragments. They are still as dexterous in working metals, as when they manufactured the iron ship of Odin, and made golden hair for Sif, to replace the locks that had been shorn from her by the malicious contrivance of the evil spirit, Loke. In some parts of the country they are more numerous, and more considered than in others. Thus in the parish of Buur are three hillocks, one of which was inhabited by a hill-man, who, according to the general belief, had there set up his workshop as a smith, greatly to the benefit of the whole neighbourhood. Often at night fire might be seen coming out of the top of the hill, and, wonderful enough, going in again at the side of it, this rise and fall as it were of the flames shewing plainly to the most incredulous that the supernatural smith was busy with his bellows. If any one desires to

have a piece of iron forged, he has only to lay the metal down by the Dwarf's hillock, not forgetting to accompany it with a shilling by way of fee, and the next morning he will find his silver gone, and the iron fashioned with admirable skill into the shape required.

But the art of the Duergar is not confined to the working of metals; they are adepts in cutting six-sided crystals, and can so harden clay that it will cut through trees and even stones. With all this strength in wielding the smith's hammer, they are generally described as being diminutive, though with long arms, which probably makes amends for their other deficiencies. Their abode is still underground in hills, as it used to be when they worked for the gods as well as for the old Norse heroes. Upon the whole they are for the most part, though not always, well disposed towards mankind, their tricks having more mischief in them than of malice. As an instance of this, they take a childish delight in carrying off the workmen's tools, and hiding them away where they cannot be found in a hurry, till at last when the owner is about to abandon his fruitless search he unexpectedly sees the missing implement lying under his very nose.

The word, Troid (plural, Troll), although by some English writers it is considered only as another name for the Dwarfs, is in truth a generic denomination applied to almost any supernatural beings that are of a malignant nature. In this sense, indeed, is it not unfrequently used when speaking of the Duergar; but it is just as likely to mean a Jotule, Thuss, or Nokk.

The Nisses were once so numerous, that almost every farm had one of its own, greatly to the advantage of the farmer, in which respect they would seem to bear some resemblance to the *Genius Loci*, or Tutelar spirit, of the Romans. Of late years their number has greatly decreased. They are no bigger than a little child, with four fingers only, and no thumb, are dressed in grey, and wear a peaked red cap upon their heads, which, however, they exchange just before Michaelmas for a round hat like the farmers. Their abode is generally in the barn, or stable, for they are not less fond of animals than of mankind, and take a singular delight in looking after the cattle and horses. At the same time the Niss is not very rigid in his ideas of justice; if, as is often the case, he takes a particular liking for any animal, he is apt to rob the mangers of the other horses for his benefit, so that in the morning they will be found to have had no food at all, while the favourite stands at a full crib, and gives manifest tokens of the pleasant way in which he has spent the night. Then, too, if the farmer himself stands high in his regard, he makes no scruple of stealing hay and oats from the neighbours to give to his friend, when if the plundered homestead should also happen to have its guardian Niss, a battle is sure to ensue, which is manifested by the flying about of straw and stubble, their usual missiles on such occasions.

The Niss is fond of playing off practical jokes upon his acquaintance. He will let all the kine loose in the stable, or frighten the farm-servants, or blow out their lights. A favourite trick with him is to hold fast the hay, which the girls are pulling at to get from the rick, and then suddenly to let it go again, so that they are tumbled at full length upon the ground. He takes great delight also in pinching the cat's tail, and teasing the house-dog, and when you hear the latter barking at night without any visible cause you may be sure a Niss is not far off. But his more especial amusement seems to be the perching himself upon some high beam, or rafter, when he

first lets down one leg and then the other, laughing heartily all the while, and crying out "seize it! seize it!" Sometimes he will hide in the hay, and suffer himself to be carried off by the maid in her apron, without her having the slightest suspicion of his being there, till he suddenly jumps out and disappears, shouting with delight at her surprise and consternation.

If well treated, the Niss is exceedingly grateful, and the house is sure to prosper where he is. He then assists the mistress in tending the cows, cooking, scouring, carrying water, and all other kinds of hard work, which he often accomplishes by himself when she is fast asleep. In requital she must not forget to provide him with plenty of meat and drink every Thursday morning, which seems to be a peculiar holyday with him, and, as such, requiring to be celebrated with unusual good cheer. The same she must do on yule night, when he must be treated with grits, cakes, and other delicacies. These are to be set ready for him at a certain spot, and then if he happens to like them—for he is very dainty—he falls to and eats up every thing with infinite good humour.

Although fond of playing off his practical jokes upon other people, he cannot bear to be mocked himself, and as he is exceedingly powerful notwithstanding his diminutive size, they who offend him are sure to get the worst of it. Even so it happened to a farmer, who, meeting a Niss upon the high-way, towards the dusk of a winter's evening, commanded him in a haughty tone to stand out of his path. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the indignant spirit fairly tossed him over the hedge into the snow. It fared even worse with a maid, who once ate up his yule-gruel, and in mockery presented him with the empty dish. He seized the culprit by the waist, and compelled her to dance with him through the whole night, singing all the time.

"Hast eaten the gruel of Tomten, thou?
Then shalt thou dance with Tomten, thou;
You have eaten the gruel of Tomten, now,
And so shall dance with Tomten, now."

In the morning she was found dead upon the floor, being absolutely burst by this unusual exercise.

The Nisses are fond of moonlight, and in winter may be often seen leaping over the hedges and ditches, and playing at snow-ball with each other. Sometimes they mingle with the children, when they ride upon sticks after a very infantine fashion. It should be observed, however, that although the Niss is of a lively disposition, he cannot at all times endure a noise and hubbub about him, more particularly on the eve of any holy festival, or upon a Thursday, strong indications it must be allowed of a good Catholic feeling; and indeed he is generally well liked of the people, going in many districts by the name of Nisse Good-boy, or Good-fellow.

(To be continued.)



STANZAS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1850.

BY THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D.

With songs of thanksgiving and praise,
 Again in thy courts we appear;
 The glad hallelujah to raise,
 And welcome the dawn of the year.
 We have witnessed the last of the old,
 Its days are all numbered and fled,
 And now, with its mercies untold,
 Another is sent in its stead!

Yes! we are the living to praise,
 Though round are the dying and dead;
 His mercy has lengthened our days,
 And numbered the hairs of our head.
 No arrow that flieth by day—
 No pestilence walking in gloom—
 Has weakened our strength in the way,
 And hurried us quick to the tomb.

Yet many we knew and esteemed
 Were smitten—and withered and died—
 When the Pestilence rode, as it seemed,
 Triumphant—with Death by its side.
 And the grave ever opened its jaws,
 Like a monster, intent on its prey,
 Disdaining all natural laws,
 And filling all hearts with dismay.

Then, well it behoves me to praise,
 And sing, as I journey along—
 His goodness the theme of my lays—
 His mercy the scope of my song.
 This God, who securely has kept,
 Nor suffered my footsteps to slide—
 Whose eye has ne'er slumbered nor slept—
 Shall still be my keeper and guide.

While the hymn of thanksgiving I raise,
 I fall at thy feet and adore,
 My spirit her orisons pays—
 Thine only—and thine evermore.
 This day, I resign the control,
 This day, I surrender to thee
 My body—my spirit—my soul—
 Thine now, and for ever to be!

O, take me, and seal me thine own,
 And make me what thou shalt approve.
 O, dwell in this heart as thy throne,
 To rule and to reign in thy love.
 Thus, kept by thy power divine,
 When the day of Redemption shall rise,
 Complete in thy glory I'll shme,
 And join in the songs of the skies.

Edge Hill, 1st of January, 1850.

WANDERINGS BY THE BANDON RIVER.

PART II.

(Concluded from page 17.)

Is the former portion of our "Wanderings," we traced the Bandon River from its mountain source to the town whence it takes its modern name. Ere we follow its windings to the sea, we must linger a while in the town, which possesses the species of interest derived from the fame of an eminent founder, who seems to have bequeathed his political principles to a section of its inhabitants. It would, indeed, be unjust to assert that the ancient feelings of sectarian exclusion is not very considerably softened away, not only by the necessities of the times, but by the improved spirit of the present age. Enough, however, yet lurks in Bandon to have called forth the remark from a Protestant gentleman in the neighbourhood, "that if two dogs were to fight in the streets, before five minutes one of them would be a Papist dog, and the other a Protestant." The absurd custom of desecrating the Protestant churches of the town by hoisting orange flags upon their roofs, yet continues to be practised on the orange anniversaries: and on the 12th of last July an enthusiastic orangeman in humble life, named Sloane, when scrambling up the scaffolding of the new church, to erect the orange banner on its tower, missed his footing, and fell from a great height upon the ground—escaping, fortunately, with no greater injury than some severe contusions.

The town is built on both sides of the Bandon River, on the north bank of which the principal street winds down a very steep hill. On the southern side there is a broad, level, and tolerably regular street of decent houses; a great number of which, at the present moment, bear painful marks of the disastrous fate which appears, like a funeral pall, to involve nearly every Irish interest. Placards bearing the announcement, "To be let," stare you in the face at almost every third or fourth house; and the mind of the traveller is depressed by the melancholy spectacle of desertion and decay in a spot which, at one period, was the scene of thriving industry.

Bandon was built, as we have elsewhere said, in 1610, by Richard Boyle, the first and celebrated Earl of Cork. That nobleman was a man of vigorous mind and enterprising character; insatiably acquisitive and ambitious; actuated by the strong sectarian prepossessions which those who oppose them term bigotry; and utterly destitute of any scruples that could encumber his pursuit of wealth and honours. His early life was passed in straitened circumstances; and as Ireland was then the great field where English adventurers habitually sought the rewards of bold and irregular enterprise, Richard Boyle transferred his residence and his industry to that country. He thrived betimes upon the spoils of the natives. With his personal history we have little to do,

except as it concerns the foundation of Bandon, which he established and fortified as the centre of an English Protestant "plantation." He looked on his new town with no small complacency, as appears by the following description which he gave of it in a letter to Secretary Cook, dated 13th April, 1632 :—

"Upon conference with the Commissioners, I have been desirous to satisfy myself, whether the works done by the Londoners at Derry, or mine at Bandon-bridge, exceed each other. All that are judicial, and have carefully viewed them both, and compared every part of them together, do confidently affirm, that the circuit of my new town of Bandon-bridge is more in compass than that of Londonderry; that my walls are stronger, thicker, and higher than theirs, only they have a strong rampier within, that Bandon-bridge wanteth; that there is no comparison between their ports and mine, there being in my town three, each containing twenty-six rooms; the castles, with the turrets and flankers, being all platformed with lead, and prepared with ordnance, and the buildings of my town, both for the number of the houses, and the goodness of the building, far beyond theirs. In my town, there is built a strong bridge over the river, two large session-houses, two market-houses, with two fair churches: which churches are so filled every Sabbath-day, with neat, orderly, and religious people, as it would comfort every good heart to see the change, and behold such assemblies. NO POPISH RECUSANT, OR UNCONFORMING NOVELIST, BEING ADMITTED TO LIVE AT ALL IN THE TOWN. The place where Bandon Bridge is situated, is upon a great district of the country, and was, within this last twenty-four years, a meer waste bog and wood, serving for a retreat and harbour to woodkernes, rebels, thieves, and wolves; and yet now (God be ever praised) is as civil a plantation as most in England; BEING FOR FIVE MILES ROUND, ALL, IN EFFECT, PLANTED WITH ENGLISH PROTESTANTS. I write not this out of any vain glory; yet as I, who am but a single man, have erected such works, why should not the rich and magnificent city of London rather exceed, than fall short of such performances?"

Undoubtedly the erection of such a town as his lordship describes, with its walls and guardian castles, was a matter of very natural self-glorification. The town, in process of time, outgrew its original limits; the walls and castles have been long since levelled to the earth. The last of the castles stood upon the north-side of the river, within the memory of persons still living. It was long known as "the Castle of Bandon," and, we believe, is mentioned in old leases, as "the Earl of Burlington's house," at which the rents of the estate were usually covenanted to be paid. An old lady, who, in early youth, resided there, informed the present writer that it contained some admirably carved oak chimney-pieces.

To drive the native Irish out of their possessions, and to seize their estates by the strong hand, was the labour of Lord Cork's whole life. He very candidly describes his mode of action in a letter which occurs in Lord Orrery's collection :—

"I have, [says his lordship] with the assistance of the earl of Barrymore, the Lord Viscount of Kilmallock, and my two sons, Dungarvan and Broghill (by the advice of the lords justices and council of Ireland, who enable me with commissions to that effect), lately held sessions in the several counties in Corke and Waterford, and even beyond the expectation of all men, have proceeded so far as by juries, free of all exception, to indict the Lords Viscounts Roch, Montgarret, Ikerrin, and Muskery, and the Barons of Dunboyne, and Castle-

connell, with the son and heir of the Lord of Cahir; Theobald Purcell, Baron of Loughmoe; Richard Butler of Killcash, Esq., brother to my very good lord, the Earl of Ormond, with all other the baronets, knights, esquires, gentlemen, freeholders, and popish priests, in number about eleven hundred, *THAT EITHER DWELL, or have entered or done any rebellious act in those two counties.*"

His lordship goes on to state that the lands and possessions, against whose rightful owners he meditates this onslaught, are worth, in the gross, not less than £200,000 per annum; and the work of confiscation he enthusiastically terms "the work of works."

To most modern readers, his lordship's inclusion, in his indictments of persons not even accused of any offence, but who "merely dwelt" in certain districts, requires some explanation.

In the burning anxiety to confiscate estates, the bare fact of having *dwelt* and enjoyed an estate in the Irish quarters, was judicially deemed sufficient proof of any man's "nocency," as disaffection was then termed. Sir Heneage Finch, who was attorney-general at the passing of the Act of Settlement, coolly remarked:—

"That as no man could live quietly among the Irish, who did not comply with them, the very enjoying an estate in those quarters was left in the act as a mark of delinquency."

The iniquity of this rule is enhanced by the fact which is recorded by the historian CARTE (vol. ii. p. 220), that such of the Irish Catholic proprietors as, during the public troubles had offered to take shelter in Dublin, "*were, by the lords justices banished thence, on pain of death, by public proclamation, and ordered to retire thence to their own houses in the country.*"

So, that the government first compelled, under pain of death, their residence at their country houses; and, subsequently affected to interpret that residence as a proof of disaffection, in order to confiscate their estates.

Lord Cork complacently talks of his "juries free of all exception." His lordship was a sort of buccaneering saint, who preserved as much external decency as might consist with the practices of land-piracy, in which he was constantly engaged. It is easy to conceive that the principal "exception" he would, in his secret soul, take against a juror, would be that juror's conscientious reluctance to find verdicts for the crown against reasonable evidence. He could, at any rate, plead the example and countenance of his contemporaries. The lord-lieutenant, Strafford, had bribed the judges with four shillings in the pound of the first yearly rents raised for the crown upon the "commission of defective titles." (Strafford's letters, ii. p. 41.) And as to the general character of the government juries of that age, the following plain admission from Carte is conclusive:—

"Whatever difficulties there were in the case, the lords justices were equal to them all; and carried on the prosecution with great vigour—causing indictments to be preferred not only against open and declared rebels, but also against others who were barely suspected—and, as there was nobody to make defence, nor any great delicacy used—either in the choice of the jury, or as to the character and credit of the witnesses, (and ONE witness sufficed)—such indictments were readily found.—(Carte i. p. 277.)

Very readily, no doubt, when the tempting spoliation of the natives furnished a fund from which judges, jurors, and witnesses could alike be rewarded.

Bandon thrived apace under the auspices of its founder. In 1623, his interest procured that the August assizes for the county at large were held in it.

The northern parish of the town, named Hilbrogan, still retains the original church, built in 1625. The oldest gravestone in the church is dated 1629, and covers the remains of Mr. Crofts, one of the earliest Bandonian corporators.

The following epitaph, which is inscribed on a tablet to the left of the altar, is a curious specimen of sepulchral puffing :—

“ From the rude world's campaigns, the much-admired
 Legard to this dark garrison's retired.
 Legard ! the darling soldier, *whose loud name*
Shall ever flourish in the book of Fame ;
 Whose fair example might alone depaint
 What 'tis to be a military saint.
 True to his God, his prince, his friend, his word
 Rare ornaments ! but fit t' adorn the sword.

“ Beneath lieth the body of EDWARD LEGARD, Lieutenant to Captain Robert Hyliard, who died the 6th January, 1678.”

If the “ darling soldier” had been an actual Wellington, there could scarcely have been blown a louder blast of eulogy in his behalf. He is, so far as we know, unheard of, except in the very obscure corner of “ the Book of Fame,” from which we have extracted his panegyric.

Before we leave Bandon, we must once more quote the often-quoted legend that is said to have adorned its gates :—

“ Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
 May enter here, but not a Papiet.”

The principle expressed in this couplet—the preference of any religion, or irreligion, or non-religion, to the popular religion of the Irish people—is copiously infused at this day into the minds of many prominent partisans of the ascendancy.

But, as we stated in the former portion of this article, the prohibition has long ceased to be operative in Bandon ; and as to Lord Cork's English colony, who occupied the country for a circuit of five miles round the town, it no longer exists in a collective or exclusive shape ; although, doubtless, the descendants of the colonists are numerous enough in the district.

The Earl of Cork died in 1643.

The Duke of Devonshire is the present proprietor of nearly the whole town, and of an immense tract of the adjoining county. His grace is, on the whole, one of the best specimens of the class of absentee landlords. An incident, illustrating his disposition to do justice, where he really sees his way in his dealing with his tenantry, was related to us by a person residing in the neighbourhood :—

“ A tenant of the duke's, named Wilson, received notice from one of the duke's agents to quit at the approaching expiry of his lease. Wilson,

who had always paid his rent with punctuality, solicited a renewal, at whatever rent could be fairly expected from a stranger. The agent, however, had destined the farm either for himself or for some favourite of his. Wilson's entreaties were fruitless, and when he found it was impossible to soften the obduracy of the man in office, he said to him:—

" ' Well, sir, as I can't have my farm, will your honour have the goodness, at any rate, to give me a character that may help me to get a farm somewhere else? "

" To this the agent assented with alacrity, as an easy mode of getting rid of Wilson's importunities. He gave him a flourishing character for industry, honesty, and agricultural intelligence. Wilson no sooner got hold of the document, than he sailed for London, where, with great difficulty, he succeeded at last in getting access to the duke. He stated his own past merits as a tenant, his claim to a preference, at the same rent any solvent stranger would be willing to pay. The duke readily admitted the justice of the claim.

" Now, my lord duke," continued Wilson, tendering to his grace the written certificate of character Mr. ——— had given him, " will you just look at what your agent himself says about me, and see whether I am the sort of man he ought to dispossess. "

The duke read the paper, and expressed his great surprise that his agent should contemplate the ousting of such a valuable tenant. " I'll tell you how we will meet him," continued his grace: " he expects you to give up possession on the next term day; now, when he comes to receive it, instead of giving him your farm, give him a letter I shall put into your hands, strictly commanding him to grant you a renewal. Meanwhile, be quite silent on the subject, in order that Mr. ——— may enjoy all the pleasure of surprise. "

Wilson kept his counsel until term day, and we may easily imagine the chagrin of the discomfited agent, when, instead of the coveted farm, he received the duke's letter confirming the possession of the tenant.

We shall now quit Bandon—which we fervently hope may recover the prosperity it enjoyed before the Union—and we will accompany our river towards Innishannon, a distance of something more than three Irish miles. The stream here is broad, brimming, and rapid; often rushing over rocks that obstruct its channel, and winding through the valley, of which the high, steep, and varied banks are sometimes clothed with woods, sometimes rise into rocky and precipitous heights, and again recede in verdant and undulating lawns. It is really a very beautiful drive, and a well kept public road follows the course of the stream. The new railway to Cork crosses the glen, and passes through the neighbouring valley of the Brinny, leaving the old mail-coach road to the right. It is with a strong sense of the incongruous that we at first find these silent and romantic retreats invaded by the loud rattle of the locomotive, whilst modern machinery whirls us through scenes that never until now had their solitude disturbed by a wheel carriage.

At the confluence of the Brinny with the Bandon, stands the old tower of Dundanion, clothed with ivy, and built on an island in the river. Smith says " it was built by Barry Oge. " About the year 1612," he adds, " the East India Company of England had a settlement here, for carrying on

iron works, and building large ships, for which uses they purchased the adjacent woods and lands for £7000. The following year, two new ships of 500 tons were launched, and a dock was erected for building more; they kept a garrison in the castle, and built three adjacent villages; but they were much disturbed in their undertakings by Walter Coppinger, and others, against whom they petitioned the Government; and such was the implacable spirit of the Irish against them, that by continually doing them several mischievous ill offices, they forced them, at length, to quit the country.

Smith quotes Sir Richard Cox as his authority for this statement. Coming, as it does, from Sir Richard, we must take the latter portion of it *cum grano salis*; inasmuch as that eminent functionary entertained a very strong and very profitable enmity against "the Irishry."

Smith says that it was about 1612 that the great woods on the Bandon River began to be much demolished. It is, however, certain, that for more than a century later than that period there were large woods of oak near its course between Enniskean and Dunmanway.

About a mile and a half from the Castle of Dundanion is the picturesque village of Innishannon. Crossing a good stone bridge, we confront, on the opposite height, a building which was formerly a charter school house, but is now fitted up as a private residence. A magnificent row of venerable elms overshadow the road into the village; the river sweeps along at some distance to the right, and the hill that rises beyond it is covered with a noble wood of ancient beech.

Innishannon was formerly walled, and contained some ancient castles, of which the foundations were extant in Smith's time. But the place had long lain in decay, until rebuilt in 1746 by Thomas Adderley, Esq., the then proprietor, who also established a manufacture of linen, and a bleach-yard on the banks of the river. His existing descendant lived for some time at Innishannon, but from some of the mutations of fortune to which all human interests are subject, he found it expedient to accept a situation from Government, and now resides in London. We understand that he is maternally descended from the celebrated English judge, Sir Matthew Hale, who was also the ancestor in the female line, of Mr. Bernard, of Palace Anne,* at whose house are preserved two grotesque China monsters that anciently adorned the mantel-piece of the great legal luminary.

Within half a mile of Innishannon the river becomes navigable at Collier's Quay. The billy banks of the river are richly wooded for the remaining six miles to Kinsale. Among the seats on the left we pass Shippool, or Poul-ny-long, the residence of Thomas Herrick, Esq. The ancient castle of Shippool is situated near the water's edge, and is supposed to have been built by the Roche family, whose arms are carved over one of the chimney-pieces. In 1642 this castle was taken by the garrison of Bandon, for which town a communication was thereby obtained with Kinsale. In the neighbourhood are excellent slate quarries.

Further on we pass the old churchyard of Dunderrow, in which there is a monument recording the singular circumstance that Edward Roche, Esq., of Trabolgan, and his wife, Mary Archdeacon, of Monkstown, both died in the same hour, on the 23rd of January, 1711. The arms of Roche impaling Archdeacon occur on the monument, viz., gules, three roaches, naiant, and gules, a fess between three lions, rampant, or.

* See page 16 ant.

In the neighbourhood of Dunderrow is one of the remarkable Danish tumuli, or raths.

Nearer to Kinsale is Ballintubber, an ancient seat of the old Irish family of Miagh, or Meade. John Meade, Esq., is the present owner. In Smith's time it belonged to Sir John Meade, Bart., whose grandfather had been raised by Queen Anne to that dignity, May 29th, 1703. Sir John was afterwards created Earl of Clanwilliam. He married, in 1765, Theodosia, only daughter and heiress of Robert Hawkins Magill, Esq., by whom he obtained a large fortune. He, however, embarked in a career of such wasteful dissipation that he was supported at one period by the friendly contributions of persons who had known him in his days of prosperity.

The Bandon River empties itself into the sea near the curious and interesting old town of Kinsale, which gives the title of baron to the family of De Courcy. Lord Kinsale is premier baron of Ireland, the date of his peerage being 1181. The privilege of being covered in the royal presence appertains to the barons of Kinsale. It has occasionally been exercised by its owner; for instance, by Gerald De Courcy, Lord Kinsale, when presented by the Duke of Grafton to King George I. on the 13th June, 1720; also by the same nobleman when presented by Lord Carteret to King George II., on the 22nd of June, 1728. The late Lord Kinsale appeared covered at a Drawing-room held by George IV. at Dublin Castle in 1821, on which occasion that Monarch is said to have good-humouredly remarked, that so far as *he* was concerned, the privilege was unexceptionable; but in the presence of the numerous ladies who graced the assembly, he thought the noble lord might doff his hat, having fully shewn his right to wear it. We don't vouch for the truth of this anecdote, which we merely record as an item of the Dublin gossip of our earlier years.

Kinsale occupies the side of a steep declivity that overhangs the harbour. Viewed from the sea, it has a very imposing appearance; but the streets are narrow, and those which ascend the hill are so steep as to incommode not a little all pedestrians who are not habituated to their flinty inequalities. The families of Southwell and De Clifford had formerly residences within the town. The late Lord Kinsale always resided in a plain and unpretending house in the principal street. Whether the present lord does so we have not been informed.

Kinsale is an ancient corporate town, having received its first charter in 1333 from King Edward III. In 1482 this charter was renewed by King Edward IV. Queen Elizabeth in the year of the Spanish invasion (1588) again confirmed the corporate privileges of the town, which, however, the inhabitants forfeited in 1600, when the Spaniards landed in the town. James I. gave them £20 per annum out of the cauntrels of Kinsale and Courceys, to enable them to rebuild their walls. King Charles I. granted them £18 10s. $\frac{1}{2}$ l. out of the lauds of Drumdarrig and Spittle: and King James II. gave them a new charter, dated at Dublin, 25th of February, in the fourth year of his reign.

The old church of Kinsale is tolerably rich in monuments. It is dedicated to Saint Multosia, who is said to have been its foundress in the fourteenth century. The sepulchral memorials of the families of Southwell and Perceval* contain copious materials towards their pedigrees.

On the verge of the harbour, at about a mile from Kinsale, is the little

* Of Egmont, County Cork—otherwise Ballymacow.

fishing village of Scilly, which Smith declares to have been accurately described in Pope's well-known stanza:—

“And on the broken pavement, here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie :
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and hogs, and dogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry :
At every door are sunburnt matrons seen
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill and scolding oft between,
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds—bad neighbourhood, I ween.”

And now, having followed the Bandon River from its source on Nowen Mountain to the sea, we take leave of our readers, in the hope that they have found our account of the picturesque stream not totally without interest.

TRANSLATION OF A GALLIC OR IBERNO-CELTIC BALLAD, ENTITLED

THE HUNT OF O'MARA ;

OR, THE O'MORE'S FORAY, AND THE GRACE'S REVENGE.

THE hounds and the hunters are out on the heath,
The skeine of the clansman is cased in its sheath,
The glad beams of morning 'gin lightly to play,
And the mists from the mountains roll darkly away.
Then call ye our chieftain, say, slumbers he still?
When the hound's on the heath, and the deer's on the hill,
Uprouse thee! nprouse thee! O'Mora the proud,
For the sun-light of Callan breaks forth from its shroud ;
The lord and the steed they have sped them together
To hunt Courtstown's choice deer through woods and o'er beather ;
But many a morning in sorrow must wane,
Ere that steed bear his lord to the mountains again.

Mirk! mirk! grows the welkin, and sore beats the shower,
Yet the bride of O'Mara looks forth from her tower ;
But ladye! Oh ladye! thou lookest in vain
For the lord or his vassals, they come not again.
But who? then oh who, the sad story shall tell
How the serfs they were slain, or the lord how he fell,
If they laid him to rest in the Moynagh's dark flood,
Or the brown heath of Callan was stained with his blood.
Go! ask ye the minstrel, he sings of that day,
How the young lord of Courtstown the spoil bore away—
But O'Mara the proud now sleeps on that shore
Where the hunt or the battle can wake him no more.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. VI.—THE LADY IVY'S TRIAL.

THIS case was an action tried at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, in Trinity Term, 1684, before Chief Justice Jefferies, for the recovery of a great part of Shadwell in Middlesex. The trial, one of almost interminable length, in the reports of it extant, is mainly remarkable for one circumstance, the singular detection of forgery through the ingenuity of counsel. It is to that part of the affair that the narrative here is confined. The question at issue was whether seven acres in Shadwell were part of the ancient inheritance of the Dean of St. Paul's, to whom a Mr. Neale was lessee, and so lessor of the plaintiff, Elam Mossam; or part of Wapping marsh, that had been drained by one Vanderdelf, and after sold to parties of the name of Stepkins, under whom the Lady Ivy claimed.

To support her case, Lady Ivy (the widow of Sir Thomas Ivy) produced among many documents, two deeds of doubtful history and possession, which were overthrown by the counsel on the other side in the following manner:—

Mr. Bradbury, counsel for the plaintiff.—My lord, we have had a violent suspicion, that these deeds were forged. But we suspect it now no longer, for we have detected it, and will show as palpable, self-evident forgery upon the face of these deeds as ever was. I desire to see the deed of the 13th of November, in the 2d and 3d years of Philip and Mary, from Marcellus Hall to Roper; and that of the 22d of December, in the same years, from Marcellus Hall to Carter, I desire to see too. Your lordship sees the use of these deeds. The one is grafted upon our lease from dean Feeknam, where it is recited that the mill is demolished, and a new one erected in another place (says their deed); and upon that they set up the notion of an over-shot mill, and all the puzzling matter brought into this cause. But I dare undertake to prove them plainly forged.

Attorney General, (Sir Robert Sawyer) counsel for Lady Ivy.—That is an undertaking indeed.

Mr. Bradbury.—It is an undertaking indeed to detect the defendant's artifice; but I will venture upon it, and shall demonstrate it so evidently, that Mr. Attorney himself shall be convinced they are forged.

Attorney General.—Come on, let us see this demonstration.

Mr. Bradbury.—The deeds have brought that evidence upon their own faces, that is 1000 witnesses.

Mr. Williams (afterwards Sir William Williams, Bart., Solicitor general), another counsel for the plaintiff.—Prithee open the exception.

Mr. Bradbury.—If your lordship please to look upon them, the style of

the king and queen in both runs thus : the one is, "This indenture made the 13th day of November, in the second and third years of the reigns of our sovereign lord and lady Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, Spain, France, both Sicilies, Jerusalem, and Ireland, defenders of the faith, archdukes of Austria, dukes of Burgundy, Milan, and Brabant, counts of Haspurg, Flanders, and Tyroll." The other is, "This indenture made the 22d of December in the same year." Now in November and December, second and third of Philip and Mary, it was impossible for any man in the world to draw a deed in this form that those two writings are—

Attorney General.—Is that your demonstration ?

Lord Chief Justice Jefferies.—Pray let him go on, methinks it is very ingenious.

Mr. Bradbury.—My lord, I had the hint from my lord Coke in his first Institutes ; not as to this particular style, for I know he is mistaken there, but for the detecting of forgeries in general.

Lord Chief Justice.—It is very well ; pray, go on.

Mr. Bradbury.—My lord, at that time king Philip and queen Mary were among other styles, styled king and queen of Naples, princes of Spain and Sicily ; they never were called king and queen of Spain, and both the Sicilies then ; and lastly, Burgundy was never put before Milan. Now to prove all this that I say, I have here all the records of that time, which will prove their style to be otherwise. First, we shall shew the acts of parliament of that time. The sitting began the 21st of October, in that year, which was before their deeds, and ended the 9th December after. We shall first read the titles of the acts of parliament, and you will find them just as I have opened them, Read the statute-book.

Clerk reads. 'Acts made at a parliament begun and holden at Westminster, the 21st day of October, in the second and third years of the reign of our most gracious sovereign lord and lady Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, king and queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland, defenders of the faith, princes of Spain and Sicily, archdukes of Austria, dukes of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant, counts of Haspurg, Flanders and Tyroll : and there continued and kept until the dissolution of the same, being the 9th day of December then next ensuing.'

Mr. Bradbury.—Here in the act made by the public council of the kingdom, the style is in the ancient manner. And your lordship observes these no small differences. Here first Spain is left out in the enumeration of the kingdoms, and so Sicily and Naples are instead of them. In the deeds, Spain is put in before France, and the Sicilies made a kingdom too. Secondly, Here in the style of the act they are called but princes of Spain and Sicily, that in the deeds is quite left out. And then in the acts of parliament, Milan is put before Burgundy ; in the deeds Burgundy before Milan. And how this great alteration of the style should come to be put in a miller's lease, is strange. We have next an account of all the fines of Hilary term, which was the next term following ; for their first deeds happen to be in Michaelmas term, and then the parliament sate too. (Many of which were read.)

Mr. Bradbury.—Here are likewise the fines of the Easter-term following, which shew that still the old style continued in all the public records. And if we could as easily have brought all the enrolments of deeds, that would prove the same. (The fines of Easter-term read.)

Mr. Bradbury —Now, my lord, we shall shew when the style turned, that was in Trinity-term after. (The fines read.)

Mr. Bradbury.—But I cannot see how these deeds could be truly made at that time, when they stand single, and none like them can be shewn, except they come from the same forge that these do. I cannot believe the miller alone, or he that drew his leases for him, could so long before prophecy what manner of style should hereafter be used.

Mr. Williams.—Your lordship has heard our deed of the 10th of December, in the same year, read already : but we having here the ledger-book of the church of St. Paul's, which cannot be made for a turn, but was written at that time ; we desire the style may be read there.—(Which was done, and bore out the detection.)

In addition to this damning proof, evidence was brought to shew that Lady Ivy had forged, or caused to be forged other deeds upon different occasions.

In summing up to the jury, Chief Justice Jefferies thus commented on the strange turn the case had taken :

"But then they come to the last point of evidence, and that you must very narrowly observe and weigh. Say they, because you depend so much upon Carter's lease, which takes notice of such and such boundaries and also that of Roper, which you pretend to be made at such a time, these, we say, are forged. And for it they give this evidence.

"The first part is a natural, legal, evidence, and a proper evidence in things of this nature to detect a forgery ; an evidence that we learn out of our books of law, and it is an argumentative one. If you produce deeds made in such a time, when say you, such titles were used, and such prefaces made to them in their preambles, when indeed there were no such titles used at that time, that sheweth your deeds are counterfeit and forged and not true deeds. And there is *Digitus Dei*, the finger of God in it ; that though the design be laid deep, and the contrivance sculk, yet truth and justice will appear one time or another ; and though they may put some gull upon justice for a while, yet it will in time be discovered, to the confusion and shame of the undertakers. Say they, you have taken wonderful care to have both deeds carry the same flourish at the top of each of them ; you call Philip and Mary, King and Queen of Spain, and both Sicilies ; and you put Burgundy in the ducal style, before Milan : this is the language of both deeds, but that sheweth them not to be true deeds, that carrieth forgery in the very face of it ; for Philip and Mary never came to write themselves king and queen of Spain and Sicily, till Trinity term, in the second and third years of their reigns ; whereas your deeds bear date in November before. Till Trinity term Naples was a kingdom, and they were hut princes of Spain and Sicily. And besides, they used always before that time, to put Milan among the dukedoms first before Burgundy.

"For instances and proofs of this objection, they shew you the titles of the acts of parliament in that year, in October, November, and December ; they shew you the fines levied in Hilary term and Easter term, and Trinity term ; till which term the records of the kingdom of fines and recoveries, bore all the old style ; and so do the conveyances enrolled and not enrolled of that time. And with great bravery they challenge the defendant's counsel to shew any one conveyance or record (except those of your own making) that is otherwise. And as a further evidence they

say, we have some leases entered in our books, and so not calculated for this purpose, which have no other than the old style of the king and queen.

"And in truth this is a material evidence to prove these to be forged deeds; and it is made the more material by this circumstance, which Mr. Attorney was pleased to mention; and that is, the notice they had from Mr. Neale's bragging of this very objection to their deeds, and yet they should not come prepared to give it an answer. And I must deal plainly with you—that very one thing makes it an objection of very great weight and moment.

"But still, say they, besides all this evidence we shall go a step further, and evince the likelihood that these deeds should be forged; for your client, the defendant, is apt to forge deeds. And to prove that we produce evidence also.

"After this long evidence, gentlemen, you have had as good an account of the substance of it, as I can by my notes and memory recollect. If any of the gentlemen that are of the counsel for the plaintiff or for the defendant, do think I have omitted anything that is material, on either side, they have free liberty to remind the court of it. You are the judges of this fact, whether this land do of right belong to the plaintiff or to the defendant: And I leave it to your consideration."

As might be supposed, the verdict went against Lady Ivy; the forged deeds were impounded by order of the court, and an information for the forgery (at that time a misdemeanor only) was exhibited forthwith against her ladyship, but what further came of it does not appear.

NO. VII.—THE MURDER OF DR. CLENCHE.

DR. Andrew Clenche was a physician of note and property, in the reign of William and Mary. The perpetrator of his strange and barbarous murder, one Henry Harrison, commonly called Captain Harrison, was originally a lawyer's clerk, and afterwards a trooper in Lord Dartmouth's Regiment: he appears also to have belonged to that class of bullies, which was so notorious in the seventeenth century, and of which we find continual mention in the plays and histories of the time. The trial of Harrison for this murder, was one of the earliest of a new era in our criminal jurisprudence. The revolution of 1688 had not long passed, and Lord Chief Justice Sir John Holt had come upon the judgment seat, the first of that noble line of judges who were about to purify the crmine, and to redeem the reputation of our courts from the judicial horrors of preceding times. This trial, though some bad practice and worse law (since abolished) were then still in force against the prisoner, presents a visible and pleasing contrast to the criminal investigations of a few years antecedent, the object more clearly in view being now the investigation of truth, without oppression of the accused.

The trial of Harrison for the murder of Dr. Clenche took place at the Old Bailey the 6th April, 1692. The other judges present beside Chief Justice Holt, were, Sir Robert Atkyns, the Lord Chief Baron, and Sir Edward Nevill, a Justice of the Common Pleas, both Whig lawyers of eminence; who had been restored to the bench at the restoration.

The indictment, which charged the prisoner, Henry Harrison (assisted by another, yet unknown), with wilful murder, concluded, in consequence of the joint rule of William and Mary, by stating that he committed the crime "against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen now, their crown and dignity."

The prisoner having pleaded that he was "not guilty, in thought, word, nor deed," the counsel for the prosecution, John Darnell, Esq. (afterwards Sergeant Darnell), thus addressed the jury on the part of the crown.

Mr. Darnell.—May it please your lordships, and you gentlemen that are sworn: I am of counsel for the king and queen against the prisoner at the bar, who stands indicted for the murder of Dr. Andrew Clenche, which was as barbarous a murder as any that hath been committed in this age. And considering it was done in the dark, I think there will be given as clear an evidence of it against Mr. Harrison, the prisoner, as can be expected. And it was upon this occasion; one Mrs. Vanwicke, a widow (between whom and Mr. Harrison there was a great kindness), prevailed with Dr. Clenche, to whom she was indebted £20, to lend her so much more as would make it up £120, and to take a mortgage of a house of hers in Buckingham-court, near Charing Cross, for his security; and Mr. Harrison was present with Mrs. Vanwicke at the lending of the rest of the money, and execution of the mortgage, as he was wont to be at the management of her affairs; but when the time came that it was to be repaid, the doctor could not get his money, and Mrs. Vanwicke having but an estate for life in the house, and having long delayed the doctor, he brought an ejectment for the recovering of the house, upon which the prisoner came to Dr. Clenche, and abused him with very scurrilous language, and his passion growing higher, he laid his hand upon his sword, and would have drawn it, and if it had not been for one Mr. Johnson, it was thought he would have killed the doctor at that time; so that the doctor desired Mr. Johnson to take the business upon himself, and to act in his own name, he was so much afraid of him. And it will be proved further to you, that at another time the prisoner said, that Dr. Clenche was a rogue and a villain, and deserved to have his throat cut. And some time after this, Mrs. Vanwicke would have borrowed some more money of the doctor, but he refused to lend it her; whereupon she acquainting the prisoner with it, he said, leave him to me, madam; I'll warrant you, I'll manage him; he is a rogue, and deserves to have his throat cut. And afterwards, about St. Thomas's day last, the prisoner went to Mrs. West the tenant, who dwelt in the house mortgaged to Dr. Clenche, and desired of Mrs. West to have some money for Mrs. Vanwicke, and it should be discounted in part of the then next Christmas rent. But the said Mrs. West refused to pay him any, telling him, that she and her husband were forbid by Dr. Clenche and the ground landlord, to pay any more to Mrs. Vanwicke; and thereupon the prisoner expressed his further malice against the doctor, and said, he is a great rogue, and a villain, and deserves to have his throat cut, and will not die in his bed. And, gentlemen, soon after the prisoner began to put his malicious design against the doctor into execution, and the method he took was first to change his lodgings; for on the day before Christmas Eve last, he took new lodgings at one Mr. Garway's in Threadneedle Street, near the Old

Exchange, attended by a foot-boy, pretending himself to be a parliament-man (M.P.), and that he was just then come out of the country, and lay in his lodgings there every night, until the first day of January following, but lay out that night and the two next nights following. And whilst he lodged at this Mr. Garway's this matter happened, which does conduce somewhat towards the discovery of this murder. One evening the prisoner being in his chamber there, and one Mrs. Jackson, the daughter of Mrs. Garway, making a fire for him, he did take out his handkerchief, and held it before the fire to dry it, which she took great notice of, because it was coarse and dirty, and not fit for his quality (as she thought), it being made of ordinary Indian stuff, like her mother's maid's apron. And, gentlemen, this very handkerchief was the same with which the murder was committed, and this Mrs. Jackson will swear it to be the same; for it is a very remarkable one, and it will be produced to you. And we shall shew you further, that on the 3rd day of January (being the day before this murder was committed), he caused a sham letter to be left for him at his lodgings at this Mr. Garway's, as written from a friend of his that was sick in the country, earnestly pressing him to come quickly down to him; and we shall prove, that the same evening, he being with Mrs. Vanwicke in Wood-street compter, did again threaten Dr. Clenche, and said that he was a rogue, and he would have his blood. And upon the fourth day of January last, he again changed his lodgings, and took new ones at one Mr. Jones's, a cane-chair maker, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and there he pretended himself to be a country gentleman, just then come out of Cumberland, and brought in a portmanteau trunk thither: and the same day he sent a letter to Mrs. Garway, where he had lodged before, acquainting her that he was gone out of town for a week or ten days. And to give you further satisfaction, we shall prove, that upon the same fourth day of January, in the night of which this unfortunate gentleman was murdered, the prisoner was at one Mr. Robert Humston's lodgings at the Golden Key in Fleet-street, over against Fetter Lane end, at near nine of the clock at night; and being asked by Mr. Humston to stay and sup with him, he said he could not for he had been about earnest business that day, which was to be done that night, and that a gentleman stayed for him in the street, to go with him about it, and so he went away. And soon after, about nine of the clock the same night, two men standing in Fleet Street, at Fetter Lane end, called for a coach, and asked the coachman if he knew Dr. Clenche, who dwelt in Brownlow Street, in Holborn: and the coachman replied, he did know the street, but not the doctor: whereupon they went into the coach, and ordered him to drive to the end of Brownlow-street; and when they came thither, one of them called to the coachman, and bade him go to Dr. Clenche's and tell him, that two gentlemen in a coach, at the end of the street, desired him to go with them to a patient who was very sick; which the coachman did. And he found the doctor in his night-gown and slippers, and just a-going to bed; but he immediately dressed himself, and went to them into the coach. And it fell out very happily for the further discovery of this murder, that while this coach stood at the end of Brownlow-street, a young gentlewoman standing at her door near it, and fancying that while the coachman went on the errand, the gentlemen would slip out of the

coach (I think they call it bilking) she watched them. And a lamp that lighted cross Holborn over against Brownlow-street end, and another about the middle of Brownlow-street, gave such a light into the coach, that she plainly saw one of the men that sat in it, and saw him look out of the coach after the coachman, and heard him swear at the coachman, because he made no more haste in going to the doctor's house : and she is very certain that the prisoner at the bar is the same person that looked out of the coach, and that did swear at the coachman, and is more confident of it from the remarkableness of his voice. For she hearing of this murder, and remembering these circumstances, she went to Newgate to see the prisoner, and hearing his voice in another room, before she saw him, she declared to the persons that were then with her, that the voice she then heard was the person's voice that she saw look out of the coach and that did swear at the coachman ; and afterwards when she came into the room where the prisoner was, though with several other men, she pointed to him as the person, and she hearing him then speak again, declared to the persons with her, that both by his voice, and by his countenance, she knew him to be the same man. And, my lord, after those gentlemen had gotten the doctor into the coach, one of them called to the coachman, and bade him make haste and drive them to Leaden-hall-market, and when they were come within Holborn-bars, one of them called to the coachman, and bade him drive faster ; whereupon the coachman drove them very fast through Holborn to Leaden-hall-market-gate ; and when he came there, one of them bade him drive to the Pye without Aldgate (before which time, without doubt, the murder was committed upon the doctor, for his hat was found next morning in Holborn, near Fetter-lane end ; but the driving so long about after, is supposed to be done, lest the doctor might recover) ; and when they were come without Aldgate, one of them ordered the coachman to ask there for one Hunt, a chirurgeon, which he did, and being answered, that no such person was there, he ordered the coachman to drive back again to Leaden-hall, and when they came there, one of them called the coachman, and gave him three shillings and sixpence, and bade him go into the market there to one Hunt, a poulterer, and buy them a couple of fowls, but the coachman could not find any Hunt, a poulterer ; but however he bought a couple of fowls for three shillings, and when he came with them to his coach, the two gentlemen were gone, and the doctor left in the coach, murdered, with a handkerchief tied fast about his neck, with a coal in it (which will be proved to be the prisoner's handkerchief). Besides, there was a boy in the street there, who took notice of the coachman's being sent of an errand, and saw the two persons come out of the coach in great haste, and he going towards the coach before they went out of it, one of them did swear at him to be gone, and of him the boy took most notice, and was as positive as any man can be to the person of one that he never saw before, that the prisoner now at the bar was one of them, and was the person that did then swear at him ; but this witness is spirited away, and cannot be heard of, although he hath been described in the "Gazette," and diligent search and inquiry has been made after him. But we have his examination upon oath before the coroner ; and we must submit to the court how far that shall be admitted as evidence. Gentlemen, we will call our witnesses ; and if they prove all this matter, I believe every man here will be satisfied, that the prisoner at the bar is guilty

of this base murder. Pray, call and swear Mr. George Wignmore. [Who was sworn with others.]

After evidence was brought, which proved the affair of the mortgage, the threatening language of Harrison, and his subsequent conduct in changing lodgings, as stated by counsel, the important testimony about the handkerchief was thus given.

Mr. Darnell. Call Mrs. Charles Jackson. [Who was sworn.]

Mr. Darnell. Pray, tell my lord and the jury, what you know concerning Mr. Harrison's coming to lodge at Mr. Garway's, and when he went away, and what you know of any handkerchief he had.

Mrs. Jackson. He came on the day before Christmas-Eve, to lodge at my father's, Mr. Garway's house, and lodged there several nights, and went away the 3rd of January at night with his things, but was absent some nights between his coming and going away; and whilst he lodged there, I observed a handkerchief in his hand, as I was making a fire for him in his chamber, and the more, because he had said he was a parliament-man (M.P.), and I thought it more like a seaman's handkerchief, than a parliament-man's, and our maid had an apron of the same kind of stuff. [Then the handkerchief was produced in court by the coroner, and the coal in it, wherewith Dr. Clenche was strangled.]

Mr. Darnell. Mrs. Jackson, I desire that you would look upon that handkerchief, and tell the court what you know of it.

Mrs. Jackson. This is the handkerchief that I saw Mr. Harrison hold to the fire, when I was making of it in his chamber, or very like that handkerchief, for I observed it to be very like my mother's maid's apron. [Then a piece of the maid's apron was produced, and they being compared, were very like.]

Harrison. Did you hear me say I was a parliament-man?

Mrs. Jackson. Yes, I heard you say so.

Harrison. Perhaps you might hear my boy say so.

Mrs. Jackson. Your foot-boy said you were a parliament-man: and you said so yourself.

The transaction itself, in which Dr. Clenche lost his life, was then proved as follows:—

Mr. Darnell. Swear John Sikes the coachman. [Which was done.]

Mr. Darnell. Give an account to the court what you know about carrying two men in your coach and how you found Dr. Clenche murdered.

John Sikes. My lord, on the 4th of January last, being Monday, I was at the play-house, and there I took up a man and a woman, and carried them into the city; so I brought the gentleman back again to the Green-Dragon Tavern in Fleet Street; and then, he said he would pay me by the hour; he said that it was but much about nine o'clock. Then I left him, and was driving up the street, towards the Temple, and two men stood in Fleet Street, about Fetter-Lane end, and they asked me if I knew Dr. Clenche, who dwelt in Brownlow Street in Holborn? I told them, that I did not know Dr. Clenche, but I knew the street. So they went into my coach, and one of them

bade me drive thither, and I did, and stopped at the street's end ; because the gate at the other end was shut, so that I could not turn my coach : and one of them bid me go and tell the doctor that there were two gentlemen in a coach at the street's end, that would desire him to go with them to see one that was not well. The doctor asked me if I could tell who they were ? Or, who it was that he was to go to ? I told him that I could not tell. The doctor was in his night-gown and slippers, and he dressed himself : and when he came to the coach, one of them removed from his place, and gave him the hinder part of the coach, and told him that they had a friend that was not well : and one of them bid me drive to Leadenhall-market ; and when I came about Holborn-bars, one of them called to me, and asked me why I drove so slowly ? and bid me drive faster ; so I drove fast, and came to Leadenhall : and then one of them bade me drive to the Pye Tavern without Aldgate, and there ordered me to stop. And when I had stopped there, one of them called to me, and told me that I need not stir out of my coach box, but call to the boy at the tavern, and ask for one Hunt, a chyrurgeon, which I did do : and when the boy came to me again, he said there was no such man. Then one of them bade me drive back again to Leadenhall ; and in the time I stayed there, and turned my coach, Aldgate was shut ; and when I came to the gate, one of them gave sixpence to the watch, and the gate was opened, and I drove to Leadenhall-gate. And when I came there, I stopped again, and one of them gave me half-a-crown, and bade me go and buy a fowl of one Hunt, a poulterer ; but after I had gone a little way from the coach, he called me again, and said, here, coachman, you had as good take another shilling, and buy a couple : so I went and bought a couple of fowls, but could find no such poulterer as Hunt ; so I bought them of another, and I gave three shillings for them. And when I came back to the coach side, I found Dr. Clenche (as I thought) sitting against the fore seat, with his head against the cushion : I pulled him, and cried, Master, master, for I thought he had been in drink, but I could not get one word from him ; and then I went to the watch, who were near ; and when they came we found him strangled, with a handkerchief about his neck, and a coal in it, placed just upon his windpipe, but the other two men were gone.

Lord Chief Justice. Had one of the two men a cloak on ?

Sikes. I cannot remember that.

L. C. J. What kind of habit had he ? Had he black clothes on ?

Sikes. My lord, I cannot tell justly what clothes he had on.

L. C. J. You have heard him speak : what said he ?

Sikes. My lord, he never spoke to me ; it was the other man.

Harrison. What kind of a man was the other ? was he less than I, or taller ?

Sikes. He was taller than you, with his own hair.

Mr. Darnell. Can you be positive that the prisoner at the bar is one of those two persons ?

Sikes. My lord, one of those two persons had a perriwig on, of a light-coloured hair : and I do verily believe, that the prisoner at the bar is the same person ; I cannot be positive he is one of them, but as near as I can judge of a man whom I have seen but once, he is one of them.

Harrison. My lord, I desire your lordship to observe the time that he took the two men up, and what time it was they ran out of the coach.

L. C. J. Coachman, what time was it they left your coach ?

Sikes. About half-an-hour past ten, and it was about a quarter-of-an hour past nine when I took them up.

Mr. Darnell. Pray let's ask the coachman one thing more. Coachman, look upon that handkerchief; do you know it, and where did you see it ? [The handkerchief was produced by the coroner.]

Sikes. I do believe that is the same handkerchief that was about Dr. Clenche's neck when he was found murdered.

L. C. J. Call the coachman. Hark you, in what posture did you find Dr. Clenche when you came back to your coach ?

Sikes. My Lord, he was sat in the bottom of the coach, leaning on one side, with his head against the cushion.

L. C. J. Was a handkerchief then about his neck ?

Sikes. Yes, my lord, I untied this handkerchief, and this is the same; and here is the coal that was lapt in it; it was lapt in the middle of it, and it laid against the doctor's wind-pipe.

Mr. Darnell. Call Mr. Rebone and Mr. Marriott. [Who were sworn.]

Mr. Darnell. Mr. Rebone, tell what you know concerning the handkerchief, and how you found the doctor.

[He takes the handkerchief, and looks on it.]

Rebone. This handkerchief was about the doctor's neck, and the coal in it. And it lay just upon his wind-pipe, when I saw him dead in the coach. The coachman came to Mr. Marriott's house, and asked for a constable, and we went to the coach-side, and there we found him lying along; and we took him, and carried him to the Bull-Inn, and there he was let blood on the arms, and the chyrurgeon took about half a spoonful of blood out of his right arm; and he was let blood on the other arm, but that did but just trickle down, and we could not get him to life again; and we found a silver ink-horn in his pocket, and that, and the rest of his things, were secured. This is all I can say to the matter.

Mr. Darnell. Call Mrs. Eleanor Ashbolt. [Who was sworn.]

Mr. Darnell. Pray tell my lord and the court, what you know of any persons you saw in a coach at Brownlow Street end, that night Dr. Clenche was murdered.

Mrs. Ashbolt. May it please your lordship, I went out of an errand for one Madame Anwell, a gentlewoman who lodges at my mother's house; and coming home again, I saw a coach stop at Brownlow Street end, between nine and ten o'clock at night, and the coachman went to the side of the coach: and one in the coach bade him go to Dr. Clenche's, and tell him, that there were two gentlemen stayed for him in a coach: and as he went up the street, he went slowly, and looked back two or three times: whereupon one of the persons leaned out of the coach, and did swear at the coachman to make haste; and I went round the coach, and could discern Mr. Harrison's face; and I stayed, and saw Dr. Clenche go into the coach, and one of them gave his place to the doctor.

Mr. Darnell. Why were you so curious, mistress, and what did you observe further ?

Mrs. Ashbolt. I thought they might give the coachman a slip. I well observed Mr. Harrison, but do not know the other man. There were two lamps burning, one in Brownlow Street, and the other in Holborn, over against the end of Brownlow Street, and they lighted quite

through the coach ; and the men pulled themselves backwards, when they saw me look on them : it was that night that the doctor was murdered. I went to Newgate afterwards. Madame Clenche desired me to go and see Mr. Harrison ; and when I came to Newgate, it seems he was writing letters, so I staid before I went into the room : and there were two men with me, and Mr. Harrison was talking very loud ; said they to me, who is it that speaks now ? why says I, it is one of the persons that was in the coach when Dr. Clenche was murdered.

L. C. J. Who are those two men that were with you ?

Mrs. Ashbolt. One of them was one Mr. Jones, a coach-maker in Holborn, and the other was Madame Clenche's coachman.

L. C. J. Did you know the prisoner, when you saw him in Newgate, to be one of them that were in the coach ?

Mrs. Ashbolt. Yes, I did ; I knew him to be the same man, as soon as I saw him : and he changed countenance as soon as he saw me.

Harrison. My lord, this woman is certainly hired by the villains that are against me. Pray, ask her, my lord, why she did not make a discovery sooner ?

L. C. J. Mistress, what say you to that ?

Mrs. Ashbolt. I acquainted Madame Anwell what I had seen and observed, and then she told Madame Clenche, after last sessions ; and then she desired me to go to Newgate to see Mr. Harrison, and I went accordingly ; and I should have told it to Madame Clenche sooner, but my mother was loath I should be concerned about such a thing.

Added to this, was the following deposition, taken before the coroner, which was read in court, upon its being shewn that the witness, Boswell, was kept away by the prisoner or his friends.

Cl. of the Peace reads :

" 12 Januarii, 1691. Andrew Boswell, servant to Richard Tims, shoemaker, sworn and examined touching the death of Andrew Clenche, doctor of physic, deceased, saith That he, this informant, being sent to Mr. Parker's at the Bull-Head ale-house in Leadenhall-street, on Monday last was se'nnight, being the 4th of this instant January, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, saw a coach standing against Leadenhall-market ; and heard some person that was in the coach say, Make haste : and this informant says, that according to the best of his remembrance he heard him talk of a poulterer's. And this informant says, That soon after the coachman was gone into the market, this informant saw two persons go out of the coach, one whereof had, as this informant believes, a black coat on ; and that this informant saw the same person, as soon as he came out of the coach, fling a cloak over him : and then both the persons went through the market on the west part. And this informant saith, That this informant going to look into the coach, the person that had the cloak on him, cry'd damn him ; and this informant saith, That he, this informant, thereupon going away, went to Mr. Parker's, and told them, that two persons had cheated a coachman, or to that effect.

" And Boswell being further examined the 23rd day of January, 1691, touching the death of Andrew Clenche, saith, that he hath seen Henry Harrison, now a prisoner in their majesties' gaol at Newgate, and believes

he was one of the persons that came out of the coach at Leadenhall, a little after ten o'clock at night, on Monday the 4th of this instant January; and believes he knows him by his voice. And soon after, this informant understood that the said Andrew Clenche was murdered in a coach, being the same coach which the said Harrison, and another person unknown, a little before went out of."

Harrison, in his defence, attempted to prove an alibi, but failed, from some of his witnesses being shewn to be of bad character and conduct, and from others, who were credible, not helping him by their evidence.

While the counsel for the crown was in the course of contradicting this defence, a remarkable instance occurred, to shew the ready and strict justice of Lord Holt. Mr. Darnell called a witness to prove some felonious act or intention of the prisoner three years before, when the judge interposed, exclaiming indignantly, "Hold, hold, what are you doing now? Are you going to arraign his whole life? Away, away, that ought not to be; that is nothing to the matter."

The summoning up of Chief Justice Holt, in this case, is a specimen of judicial clearness, conciseness, and impartiality. After going through the whole evidence for the prosecution, the learned judge thus proceeded to the conclusion of his address:—

"You have heard likewise what the prisoner says for himself; he does undertake to prove that he was in another place; (that is) that he should come into Maccaffee's house in Crown Court, over against Serjeant's Inn, in Chancery Lane: and Maccaffee, he tells you, that there were some other company there, and that Harrison came in very cold, and that they went to cards, and played for one penny a corner at whist; and that he did continue there from nine till eleven o'clock; and if he was there then, it is impossible he should be guilty of this fact, for the fact was done between the same hours.

"Maccaffee's wife tells you the same, and they both tell you who were there besides, and who played together, and are positive that the prisoner was there.

"Baker says, that he went away about half-an-hour after ten at night, and left Harrison behind him. To confirm this evidence, they have called two other witnesses, besides the drawers at the King's-Head-Tavern, viz. Mr. Sutton the chyrurgeon, who lives in Stone Cutter's Street, and Mr. Russell. Mr. Sutton says, they had been at the Horse-Shoe-Tavern in Chancery Lane, and called for half-a-pint of sack at the King's-Head Tavern when they came by; and as they sat in the coach, Mr. Harrison came by accidentally, and one of them looking out of the coach cries Harry or Harrison; and he went to them, and they drank together another half pint of sack.

"As to their meeting with Harrison, and as to other passages there, Russel says the same: but as to the time of night he is not positive. And they sent one of the drawers to a house in Crown Court to enquire for somebody there.

"The drawers of the King'-Head Tavern say, that Mr. Sutton and Mr. Russel did call there about that time; and that they drank two half pints of wine: and that when they were drinking, a man came by with a hanging coat or cloak on, and drank with them. And one of the drawers went to call somebody in Crown Court; and one of the company up with his muff, and gave him a slap in the face.

"Now this is the sum and substance of the evidence that you have heard on the behalf of the prisoner; to induce you to believe that he was not the person that was not concerned in the murder of Dr. Cleneche.

"To which evidence, an answer hath been offered;

First, as to those witnesses, Maccaffee and his wife; divers witnesses have been produced to prove, that they are people of doubtful credit; it seems they keep a house of ill fame."

Harrison. I am glad, my lord, that I was there.

L. C. J. "Well, well, gentlemen, the people of the house are not of very good reputation; they keep a naughty and disorderly house (if you believe the witnesses), you may consider of their credit.

"And as to Mr. Baker; about nine years since he was convicted of an arrant cheat, which is no less than forgery, for altering the scavenger's rate for St. Giles's parish, and therefore the less credit is to be given to his evidence; for now it appears, that he is a knave upon record: and the very record itself was produced against him, which is true without doubt, notwithstanding his pretence of innocency. What is said by Mr. Russel and Mr. Sutton, I must leave to your consideration; they had been a drinking, and the drawer says, they were at the King's-Head Tavern at eleven of the clock at night. Mr. Harrison, the next day after the murder, met a gentleman at Joe's coffee-house in Salisbury Court; and though he had taken a lodging in Paul's Church Yard, yet he said, that he was newly come to town, and had been in Kent, and had remained there about three weeks; and that he wanted a laundress and a lodging, although he had not been out of town, and had taken a lodging but the day before; and then he told the witness, who discoursed with him about the death of Dr. Cleneche, that he had formerly loved him, but he said he had been of late a barbarous rogue to a poor gentlewoman, a friend of his; and that the just judgment of God had fallen upon him for so doing, and that he would write to her to give her an account of it, and advise her to write to Mrs. Cleneche, and to tell her, that she was a widow now as well as Mrs. Vanwieke; and he thought by that means to move Mrs. Cleneche to pity her, being a widow as well as herself; and that whilst they were talking thus, one Mr. Ravenscroft tells him, that Dr. Cleneche was murdered, and that a bully of the town, that belonged to a gentlewoman in the compter, one Mrs. Vanwieke, was suspected. At which Mr. Harrison was much startled, and said, that no one was concerned with that gentlewoman but himself; and for aught he knew he might be taken up for it. This is that which he said.

"Now what said Mr. Harrison further for himself? Why, says he, this gentlewoman is not in prison at the prosecution of Dr. Cleneche, and was not so affirmed, but so reported; and whether it were so or no, is no great matter. Gentlemen, you ought to consider of the evidence that you have heard against him, and also to weigh well the evidence he hath brought for himself.

"It is most plain, if you believe the witnesses, that Mr. Harrison was concerned for this woman Vanwieke, and hath threatened Dr. Cleneche, called him rogue and rascal, and said, that he deserved to have his throat cut; that Harrison went under a disguise for some time before the murder. You have had an account of the handkerchief, what kind of handkerchief Harrison had, and what handkerchief was taken about Dr. Cleneche's neck you have seen: and you heard what evidence was given by Mr.

Humston ; how the prisoner was with him about nine o'clock that night ; and how he refused to stay and sup with Mr. Humston. If Mr. Harrison had no earnest business, one would have thought he might have staid with Mr. Humston, better than to have gone to an ale-house in Crown-Court, and played at cards at one penny a-piece a corner ; he might have had better fare, no doubt.

"The witnesses for the prisoner say for him, That he came to Maccaffee's house about nine o'clock at night, and staid till eleven : that is contrary to that evidence given for the king, viz., That he was in the coach at Brownlow Street end, for if he was at Maccaffee's house all the time they mention, it is impossible he should be guilty. All these things are under your serious consideration. You had best go together, and if you are not satisfied upon the evidence you have heard, that he is guilty, then you ought to acquit him ; but if you are satisfied that he did commit this murder, then you ought to find him guilty."

Harrison was found guilty, and, on the last day of the sessions, was sentenced to death by the Deputy Recorder of London. The prisoner, though admitting the fairness of his judges, protested against the justice of his conviction. He was executed on the 15th April, 1692, and died asserting his innocence to the last.

John Cole was⁷also tried for this murder at the Old Bailey, on the 2nd September following, but the evidence against him being defective, he was acquitted. Sir William Dolben, and Sir John Powell, who presided on this occasion, were both Whig judges of fair repute, and ability. With this trial ceased all farther investigation into the cruel and mysterious tragedy of Dr. Clenche's death.

GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

BY WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS, &c."

"Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
Where Teis first from my bounds rich *Dunelm* doth divide;
And you shall see those rills, that with their watery prease,
Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase;
The clear, yet lesser Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,
All out of me do flow."

Drayton, North Riding of Yorkshire, loquitur.

I AM sure that at the present season, while the event alluded to is fresh in the minds of the loyal lieges of England, they will thank me for placing on record in these pages one specimen of the modern minstrelsy of the North. It must not sleep forgotten in a newspaper file.

A DURHAM FUNERAL DIRGE.

Hark ! those muffled bells,
What mean their mournful pealings,
Which vibrate through the cells
Of the heart's most latent feelings ?
Those bells reply
We sigh, we sigh,
For Adelaide at rest,
For Adelaide,
Our Adelaide,
Queen Adelaide the blest !

She's gone, the humble queen,
The loving wife, the holy saint,
The gentle, the serene,
The mother of the motherless,
The comfort of the comfortless,
Their friend who had no other.
We have tolled at many a funeral scene,
But sadder at none other,
(Those bells reply)
Than now we sigh,
For Adelaide at rest,
For Adelaide,
Our Adelaide,
Queen Adelaide the blest !

We only toll *for others*,
 We sorrow *not* for *her*,
 But for orphans, widows, mothers,
 Who have no comforter,
 And yet our deepest tone,
 Fails to express the moan,
 Of all the sorrowing hearts who mourn
 For Adelaide at rest,
 For Adelaide,
 Our Adelaide,
 Queen Adelaide the blest !

The most melodious sound
 We ring on days of gladness,
 Should cheerily go round,
 And dissipate all sadness.
 But for the sake of those
 Who o'er her bier,
 With many a tear,
 Their sorrows now disclose,
 To thrill the loftiest skies,
 Our sweetest chime should rise,
 And join the music of those lyres,
 Which bursts from yon angelic choirs.
 On this most mournful day,
 Joy, joy is hers,
 And rapture theirs.
 They welcome home with joyous song
 A beauteous spirit to their throng,
 And charm its tears away :
 But we, but we must toll below,
 And sound her requiem long,
 Strike ! strike with measure full and slow,
 The deepest note of saddest woe,
 For Adelaide at rest,
 For Adelaide,
 Our Adelaide,
 Queen Adelaide the blest !

R. G.

Hatfield Hall, Univ. Durham, Dec. 13th, 1849.

ELIZABETH BOWES.

THE Knight Marshall Bowes, who played so conspicuous a part in the transactions of the Rising of the North, had a daughter Elizabeth, for whom her royal namesake stood as godmother. She married Sir Timothy Hutton, of Marske (son of Matthew Hutton, Bishop of Durham), whose name on his odd monument in Richmond Chancel, is translated into Greek as *Τιμὴ θεοῦ οὐ Τάρος*. He died "anno ultimo patientiæ sanctorum 1629," as the said monument erected by his son describes it. His wife had died "pridie dominicæ palmarum, anno salutis suæ 1625," and the punning sepulchral memorial plays on her maiden name continually.

"Anima hujus *Elizæ* mox ablit ad *Elisium*
 Theca animas hic infra, secundum Xti adventum expectat
 Cœlestem posuit Deus atris nubibus arcum. (Gen. 9. 3.)
 Et sic non Iræ nuncius, Iris erat
 Sic dedit ille arcum mihi, fidum pectus *Elizæ*
 Tempora si fuerint nubila nostra malis,
 Estque pharetra mihi, calami quoque sunt mihi, menam.
 (Psalm 127.)
 Quinque vocant pueri, et trina puella, patrem
 Frangitur heu arcus, remanent tamen octo sagittæ
 Quæ cor transigunt patrio amore meum
 Has Deus alme, bea precor (illam namque beasti)
 Sic cælum jungat nos, societque simul
 Sic defunctum charam suam uxorem deflevit Timo. Hutton."

This singular jingle on *bows* is explained on the monument, by a bow with the string broken, over which is a heart pierced by twelve arrows, eight whole and four broken.

MONASTIC WRONGS.

INSTANCES of thefts by the monasties from their own order are rare, but in 1304, a writ *de apostate capiendo*, dated at Dalton, is directed to the Sheriff of Cumberland, to deliver up to his brotherhood, the friars of Richmond, Arthur de Hertipole (evidently a native of Hartlepool), an unworthy brother, who had run away with divers goods and chattels, the property of some friends and neighbours, which, for the greater security, had been deposited with the warden and brethren. The record states that the said defaulter had been apprehended at *Quittonthanere* (Witton-le-Wear? near Wolsingham), and was then in the castle of Egremont.

The man was as bad as another evil Durhamite, Robert de Eglisclive, who, like his father, Walter de Eglisclive, and grandfather, Robert de Eglesclive (Egglescliffe) had wrongfully detained 220 acres of moor in Barden, near Richmond, from Easby Abbey. The dispute continued during the reigns of five abbots, all of whom (and the fact is curious) were, with one exception, living in 1311, when Robert *ultimus*, on inspection of the conventual charters, sought and obtained absolution. But he thought the souls of his guilty fore-elders as valuable as his own, and prevailed on the then abbot and his three surviving predecessors to resort to the place (locality not stated), in which the bodies of his father and grandfather, with that of Emma, his mother, lay interred, and to pronounce sentence of absolution on all three. In consideration of this vast condescension, the penitent released the moor, according to certain boundaries, which were partly delineated by a line where "the crosses of the canons were placed," and to set at rest the remaining limits, he drew a furrow by the plough, and placed therein "great stones." The sanctity of such marks is evident. The clause introduced in the charter (which was sealed at the same time as the transaction took place, and is dated at Richmond on a Sunday), that if any larger quantity than that at issue was enclosed by such land marks, the surplusage should remain to the monks, indicates to me, that the brethren, in the wisdom of serpents,

took good care that there should be no pinching on the part of the af-frighted layman.

SHE WAS——BUT ROOM FORBIDS TO TELL YOU WHAT,
THINK WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE——AND SHE WAS THAT.

This quaint epitaph in Hartlepool churchyard "is still remembered, though it is no longer legible." It is not peculiar to Durham. At Wincheombe, Gloucestershire, there is a very bad version of it:—"She was——but words are wanting to express what she was——Think what a good wife ought to be——, and she was that." But the sexton smiles when a stranger reads the epitaph, and with a knowing wink observes—"Between you and me, sir, that's hypocritical; for many's the time I've seen 'em together at fight: pretty earnestly, too, I can assure ye."

I have always thought that the Latin sentence appended to a Vane memorial in Scruton Church, Yorkshire, gave a singularly chaste effect, far removed from the *lying* propensity of many a *layer stone*, as flat monuments are termed in the North. "Near this place are deposited the remains of the Rev. W. Davison, A.M., who was many years rector of this parish. He died 25th of March, 1792, aged 70 years. His widow, Catharine, daughter of George Vane, of Long Newton, Esq., inscribes this tribute to his memory. *Qualis erat extrema dies indicabit.*"

THE RECTOR OF WINSTON.

The parsonage of Winston commands one of the richest and softest views on the Tees. It has been said that a rector of Winston should never offer to a lady who had seen his rectory, as he could never be sure that she did not marry for the place, and not for the parson. "Were I," says the sportive Surtees, "Counsellor to a Bishop of Durham, the Rector of Winston, without derogating from qualities essentially clerical, should always be decidedly a gentleman of somewhat elegant and delicate mind, capable of valuing the beauties of wood and vale and water, and deriving from the very possession of such a spot, a gentle and honourable feeling of content and independence. There can be no question at present, in the terms of our Oxford Thesis, *an locus conveniat locato*; but hereafter, when Fr[ederic Mundy], and I, and V[a]n M[ildert] are cold, *caveant episcopi.*"

From 1795 to 1803, this favoured spot was the cure of the late excellent Bishop Thomas Burgess. There are two ancient Northern words with which he is connected. I believe indeed that *foolish* is still given in our dictionaries as a sense of the word *fond*, but any person using the latter in such a light, would be considered so vulgar, that he might unwittingly cause some small-waisted young lady to drop instantly into the arms of—heaven knows who. *Fond* is plebeian, but *Brosen* or *Brussen* will be Greek. When Sir Geo. Bowes, in 1569, declared that my Lady of Westmorland "*braste owte agaynste*" some evil counsellors and deserters of her husband, "with greate curses," he would be full well understood by the Earl of Sussex, courtier as he might be. But ancient and nervous as the word is, it has disappeared before the tamer *burst*, and the peasant or

small farmer is the only man who now declares his sympathy with a *brussen* hearted damsel or wife, and spurns the villain who *brust* that heart. I have said that *brussen* will be Greek, but the Editor of Dawes's *Pentalogia*, the said Burgess, whilst Rector of Winston, found it quite as unintelligible as though he had never read a word of that antique and proverbially difficult tongue. The good Rector had in his simplicity turned a small flock of sheep into a field of rich clover. On going a few days after to see how they were fattening, he found them, as might be expected, all dead. Puzzled to know the reason, he rode up to Stub House to ask of the then proprietor, the meaning of this, to him, inexplicable circumstance. The only reply he received was the fact conveyed in this enigmatical sentence, "Why they're all *brussen*." Unwilling to betray his ignorance, he rode off to enquire elsewhere to what he was to attribute the death of his sheep in so flourishing a pasture!

The Rector, however, knew both how to translate and how to use the word *fond*.

There lived in Staindrop, some forty years ago, an old man, who, with his son Robert, went about begging, professing idiocy. It happened one day at Winston, that Johnny Middleton was waiting at the Rectory gate to ask an alms of the worthy Rector, whose horse was in waiting to convey its master to Auckland Castle. Just as the Rector put his foot into the stirrup, Johnny came up, and, with his usual importunity, asked for relief. The Rector not having got fairly into the saddle-tree, and his horse being somewhat impatient, being put out of his way by this additional *contretemps*, said, "get out of my way, y're *fond*!" Away ran Johnny, apparently to get out of the Rector's way, and cleared the village in no time. The field of clover wherein the sheep were *brussen*, at the time I am now writing of, was in meadow—it lies on the left hand of the road from Winston to Staindrop, about a quarter of a mile from the former place. The Rector had ridden at an appropriately solemn ecclesiastical pace from the village to this point of the road, where, to his no little surprise, he saw Johnny Middleton, running through his meadow backwards and forwards, so as to make sure of missing no single ridge, pursuing butterflies. The Rector pulled up, and called out, "What are you after, I'll have you committed to prison, Johnny." Johnny, however, was wide awake, for he sent back this defiance: "Ye canna de so, for ye said I was *fond* th' morn."

The very small village of Winston may appear an odd place for a person to exercise the profession of an usurer, yet on Sunday, 1st June, 1583, William Bernard was presented at the Spiritual Court as an usurer, and after several hearings, was, on the 19th October, sentenced to do penance in his parish church of Winston on the Lord's Day next ensuing in the usual penance sheet, and there publicly read the 15th Psalm, in which it will be remembered it is said that "he that hath not given his money upon usury" shall never fall; and gave up a bill for £3 to Robert Appleby to be cancelled. Probably the name of Bernard which ran through the family of Dowthwaite of Westholme, arose from the usurer's family by marriage. In the church lies John Dowthwaite, "who died June 11, 1707, aged twenty-three years, five months and sixteen days, son of Barnard Dowthwaite, of Westholme, gent. now living, the last heir male of the family, owners of Westholme above two hundred years." Of "the last heir male" himself who d. 1714, no monument occurs. "There is

something plainly and coarsely touching in the epitaph enumerating the years, weeks, and days of his only child's existence; something speaking even in humble life of extinguished hope, and of a damp mildewed feeling at the total extinction of the race of respectable yeomanry who had been owners of *Westholme* above two hundred years."

THE LONDON THIEF OF 1822.

THERE are few more accomplished artists of any sort in Great Britain, or anywhere else, than the proficient London thief. Living by his wits, ingeniously plotting a robbery with consummate ability, one of the very few who have eluded the unwearied toils in which the quick-eyed officers of justice have involved thousands upon thousands who have ventured on the same perilous career, he must live a life of at once intense excitement and painful apprehension. We speak not of the burglar or street robber, but of the professional swindler and thief, who does two-thirds of his work with his head, and the other third with address. Let science take ever so wild a flight, and seem to leave him too far behind to follow, it is not long before he is abreast of his victim—his fellow-man. The giant steam shot off from him with the whole industrious race, leaving the lumbering mail coach stripped of its hitherto delayed and exposed passengers. The London thief took as great a start as science. He stole the gentleman's ticket, while he twirled it in his fingers; he robbed the *exquisite* while he stared at the passengers; he picked the lady's pocket ere she reached the train, and his right and left fellow-voyagers as soon as they took their places. Nay, more, he left the carriage while rushing onwards at a speed of sixty miles an hour, and robbed the post-office under the eyes of half-a-dozen guards! where, if detected, escape was impossible; where a moment was an age in the measure of success, and a false step was death! But it was the London thief on the old road in 1822, that I profess to tell a tale about; and a tale true to the very letter; for one of the parties, who had nearly been the victim of a false suspicion, is still alive.

A young man, engaged as a traveller for a mercantile house, left York on a Friday evening inside the London Mail—the night bleak and stormy, in December, 1822. It was his first journey as a commercial gent. There was not a single passenger in or out, till they reached Easingwold, when an outside got up. The mail proceeded on to Thirsk, where the coachman and guard said to the stranger that, as the night was exceedingly wet and stormy, he might get inside if he wished. He did so without any remark, and when inside, he wrapped himself up in a large dreadnought coat, and turned his back to the young traveller, who, despite sundry courteous endeavours to elicit his views on the condition of the country, and the state of the weather, neither saw his face nor heard his voice. A grunt of acquiescence measured his loquacity, till these efforts at being pleasant died away. Nothing else transpired till the coach reached Stockton, where a young man approached, and inquired if there was room inside. The reply was "plenty." The stranger in the dreadnought by this time left, paying the coachee, but remarking that, if he did not find a friend he expected to see, he would return before the coach started. He disappeared in the darkness

of the night, but he only made a circuit round the coach, and stood crouched like a tiger at the opposite door. He was a London thief, and a sharp one, who had laid his plans well. The young gentleman who had asked about the seat was a banker's confidential clerk, in charge of a very large sum of money, upwards of £20,000 in bills and notes. Our young traveller also came out here, and was warming himself at the fire, when, as a kindness to the coachman and guard, the banker's clerk ordered some brandy, and while it was being brought, he took out his tin case with his own hand, and placed it securely under his seat shutting carefully the door of the empty coach; but before he had left the coach six paces, the London thief had opened the opposite door, and was off with the treasure! The horn blew, the passengers were seated, the mail started, and nothing occurred between Stockton and Sunderland, except that an old woman got a lift of six miles, and left at Castle Eden without incurring any observation. When the coach arrived at Sunderland, the young traveller's destination, he had his luggage carried to the principal inn.

The banker's clerk was now left alone, and was driven onward in fancied security, when, verging towards the conclusion of his journey, he took the liberty of looking that his box was safe, and to his astonishment and horror found it gone! There was an instant and eager search, and a consultation with coachee and guard led to the confident and apparently inevitable conclusion that the young traveller was the robber, and that the old woman was an accomplice, these being the only passengers after the banker took his seat. The banker, who was an energetic person, instantly ordered a coach and four, and drove back as fast as wheels could carry him. Here his suspicion was tenfold confirmed. The young traveller, finding Saturday market day at Sunderland, could do no business; and, like many young travellers, determined not to lose a day, he took a gig to Newcastle, where he found it market day also. Again foiled, he hired a horse and rode to Hexham, 22 miles, where he called upon some customers of the house he represented, and after a little business returned to Newcastle, jaded and fatigued in the extreme—had tea, and off to bed. Unwilling to lose the opportunity of seeing a friend he had at North Shields he spent Sunday there. By this time the banker was on his trail, and had magistrates and police out on various routes tracing him like a fox, while suspicion deepened at every winding. The banker, with his party, reached Shields a few hours after him, and searched all the inns and many houses, but the young traveller's friend chanced to be far above suspicion, and the pursuers were quite at fault, for the gentleman drove the object of their pursuit past them next day in his own carriage to Sunderland. Here the young gent transacted his business very much to his mind. He then started on the outside of the coach for Newcastle; but here was soon discovered. The stake rendered him of some importance. Two policemen in plain clothes were taken up on the coach beside him. Six expresses passed the coach on the road, summoning the magistrates and police along the road, and making sure arrangements that escape should be impossible. On the countenances of all it was plain that they knew their game was in view. Four policemen were stationed at Gateshead, and as many on Newcastle Bridge, and a tolerable party waited the arrival of the coach at the Turf Hotel. But not a word or movement shewed the young traveller that he was exciting any interest. He was allowed to leave the coach and proceed to the Turk's Head, where he immediately

ordered dinner, and retired. Before he got his coat off, however, the waiter gave him notice that he was wanted in the traveller's room. He said it was impossible, as he did not know a single individual in Newcastle; but on the waiter giving his name as that of the gentleman wanted, he proceeded to the other room, where Forsyth (who either is still, or was till very lately, at the head of the police) met him politely, locked the door, and expressed his regret at the necessity of leading him to prison. It was some time before the young man could be made to understand Forsyth's interference, the charge, and the suspicion against himself; and when he did, he staggered back and fainted.

He was taken before the magistrates of Newcastle, and the more the case was investigated, the more conclusive seemed the evidence, coupled with his flight, and the fact that, in his declaration, he forgot to mention the old woman, who could nowhere be traced, and who was now decidedly regarded as an accomplice. Bail was consequently refused till the references he gave in Glasgow were applied to. But much to the wonderment of all ready to pronounce him guilty, the replies were all to the effect that the thing was next to impossible—that his character was unimpeachable—that respectable men pledged their existence for his innocence—and that the writers would bail him to any reasonable amount. On this, bonds were immediately executed, and the unfortunate youth was again at liberty; but till his dying day, if it has not arrived, and if so it must have been recently (for when we heard of him last, he was a most respectable citizen of Glasgow), he could never forget the feeling of degradation and injured pride that rose within him, as when liberated, he passed out, with tears in his eyes, through a crowd of spectators, eager to catch a glimpse of the clever robber; and one desperate character, more acutely cruel than his fellows, gave him a hurrah for his cleverness in baffling justice.

The suspicion, groundless as it was, gave him great uneasiness. Starting in life, it haunted him awake and asleep; and a joyful heart had he when he learned that the harpies of the criminal law, "harking back" over the false scent, had drawn remark upon the passenger with the dreadnought coat leaving the coach, and had ascertained that on the night in question a chaise and four had taken him from the next stage to London without losing much time by the way, or leaving any trace behind. Advertisements were immediately inserted in the London Papers, offering a handsome reward for a box lost at Stockton, on the night in question, containing a large sum of money (the amount mentioned), but no reply was made till a month elapsed after the bank had ceased advertising. Then, however, came a letter from London, saying that the writer had observed several advertisements regarding a box lost at Stockton; that the writer knew of a box lost there at the time mentioned, but it contained a larger sum than was named, and therefore, probably, was not the same; if it was, however, it would be returned in exchange for a draft for £2000 and £700 more for expenses, but in the meantime there must be forwarded a bond of security for the fulfilment of the contract, and no questions were to be asked. This looked like compounding a felony, so a compromise was attempted, but it was never answered. The full terms were then concluded, and the bond of security despatched, and eight hours before the mail that carried it returned, a person with the appearance and address of a gentleman, with an easy and confident air, walked into the

bank with the identical box, and an open note which told its own tale, simply soliciting an answer. On opening the box, the contents were found precisely as lost. The stranger was paid over £2700, and left the bank with a bow to the manager, but without uttering a syllable, and posted back to London as he came, with four horses. A few days afterwards the manager received from the same quarter a case of excellent wine, value about £30, thanking him for his good faith, complimenting him on his business habits, telling him that the expenses of his party in the transaction had been heavy, as they had made four attempts before they succeeded, and concluded by an offer of similar services, if the writer should be fortunate enough ever again to render them necessary.*

CHESTER-LE-STREET GAMBLING.

From the following extract from an old work it would appear that our ancestors sometimes practised gambling of a nature which in our days would be thought both extraordinary and unprofitable :—"In October, 1735, a child of Elizabeth Leece, of Chester-le-Street, in the County of Durham, was played for at cards, at the sign of the "Salmon;" four shillings against the child, by Henry and John Trotter, Robert Thomson, and Thomas Ellison. The child was won by the two latter, and delivered to them accordingly."

JURY WISDOM IN 1848.

During the Durham assizes, 1848, a charge was preferred against a prisoner for having assaulted a policeman at Winlaton, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of a common assault. Mr. Justice Creswell, in sentencing the prisoner, said "*he had no doubt the jury had returned such a verdict as they were bound to return, in the exercise of such talents as God had blessed them with!*"

Not many years ago a jury returned a verdict at Durham, of *Justifiable Homicide* against a prisoner who was tried for a *common assault*. I dare say the bemaused man (who was present in living wise), as well as the prisoner, wondered greatly at the verdict, which was, in fact, tantamount to a legal acquittal.

DURHAM NOTIONS OF "FUEL."

"John," said a master tanner, in South Durham, a few years ago, to one of his men, "bring in some fuel." John walked off, revolving the word

* This excellent story appeared in the "Durham Advertiser," some months ago, anonymously. I copy it word for word.

in his mind, and returned with a pitchfork ! " I don't want that," said the wondering tanner ; " I want fuel, John." " Beg your pardon," replied the man, " I thought you wanted something to turn over the skins ! " And off he went again, not a whit the wiser, but ashamed to confess his ignorance. Much meditating, he next pitched upon the besom, shouldering which, he returned to the counting-house. His master was now in a passion. " What a stupid ass you are, John," he exclaimed ; " I want some sticks and shavings to light the fire." " O-h-h-h ! " exclaimed the rustic, " that 's what you want is it ? why couldn't you say so at first, master, instead of using a London dictionary word ? " And, wishful to shew that he was not alone in his ignorance, he called a comrade to the tanner's presence, and asked him if he knew what " fuel " was. " Aye ! " answered Joe, " ducks an' geese, and sike like ! "

INSCRIPTIONS IN BISHOPWEARMOUTH CHURCHYARD.

Under this stone his friends may see
The last remains of poor George Bee ;
Laborious Bee, had oft earn'd money,
As oft hard winters eat the honey.
Of all the Bee's were in the hive,
None toil'd like him are now alive.
A man more cruel than a Turk
Destroy'd him coming from his work ;
Without a word, without a frown,
The horrid monster rode him down :
And thus, though shocking to relate,
Poor Bee, alas ! met with his fate.
Since life's uncertain, let us all,
Prepare to meet Death's awful call.

Live you not, William and Elizabeth, with God on high ?
Are you not dead ?—yes, and here we lie :
We, who on earth with men did live and die,
Died for to live with Christ eternally.

HISTORIC RHYMES.

No. V.

KATHERINE DOUGLAS.

King James held revel with his court,
 For Christmas it was near;
 And pleasant was the mirth to see
 And pleasant was to hear.
 Full many a baron bold was there,
 And many a lady bright;
 And laugh and jest 'midst clang of cups
 Went round the hall that night.

If words were true, and smiles ne'er false,
 What king was lov'd as he?
 But Judas sate amongst the Twelve,
 And snakes 'neath roses be.
 The tapers now to bedward burn,
 The shadows darker fall;
 And James has drunk right graciously
 A parting health to all.

He stands alone beside the throne,
 Alone except for two;
 His loving queen, and May Kathrinè
 A Douglas kind and true.
 And she too is about to go—
 "Why do you start, Kathrinè?"
 "I hear the tread of armed men,
 And doubt they evil mean."

"All fancy, Kate, my bonny Kate—
 Why is your cheek so wan?"
 "Their swords are drawn, their looks breathe hate,
 False Athole leads them on."
 "Mine uncle? no, it cannot be—
 Wherefore that startled cry?"
 "My liege, my liege they're close at hand!
 Oh save yourself and fly;

This arm of mine shall be the while
 A bolt to keep them out;
 I'll thrust it in the staple-ring,
 A Douglas never doubt."
 The traitors shout, with all their might
 They beat against the door;
 Her arm is crush'd, her cheek is flush'd,
 Then paler than before.

She makes no moan although the grief
 Was more than words can say;
 But nature will assert her rights—
 She coldly swooned away.

Kathrinè awakes from her sleep of pain,
 And gazes wildly round;
 Then sudden sees the good King James
 All bloody on the ground.
 Three wounds were in his ample breast,
 And two were in his side;
 And by him lay his trusty sword,
 As it had been his bride.

May Kathrinè look'd upon the slain,
 To Heaven she look'd on high;
 And call'd for vengeance on the heads
 Of those who made him die.
 'Twas frightful to hear such words from lips
 That were only made to bless;
 'Twas sin to think them, and now again
 To tell them it were no less.

They did not fall upon barren sand,
 For the year had scarce grown old,
 Ere a scene was wrought by the doomster then
 To make the blood run cold.
 The fire was there, with pincers red hot,
 And cauldrons of scething lead;
 And the shrieks of the tortur'd rent the air
 While his hand with their gore dripp'd red

May, Kathrinè, who had curs'd so loud,
 So loud and eke so deep,
 Now pray'd for mercy to herself,
 And would, but could not, weep.
 She pray'd for mercy to herself,
 She pray'd Heaven's grace to them;
 And then she wept while every tear
 Was pure as an orient gem,

For they were pity's tears, and, where
 They fall, upspringeth grace;
 And hope upon those welcome show'rs
 Her rainbow loves to trace.

G S.

A TRIO OF REMARKABLE LEICESTERSHIRE SISTERS.

MORE than three hundred years ago, there lived in one of the pleasant valleys of Leicestershire three little girls—the children of the same parents. They were not more interesting than children generally are. They prattled, pouted, and played like other children; like other children, they had “no cares beyond to-day,” yet were there cares in store for them, and for their parents, too, such as fall to the lot of few. In plain and humble English, their names were Jenny, Kitty, and Polly, but as that was a language never used by their parents, we will call them Jane, Katherine, and Mary; and when I add, that one became queen of the most powerful kingdom in the world—that the second had a fate more romantic than all romance—and that the third became the wife of a simple yeoman, the reader will easily guess that I am alluding to Jane, Katherine, and Mary Grey.

Probably there is no female character in the whole range of English history so familiar to Leicestershire people as that of the leading lady of my trio. Her strange and touching story is one of the earliest of our *true* nursery tales, and most of us—I speak as one born and bred in the county—can remember how willing we were to hope that a tale so sad and strange should *indeed be a tale*. We could not reconcile with a life so innocent and pure, an end so violent and so cruel! When we learnt that history is generally truth, and that this good and gifted girl was a native of our own wild hills—her birth-place—and her more than birth-place—became almost holy ground. Few indeed are there among the better classes of Leicestershire, who have not at some time visited Bradgate, and felt how an artless girl could invest with ideal beauty and thrilling interest, a spot which, apart from association with her, would be little more than a moorland waste.

With all this *general* acquaintance with the Lady Jane, I have often found, even amongst educated persons, a singular vagueness in their conceptions, both of her real character and of the precise grounds on which her claim to the crown rested—some regarding her merely as a passive instrument in the hands of the ambitious Dudleys—others looking on her as a victim to the new-born anxiety for the maintenance of young Protestantism—and both, perhaps, forgetting that but for the operation of these two causes (*viz.*, the schemes of an unpopular nobleman, and the prejudices of the rival churches) Lady Jane's claim would have stood a far better chance on its own intrinsic merits. But to this point I shall address myself in its proper place—for it seems right, in the first instance, to give a brief sketch of her antecedent history.

Henry VII. left by his queen, Elizabeth (the daughter of Elizabeth Woodville), two sons, Arthur and Henry; and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. Arthur married Catherine of Arragon, and died without issue; his brother Henry then espoused the widow, and had by her the Princess Mary. Margaret married James IV. of Scotland, and had children. Mary married firstly, Lewis XII. of France, by whom she had no

children ; and secondly, Charles Brandon, the handsome Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had two daughters—Frances, married to Henry Grey ; and Eleanor, who married the Earl of Cumberland.

Long before her betrothal to the French king, "the handsome duke" had made an impression on her heart. She had even "told her love ;" and it is probable that but for motives of state policy (a reconciliation and an alliance with France being then a great desideratum) her brother Henry VIII. would not have been averse to the union. I need scarcely stop to remark that the severance of such ties as love had woven between Charles Brandon and the Princess Mary, caused painful struggles. The discarded duke, however, confident that he still had a deep interest in the lady's heart, followed her to France, and greatly distinguished himself in several masques and tournaments held in honour of the royal marriage.

At a tournament at Tourvelles, after vanquishing two or three French knights, he brought the spoils to the front of the royal gallery, and laying them at the queen's feet, boldly declared that it was love for her which had nerved his arm. He also ventured to address the queen in the character of a troubadour, and presented her with verses expressive of undiminished passion and future hope. Lewis did not survive his marriage many weeks, and his widow was not so long in assuring her first love, that having made the greatest of all sacrifices to comply with her brother's wishes, she was now determined to consult her own.

On the paternal side, too, Lady Jane's descent was a distinguished one,—her father, the Marquis of Dorset, having been great grandson of Sir John Grey, Lord Ferrars of Groby, who was slain at St. Alban's in 1460, and of Elizabeth Woodville, afterwards wife of Edward IV. It should be remarked, also, that Lord Dorset and Frances Brandon were nearly related before their marriage, for Elizabeth Woodville was *her* great grandmother too. But the parents of Lady Jane were as much distinguished for their mental endowments as for their high birth. In all the chivalry of the times Lord Dorset bore a high part, and it will be seen, in the sequel, that his lady was a person of no ordinary character.

The education of their daughters appears to have occupied a considerable share of their attention, and the selection of Aylmer (the chief pillar of early Protestantism in Leicestershire) was, in every way, a judicious and happy one. It would be interesting to discover whether the Lady Jane's remarkable superiority in literature and languages, in comparison with her sisters, was solely the result of a higher intellect, or whether it arose from an extra share of attention being paid to her in consequence of the chance there was of her sharing the crown by a union with Edward VI., or its devolving to her by his decease. The modes of feminine education, the subjects and objects of it, were so different in the sixteenth century from those adopted in the present time, that it may not be amiss if I briefly refer to them. A training that had for its results the formation of such a character as Lady Jane, cannot be unworthy of attention or devoid of interest, however we may disapprove of it.

"From the time of Erasmus and for a century later, [says Aubrey,] learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times was as starcht as their hands, square beards and gravity being then taken for wisdom. The doctors, in those days, were but old boys, whose quibbles passed

for wit, even in their sermons. The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmaster, and their schoolmaster as gaolers—the child *perfectly loathed the sight of his parents* as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty and forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools bareheaded before their parents; and the daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard-side the whole time of their proud mother's visit, unless (as the fashion then was) leave was desired, forsooth, that a cnsion should be brought them to kneel upon by the serving-man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The boys (I mean the young fellows) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with saliva: they were to stand manfully, forsooth, the fore-top ordered as before, with one hand at the band-string and the other behind. The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, and on it a handle at least half a yard long, with which the fathers or mothers, in the time of this *besom discipline*, publicly chastised and slasht their daughters when they were perfect women."

Such is Aubrey's account.

We shall presently see that this severe and *slashing* style of training was applied to our trio, and, though there is so much to be disliked in the system, yet if we should compare its fruits with those of our own modes, —I am not quite sure the result would not shew that we somewhat err on the other extreme. Possibly we may now do by love what was then done by fear, but that the parental, or I would say paternal, government (the keystone of a nation's and a family's peace), is not so well enforced in our times as in those to which I am referring, will scarcely, I believe, be questioned.

The records of the early life of our "Three Sisters" are extremely meagre. In no public or private library in the town or country that I consulted, could I obtain any work throwing light on Lady Jane's childhood, but one that gave any account of her life, and none (save general histories) that recorded her death. In the absence, then, of any particulars of her infantine years, I can only suppose that she and her sisters

"Grew in beauty side by side,"

and gathered strength for the great battle of life, by communings with nature on the wild hills and valleys that surrounded their forest home.

At all events, Lady Jane was still in the seclusion of Bradgate, so favourable to the uninterrupted pursuit of her favourite studies, and to her contemplative turn of mind, when Ascham, the learned tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, visited her. He thus describes the interview:—

"Before I went to Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the Parke. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delite as some would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duetie done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the parke? Smiling, shee answered me—'I wisse all their sport in the parke is but a shadow to that pleasure I finde in Plato: alas! good folke, they never felt what true pleasure meante. "And how came you, Madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing not many women, and but very few men, have attayned thereunto?"

" 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speake, keepe silence, sit, stand, or goe, eat, drinke, be merry, or sad, be sowing, playing, dauncing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were, in much weight, measure, and number, even as perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes well *pinched, nipped, and other waies*, which I will not name for the honour I bare them, so without measure misordered, I think myself in Hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such faire allurements to learning, that I think all the tyme that I am with him as nothing. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning, is full of greefe, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto mee; and thus my booke hath beene so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to mee more pleasure, more that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deede be but trifles and troubles to me.'

"I remember all this talke gladly, both because it is so worthy of memorie, and because also it was the last talke that I ever had, and the last time I ever saw that noble and worthy ladye."

The previous acquaintance to which Ascham here refers, was formed during Lady Jane's visit to her cousins the Princess Elizabeth and Edward the Sixth, which laid the foundation of that boyish attachment which, there is no doubt, the young king entertained for the gifted but gentle girl.

We know that Lady Jane was fifteen at the time of this her last interview with Ascham, because in one of his Latin letters to Sturmius, after speaking of the accomplished Princess Elizabeth and the daughters of the Duke of Somerset, he adds,—

"*Duas tamen Angliæ fœminas præterire non possum . . . Altera est Jana Graia filia nobilis Marchionis Dorsetensis. Quæ cum aviam habuit Mariam Franciæ Reginam arctâ propinquitatē attingit Regem Nostrum Edwardum, Annum nata est Decimum quintum.*

And then he goes on to describe how he found her reading Plato in Greek, his wonder at her attainments, and her promise to write to him in Greek. And again in a letter to the Lady Jane herself, he says, after describing the wonders he had seen on the continent,—

"*Nihil tamen in tantâ rerum varietate tam justam mihi admirationem affert, quam quod hac proximâ superiori æstate offenderim te, tam nobilem Virginem absente optimo præceptore, in anlâ nobilissimi Patris, quo tempore reliqui et reliquæ venationi et jucunditatibus sese dent, offenderim inquam, a Ζευ και θεοι divinam virginem divinum divini Platonis Phædonem Græcè sedulo perlegentem, hac parte felicior es judicanda quàm quod παρθεὶν μηρθεὶν ex regibus reginisque genus tuum deducis! Perge, porro, Ornatissima Virgo, parentibus felicitatem, tibi gloriam, præceptori laudem, notis tuis congratulationem, omnibus ex terris summam admirationem afferre!*"

In another place talking of Lady Jane, he says,—

"*Cujus est cultior animus,*"

But I had better give you the English.

"Whose mind is more highly polished by the wisdom of Plato and the

eloquence of Demosthenes, than her person is illustrious by royal descent, or by the contingency of a crown."

Sir Thomas Chaloner's testimony—and he too was Lady Jane's contemporary—is still more valuable, for it speaks of something far better than mere erudition. He says,—“She was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic, and excelled also in the various branches of ordinary feminine education—played well on instrumental music—sang exquisitely, wrote an elegant hand, and excelled in curious needlework; and with all these endowments she was (hear this, ye gentle mothers and daughters of her county!) of a *mild*, humble, and *modest* spirit.” Yes! in spite of the frequently asserted argument, that the highest mental attainments in woman are incompatible with the domestic virtues, Lady Jane, with accomplishments that rendered her a feminine Crichton, had still that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of Heaven of so great a price. But the highest testimonial to Lady Jane's acquirements and virtues is yet to come. It is Fuller, who says of her, “she had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of *middle*, the gravity of old age—and all at eighteen—the birth of a Princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences.”

I dwell perhaps too much upon these encomiums, but it is because an attempt has been made in our time to detract from her wonderful attainments, and still more wonderful virtues. An anonymous writer in the “*Beauties of England*,” says “the accounts exceed the ground of credibility, and are nearly allied to those Monkish romances of saints and martyrs intended to impose on incredulity.” He calls Ascham's praises “indiscriminate and garrulous,” and strongly questions his veracity. I pay him back the compliment of strongly questioning his judgment, for I have no hesitation in asserting, that we have as decisive evidence of the vast powers of Lady Jane's mind, her accomplishments, and virtues, as we have of any historical fact upon record,—they were proved both by her life and her death.

It is time I should come to that most important epoch in a young lady's life—her marriage. In those days, I need scarcely observe, that hands were joined, not as the parties most interested might have wished, but according to the interests or caprices of the parents. Free choice was rarely looked for, and more rarely permitted. In Lady Jane's case, however, choice and duty appear to have gone hand in hand. The ambitious Northumberland saw, in the young beauty of Bradgate, a sure way for his son's and his family's aggrandizement, and her father, the amiable Duke of Suffolk, but too readily caught at the bright bait that was held out to him. Lord Guildford Dudley seems to have been no unworthy object of a woman's love—he was, at least, the most worthy of Northumberland's sons, and Lady Jane appears readily and really to have loved him whom the parental mandate had ordered her to love.

There is a dark tradition of the Dudleys having poisoned the young King Edward, and it is popularly believed that on the night of his death the banners in the hall waved sadly, though in a place where the wind could not reach them. To me however, the one half of the legend seems as improbable as the other. I admit that the Dudleys were ambitious, but I confess, I think the evidence of their poisoning the young king rests on slight grounds. It was probably one of the idle tales which the

vulgar first raise, and then believe, against those somewhat rapidly elevated above them. All the symptoms, as detailed to us, seem nothing more than the usual symptoms of early consumption. But any story found easy credence that had for its object the ruin of those whose "vaulting ambition" had already rendered them unpopular.

A doubtful or disputed succession is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation. In the times of which I am speaking, much more than now, the duty of upholding that form of religion which each party respectively thought the right one, presented itself as the greatest of obligations. In pronouncing judgment therefore upon the conduct of Northumberland and Suffolk, then, let us for one moment fancy ourselves living in their times—and zealous for the maintenance of young Protestantism.

Henry VIII. had procured his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, to be declared illegitimate, by Act of Parliament—in Mary's case the act had never been repealed. Even when settling the crown by will and appointing his daughters to succeed his son, he specially intimates the illegitimacy of the princess Mary, and prefers the issue of his youngest sister, Mary, before that of his elder sister Margaret.

What could be more natural than that young Edward with his precocity of judgment—with his anxiety for a Protestant succession—with his conviction that all would be undone if Mary succeeded him—with his inability to pass over the Catholic Mary without also excluding the Protestant Elizabeth—and above all with the belief that it was competent for him to do what his father had done—what, I ask, could be more natural than that he (even if not prompted by Northumberland) should think himself as privileged to alter the succession as his father, and should fix on the one dear in blood and dearest in affection—to guard the interests that were nearest and dearest to his heart? The *reluctant* consent of the judges—the *willing* consent of the prelates ratified this choice.* Who of us can tell how, as subjects, we should have felt oracted under such a perplexity, or rather complicity of claims? especially if we had regarded the crown, as sovereigns then did, as a fief that could be left at will like any other property? Lady Jane's reluctance to have greatness *forced* upon her is only a proof of her moderation and her love of higher joys than royalty could confer, and not any proof of her conviction that her taking the crown was an act of usurpation.

The scene of Sion House was, however, the first act in the tragedy. Her royal progress to the Tower, attended by all the lords, and her mother the duchess as her trainbearer—the solemn proclamation by the heralds, and the bold sermons by Rogers and Ridley (those two eminent martyrs), all gave solemn reality to the feeling that she was indeed Queen, and not the puppet of an unmeaning pageant.

On 18th July (1558), appears her first royal warrant. It is signed "JANE, THE QUEENE." Queen Jane!—how oddly and unfamiliarly it sounds to our ears! In fact—and this is one point in which I think great injustice has been done to her memory—she figures in our annals just as the *Simnels*, and *Perkins*, and Monmouths, as a downright pretender and usurper. Her reign, for reign it was, is either entirely suppressed, or eclipsed with the term "interregnum"—yet Queen, *de facto*, she

* The Duchess of Suffolk waved her claim in favour of her daughter.

certainly was, and her claim to be called *Queen de jure*, was one of those knotty points on which "doctors" may well "disagree," and which casuists cannot yet decide. Had Elizabeth, instead of Mary, succeeded her, it is more than probable that Queen Jane's lovely face would have graced our histories. I am anticipating. Let us pass over the ten days' reign, and follow her, a prisoner, to that Tower in which she had so lately been received as a sovereign.

The annals of Greece and Rome shewed nothing equal to the grandeur of soul manifested in her prison life and death, by this Christian girl!

She, great and guileless victim, was no party to Wyatt's chivalric rebellion in her behalf, which hastened, if it did not decide her doom.

Hear that remarkable letter which she penned to the Duke of Suffolk, on the occasion:—

"Father, although it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it as I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days than if all the world had been given unto my possessions with life lengthened at my own will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled manifold ways, both in bewailing your own woe; and especially (as I hear) my unfortunate state: yet my dear Father (if I may without offence rejoice in my own mishaps,) me seems in this I may account myself blessed, that, washing my guiltless hands with the innocency of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, '*Mercy to the innocent!*' And yet, tho' I must needs acknowledge that, being constrained, and as you wot well enough continually assayed, in taking upon me I seemed to consent, and therein grievously *offended the Queen and her Laws*; yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I was, mine enforced honour blended never with myne innocent head. And thus, good Father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I at present stand: whose death at hand, altho' to you perhaps it may seem right woful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ our Saviour; in whose steadfast faith (if it be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father) the Lord that hath hitherto so strengthened you, so continue you that at last we may meet in Heaven with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Your Gracy's affectionate Daughter,

"JANE DUDLEY."

The "Exhortation" which she addressed to her sister Katherine, the night before she suffered, and which I believe is still on the page of a Greek Testament in Lord Stamford's library, is yet more touching, though too long to quote here,—but I must give you Hollinshed's account of the last scene in the tragedy:—

"The twelfth of Februarie, being Mondae, about ten of the clocke, there went out of the Tower, to the scaffold on Tower Hill, the Lord Gilford Dudley, sonne to the Duke of Northumberland, husband to the Ladie Jane Greie, * * * and without the bulwarke gate, Master Thomas Oflie, one of the Sheriffes of London, received him, and brought him to the scaffold; where, after a small declaration, he kneeled doune and said his praiers. Then holding up his eyes and hands to Heaven, with tears, at the last he desired the people to praie for him, and after he was beheaded. His bodie being laide in a carte, and his head into a cloth, was brought into the chapell within the Tower, where

the Ladie Jane, whose lodging was in Maister Partridge's house, did see his dead carcassee taken out of the carte, as well as she did see him before while living, and going to his death, a sight, as may be supposed, to her worse than death.

"By this time there was a scaffold made upon the Greene, over against the white tower, for the Ladie Jane to die upon [her execution *within* the verge, was to prevent the effect of her youth, beauty, and innocence, upon the wavering spectators]; and being nothing at all abashed, neither with the feare of her own death, which then approached, neither with sight of the dead carcassee of her husband, when he was brought into the chapel, came forth, the lieutenant leading her, with countenance nothing abashed [the historian may well reiterate that remarkable circumstance], neither her eies anything moistened with teares, with a booke in hir hand, wherein she praied untill she came to the scaffold. Whereon, when she was mounted, this noble young ladie, as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge, so was she patient and mild as anie lamb, at her execution, and a little before hir death uttered these words:—

"'Good people, I com hether to die, and by a lawe I am condemned to the same.'"

Hollinshed here adds these remarkable words:—

"'My offense against the Queene's Highnes was onlie in consent to the advice of other which is *now deemed treason*, but it was never of my seeking but by counsell of those who should seeme to have further understanding of things than I, which kewe little of the law, and much less of the titles to the crowne.' She then goes on, 'Touching the proeuement and desyre thereof by me, or on my halfe, I doo wash my hands thereof, in innocency before God and before you good Christian people, this day.' And thirwith she wrong hir handes in which she had hir booke. Then she said:—'I pray you all, good Christian people, to bere me witnes that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other mene but onlie by the mercy of God, in the merites of the bloud of his only sonne Jesus Christe: and I confesse that, when I knewe the worde of God, I neglected the same, and loved myselfe and the world, and therefore this plague and punyshment is happely and worthely happened unto me for my sinnes. And yet I thanke God that he has thus given me a tyme and respet to repent. And now good people, *while I am alyue*, I pray you assist me with your praiers.'

"And then kneelyng down, she turned to Fecknam saying, 'Shall I say this Psalm?' and he said 'Yea;' then she said *miserere mei Deus*, in English, most devoutly to the ende. Then she stode up, and gave her mayde, Mistresse Tylene, her gloves and her handkercher, and her booke to Maister Thomas Brydges, the lyvetenant's brother. Forthwith she untied hyr goun. The hangman went to hir to have helped hir off therwith, but she desyred him to let her alone, turning towards her two gentlewomen who helped hir off therewith, and also her *Frose paste*, and neeckercher, giving to her a fayre handkercher to knyght about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled doune and asked her forgiveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the strawe, which doing *she saw the blocke*. Then she said, 'I pray you despatche me quickly.' Then she kneeled doune, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me downe?' And the hangman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tyed the kerecher about hir eyes. Then, *feeling for the blocke*, saide, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto, she layde her head upon the blocke, and stretched forth her body and said, 'Lorde, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'—and so she ended."^{*}

* It has been asserted, on good authority, that the Lady Jane was *eniente* at the time of her death, and that what would now be considered a bar against the execution of the meanest criminal, was not even thought of in her case.

Well might Fox, on concluding his own narrative of this cruel execution, exclaim :—

“ Though with dry eyes this story may be read,
A flood of tears the pitying writer shed.”

Her signature, simply “ JANE,” may be seen on the sides of the room in which she was confined in the Tower.

Mr. Brand was of opinion that there was “ a latent meaning in the repetition of the signature, JANE, by which she at once styled herself a queen, and intimated that not even the horrors of a prison could force her to relinquish that title.” I confess I read something in the phraseology of her parting words, that leads me to arrive at a similar conclusion.

With the leading heroine of my “ Trio,” I have now done ; and turn to her sisters, KATHERINE GREY, the second daughter. Fuller says :—

“ ’Tis a pity to part the sisters, that their memories may mutually condole and comfort one another. She was born at the same place, and (when her father was in height) married to Henry, Lord Herbert, son and heir to the Earl of Pembroke ; but the wary old Earl, perceiving the case altered, and what was the highway to honour turned into the ready road to ruin, got a pardon from Queen Mary, and brake the marriage quite off. This Heraclita, or Lady of Lamentation, thus repudiated, was seldom seen with dry eyes for some years together, sighing out her sorrowful condition—so that though the roses in her cheeks looked very pale and wan, it was not for the want of watering. Afterward Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, married her privately, without the queen’s license, and concealed it, till the prospect of her being a mother discovered it. * * * Queen Elizabeth beheld her with a jealous eye, unwilling she should match either foreign prince or English peer, but follow the pattern *she set her*—so for their presumption, this Earl was fined £15,000, imprisoned with his lady in the Tower, and severely forbidden her company—but he bribed the keeper to procure him frequent interviews, and had by her a surviving son, Edward, ancestor of the Dukes of Somerset. Lady Katherine died in 1567, after a nine years’ imprisonment in the Tower.

LADY MARY GREY, the youngest of the sisters, is said to have been somewhat deformed. Of her, Fuller says, that, “ frightened with the infelicity of her two elder sisters, Jane and Katherine, she forgot her honour to remember her safety, and married one whom she could love, and *none* need fear—Martin Keys [a yeoman], of Kent, who was serjeant porter to Queen Elizabeth.”

She left no issue.

The father of this remarkable trio, the Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded twelve days after the Lady Jane.

And what became of the Duchess ?

There have been wives and mothers who, when informed of such woe as hers,

“ have lived but to be told !”

She appears to have been of a stronger temperament. She found some consolation for all these accumulated woes—in what ? you will ask. In marrying her horse-keeper, Adrian Stoeks.

Miss Strickland relates a good anecdote on this match :—“ Elizabeth’s undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley excited the jealousy of

the other members of her council; and even the cautious Cecil could not forbear hazarding a biting jest to Elizabeth on the subject, when he told her of this misalliance of her cousin Frances with her equerry. 'What!' exclaimed her Majesty, 'has she married her horse-keeper?' 'Yea, madame,' replied the Premier, 'and she says, *you would like to do the same with yours!*'"

Yes, this daughter of a Queen of France, and mother of a Queen of England, found there was wisdom as well as safety in her lowly choice. It placed her *à l'abri* from the jealous suspicions of the Maiden Queen, and she pronounced that the sunshine was less pleasant than the shade. She passed the few remaining years of her life in great domestic comfort with her humble husband, chiefly in the sylvan retirement of Beaumanor. She had one daughter by Mr. Stoecks, who did not, however, live to womanhood. Adrian afterwards married the widow of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and dying, left his brother, William, in possession of Beaumanor, which shortly after—namely, in 1595—was purchased by the celebrated Sir William Heyrick.

Wymeswold, Leicestershire.

T. R. P.

NAMES AND SURNAMES—No. 11.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN treating of names and surnames in the present paper the same plan adopted in our last article upon the same subject (of which the present is a continuation), will be pursued; that is to say, an endeavour will be made by the occasional introduction of anecdotes and allusions to past and present affairs of interest, to enliven a topic in itself "stale and flat," but we hope not "unprofitable." And as a constant reference to the different works consulted for the multitude of little facts we propose to assemble together, would add not a little to the *dryness* of the subject, we will omit, except in particular cases, such constant and tedious allusions. The more so, as every person in treating of antiquities or the history of past events, must, if he is a faithful and honest scribe, be invariably indebted for every fact he states to some previous writer. In the study of past events there is no creation of the mind. There is classification, comparison, speculation, and research,—but no invention.

Originally, persons had but one name; and names appear to have been universally adopted in every nation of the earth, except among the savages of Mount Atlas, who (according to Pliny) bore no names whatever. And although it is difficult to imagine how communities could ever entrench upon even the borders of civilization without the adoption of names or other distinguishing badges, yet, among savages possessed of no property whatever—dead to all the nobler and more refined feelings of our nature and removed only a little from the beasts of the field, it appears possible that such may have been the case. Pliny's assertion, however, though

corroborated by another writer, has been often doubted: yet we know that the savages with whom we are at present familiar in some parts of the world are not very tenacious of their names; but, on the contrary, change them as often as "gentlemen upon town" in London. Among the South Sea Islanders, where a native is anxious to shew the utmost kindness to a visitor, he *changes names* with him, abandoning for ever his own. In a country where the inhabitants were possessed of property of even the smallest amount (except what could be constantly carried upon the person), or where the tenderness of love existed, or the ties of relationship, or the bonds of friendship were valued, such a practice would breed incalculable confusion, and must inevitably be annihilated by the first dawn of civilization.

Names, as every one knows, are sometimes changed in civilized countries. But it so seldom happens that, though attended generally with some confusion, the evil is to a certain extent qualified by the rareness of its occurrence. But, before civilization had made so much progress in this country, it was much more frequent; and we have already seen that persons often abandoned their own names, and adopted the surname given to them, which they transmitted to their posterity. Thus the distinguished Irish family of Grace of Mantua, now represented by Oliver D. J. Grace, M.P., derived their name, as well as descent, from Robert *Le Gros*, or *Le Gras*, which was gradually corrupted into Grace.

In a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries, by Sir Fortunatus Dwaris, it is stated, that in early days the landless man of gentle blood was compelled to find a lord who would accept his fealty. To him the youthful aspirant to military honours remained attached until he gained a grant of lands in requital for his services. Then first he had

"A local habitation—and a name."

"For," says Ormerod, "the manner of those ages was to style men from the places where they lived, and for their posterity afterwards wholly to retain the local name." "The title of the feud," says Sir F. Dwaris, "was written over the name, thus:—

Brereton	Dutton
de	de
Ralph.	Hugh."

Upon the subject of surnames, and the arbitrary and capricious mode of their adoption in the age next immediately succeeding the Norman era, an illustration is given in Camden's *Remains concerning Britain*:—

"For variety and alteration of names in one familie, upon diverse respects, I will give you one Cheshire example for all out of an ancient roll belonging to Sir Wm. Brereton of Brereton, which I saw twenty years since. Not long after the Conquest William Belward, Lord of the moietie of Malpas, had two sons, Dan David of Malpas, surnamed the Clerke, and Richard.

"Dan David had William de Malpas; his second son named Philip Gogh; one of the issue of whose eldest sons took the name of Egerton; a third of David Colborne; and one Goodman.

"Richard had three sons, Thomas de Cotgrave, William de Overton, and Richard Little, who had two sons, Ken Clarke, and John Richardson. Herein you may note alteration of names in respect of *habitation* in Egerton, Cotgrave,

Colburne, and Overton; in respect of *colour* in Gogh (that is red); in respect of *qualitie* in Goodman; of *stature* in Little; of *learning* in Ken Clarke; of *the Father's Christian name* in Richardson; all descending from William Belward, Lord of Malpas; which one house, the gentlemen of so different names would not be easily induced to believe they were descended from."

And Warburton says, in his *Footsteps of the Normans*:—

"With those whose merits entitled them to the possession of lands, surnames were generally taken from the soil. This mode of taking surnames from the soil placed the possession of an ancient territorial name in some sort beyond the reach of fortune. This soil might, by any of the thousand vicissitudes of human affairs, be transferred to other hands; be owned by strange blood; but now there was something of which accident could not deprive him: the territorial name remained; linked indissolubly and for ever with all the ancient ennobling associations. Few, indeed, are the feudal territorial names that have survived the ordeal of the eight centuries since the Conquest;—the destroying Crusaders; the exterminating wars of the Roses; the jealous axe of the Plantagenets and the Tudors; but those few are the natural nobility of the land."

Having noticed the inconvenience and disagreeable consequences that often result from the confusion or mistake of names, we select as an example the following tragic occurrence, which has always been looked upon as one of the darkest blots upon the character of the First Consul. We allude to the melancholy death of the Duc d'Enghien, who in the year 1804, by the dim light of a lantern, was shot in the fosse of the Castle of Vincennes. One of the principal accusations brought against him originated in the mis-pronunciation of a name. It was reported that he was on intimate terms with General Dumourier, a man most obnoxious to the First Consul. It was too late discovered that the name of his associate was General *Thumery*. The German pronunciation had rendered these two names identical to the Police Agents of the French Government.

Among the most curious surnames in English history is that of Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror, and surnamed Curthose. Robert of Gloucester, the ancient rhyming chronicler, gives the following quaint account of the manner in which he received his surname:—

He was William's son bastard, as I have i-said ere i-lome,*
And well i-wox ere his father to England come.
Thick man he was enow, but he nas well long,
Quarry he was, and well i made for to be strong.
Therefore his father in a time i-see his sturdy decd,
The while he was young, and behold, and these words said—

"By the uprising of God, Robelin, me shall i-see,
Curthose my young son, stalward knight shall be."
For he was some deal short, he cleped him Curthose;
And he ne might never eft afterward thilk name lose.

Surnames are at present constantly originated in Ireland. From motives of superstition, the peasantry generally name their children after their nearest relations; and the population increases so rapidly that there are often twenty or thirty individuals of the same christian and surname

* Some of these words perhaps may not be understood by the general reader:—*i-lome* means *frequently, before*; *i-wox*, *grown*; *quarry*, *square*.—J. P.

living in the same parish. In order, therefore, to distinguish themselves, they frequently assume an addition to their surname.—These additions, like the surnames in ancient times, are often anything but complimentary. Many individuals of the name of John Ryan, figured with unenviable notoriety at the late Special Commission in Clare and Limerick. There we had—John Ryan (Patt), John Ryan (Puck), John Ryan (King), John Ryan (Luke), John Ryan (Steelribs), &c. Poor Ryan (Luke), and Ryan (Puck), are now no more, having been lately executed for murder!

Among the ancient Romans, those deified by the heathen consecration had new names given to them; Romulus, for instance, was called Quirinus; Melicertes, Portumnus, &c. The Popes uniformly change their names at their elevation to the chair of St. Peter; a custom first introduced by Pope Sergius, whose name till then, says the Roman historian Platina, was *Swinesnout*! Platina, however, was not an impartial witness. Yielding to an odd fashion then common among literary men and wits, he adopted, not without a solemn ceremonial, the euphonious name of Callimachus instead of his own humble name of Philip. Pope Paul II., who reigned at that time, was suspicious and illiterate, and could not imagine that persons would change their baptismal name without some sinister motive. Torture and imprisonment were freely employed to discover the concealed objects of the parties, and among those who suffered in this manner was Callimachus; but after a long imprisonment and cruel torture he was at last liberated. It is much more probable that the Popes change their names in imitation of St. Paul and St. Peter, who were called, before they undertook the holy office of Apostles, Simon and Saul.

It is at present common for persons who inherit large fortunes, or who are adopted by wealthy friends, to assume their names, either solely or in connection with their own. In most wills where large property is bequeathed to a person of a different name, a clause to that effect is inserted. The celebrated Thellusson will directed that the person or persons, who should inherit that enormous fortune should take, have, and use, the name of Thellusson alone. It is curious that the same anxiety to transmit our names to generations unborn, and the same desire that they should not perish but live after us, even in persons not related by blood, has prevailed from the earliest ages. This appears to be the first origin of that feeling of family pride, from which titles, arms, and hereditary honors of every kind, afterwards emanated. Among the ancient Romans, slaves, when emancipated, generally took the names of their masters. So did the person adopted by another; thus L. Æmilius, adopted by Scipio, took the name of Scipio Africanus;* and Augustus, who was originally called Caius Octavius Thurinus, took the name of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. Those who were called to the Equestrian Order, if they had base names, were always new-named—*nomine ingenuorum veterumque Romanorum*—after some illustrious or distinguished man—generally one from whom they were descended.

A practice similar to the above, prevailed in more modern times. Per-

* This was not the conqueror of Hannibal. Africanus became a favourite surname in the family of the Scipios. They derived their name from *Scipio*, which signifies a *Stick*, because an ancestor of theirs had conducted his blind father, and supported him as a stick. Africanus the Elder, was so called from the overthrow of Hannibal; Africanus the younger, from the destruction of Carthage; and Scipio Asiaticus from the conquest of Antiochus.—J. P.

sons received into a more powerful clan, often, perhaps generally, adopted some name connected with their new friends, and by which they expected quickly to merge into the *οἱ πολλοί* and to obliterate the recollection of their own treachery or defeat. Converts to Mahometanism are still necessitated to do so, of which we have lately had an example in the Hungarian refugees in Turkey; and in Irish history we find many examples of the same kind. It was long considered an act bordering on high-treason to have or use an Irish name. Thus it was enacted in Ireland in the year 1465, in the earliest Parliament of the Pale, "that every Irishman dwelling in the counties of Kildare, Meath, Louth, and Dublin, should go like unto an Englishman; should shave his beard above the mouth; be, within one year, sworn the liegeman of the King; and take to him an English surname of one town, as Chester; or color, as white, black, brown; or art, or science, as smith, or carpenter; or office, as cook, or butler; and that he and his issue should thenceforth use this name under pain of forfeiture."

In a former article we traced the derivation of the name Huguenot, to the fact that that persecuted sect were obliged to steal forth at night to purchase what they required, &c., like Hugon, the great hobgoblin of France. A recent letter from Copenhagen, gives the following account of a family who have been there confounded with the Devil! Describing the Cathedral of Roeskildø, the writer says:—"I was arrested by one (of the sarcophagi of distinguished noble families of Denmark) which has a door of iron grated-work, bearing a figure of the Devil, *as large as life (!)* with horns, tail, and claws. The explanation is, that the family reposing within is named Trolle, a famous one in Danish history. Trolle is the name of one of the beings of Scandinavian superstition, and the being is figured in the armorial bearings of the house, as a man having the head placed in the middle of the body. Latterly, I suppose, as these superstitions became obscure, the malignant Trolle was confounded with the devil, and hence the figure on the grating as an object bearing reference to this noble family."

The influence of a name upon the destinies of an individual was noticed before. In public life, a man who possesses a time-honoured and distinguished name, has a great advantage over a person whose name is mean, ridiculous, or contemptible. Disraeli, to whom we have been already indebted, tells us, on the authority of Fuller, that an opulent citizen of the name of *John Cutts* was ordered by Elizabeth to receive the Spanish Ambassador; but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the *shortness of his name*. He imagined that a man bearing a monosyllabic name, could never, in the great alphabet of civil life, have performed anything great or honourable; but when he found that honest John Cutts displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the *name* of his host.

This desire to possess a melliferous or dignified name, is of very ancient standing. Lucian notices one Simon, who, coming to a great fortune, aggrandized his name to *Simonides*. *Dioclesian* had once been plain Diocles, before he was Emperor. When Bruna became Queen of France, it was thought proper to convey some of the regal pomp into her name by calling her *Bruneault*. The vulgar name of the great Italian poet was Trapasso; but when the learned Gravina resolved to devote the youth to

the muses, he gave him a mellifluous name, which they have long known and cherished—*Metastasio*.

Actors and actresses who depend so completely upon popular applause, and who seize with avidity every trifle that appears likely to conduce to their advantage, are so sensible of the value of a soft and polished name that they frequently change or alter their own names to others that appear less barbarous or vulgar. Writers of fiction are well aware of the importance of these apparent trifles, and select the names of their heroes and heroines with the greatest pains. A barbarous or silly name will turn the finest passage into ridicule; and though we may pity the man who falls in love with a Louisa, a Corinna, a Juliet, or a Laura, who would pity a lover who broke his heart for the sake of a cruel Miss Simpkins, Snooks, or Riggs.

Reserving unto ourselves now, and at all times hereafter, liberty to return again to this subject, we are obliged by want of space, to bring this article to a close.

J. P

RAMBLES IN MANY COUNTIES.

(Continued from page 400.)

As we dashed along through the water we were followed by, or fell in with,—I know not which to call it—a great number of thornbacks, who every minute might be seen springing up in circular bounds after the manner of the dolphin. They were in pursuit, it seems, of their favourite prey, the mackerel, according to that almost invariable law of nature by which life is only to be supported at the expense of life. This fish appeared to be from ten to sixteen inches long, and of various hues, its body being sometimes white, sometimes brown, and not unfrequently spotted with both colours.

In about three hours we made the Wolf, a large rock nearly midway between Penzance and the nearest of the Scilly Islands. To this, as a matter of course, we gave a wide berth; yet even then we could hear the surge bursting upon it with frightful violence.

"Now only listen to those sounds," said my companion; "it does not sure require much imagination to believe that one actually hears the howling of a wolf."

"Why no," replied I; "and no doubt in the times of superstition it gave rise to many strange stories; but, thank Heaven, those days are past."

"Not quite so much as you seem to fancy, as I can prove by what happened, not more than two years since, in a family of my acquaintance."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you; and, as it will yet be three hours before we set foot on land, and we have nothing particular to occupy us, I will tell it if you like."

"Nothing," said I, "would give me greater pleasure."

"Well, then, I begin. Let me premise though that I am not going to name the parties, or their *locus standi*; only to avoid the awkwardness of saying Mr. A. and Mrs. B., I shall call the old lady of my narrative Mrs. Kirkham, and her daughter, Miss Emma. She lived, we will suppose, in Devonshire, and thither I went some eighteen months ago at her reiterated and earnest invitation. Letter after letter had she sent entreating me to visit her, if it were only for a few days, and I as constantly promised to do so; but not supposing there was anything in all this but old-fashioned importunity, I never hesitated to make such engagements give way to more immediate matters. At last, however, it struck me that there was something strange in so much pertinacity. Her letters grew more frequent as well as more urgent, and—I am almost ashamed to own it—curiosity persuaded me to set out upon a journey, which friendship ought to have made me undertake long before.

"I arrived just as Mrs. Kirkham and her daughter, Emma, were sitting down to dinner, and was received—not more cordially than usual, for that would have been impossible—but with an eagerness that shewed me I was welcome on other accounts than what were merely personal to myself. Before I could ask the question, already upon my lips, of "What on earth, my old friend, has made you so anxious to see me?" she guessed and anticipated my purpose by exclaiming how delighted she was at my *unexpected* visit. The strong emphasis she laid upon "unexpected," and the quick glance at Emma which accompanied it, shewed plainly enough that she wished her daughter to remain in ignorance of her having pressed my coming. I was silent accordingly.

We now sat down to table; but, warm as had been my welcome, when the first burst of joy was over the dinner went off with more than sufficient dullness. Emma, with a pale face and a form wasted to a shadow, said not a word except when spoken to, and even then her replies were as brief as they well could be, and not always to the purpose; her mind was evidently far away, too busy with other objects to pay much attention to what was passing. On such occasions the old lady would rouse herself, and endeavour to draw me off from her daughter by some light, frivolous question, though all the time there was a nervous anxiety in her manner sadly at variance with her attempts at liveliness.

The ending of dinner, and the withdrawal of the cloth at length gave occasion for an explanation of all this mystery. "Emma, my dear," said Mrs. Kirkham, "you seem to-day more fatigued than usual. Had you not better go and lie down for a short time?"

Emma made no reply, but rising with the action of a piece of clock work, just wound up to set it in motion, she left the room; and no sooner had she gone than the old lady abruptly asked me,—“do you observe any change in my daughter?”

In reply, though I softened it down as much as possible, I could not

help owning that I had remarked a change—a very great change—and such an one as seemed to require the best medical advice.

"You remember no doubt," said she, with a faint smile that went to my heart—"you remember what Macbeth says to his queen's physician, 'canst thou administer to a mind diseased?'—and it is even to ask that question of you—

"Of me!" exclaimed I, in astonishment.

"Yes, of *you*, for Emma's complaint is mental, not bodily; and now you are here, I hardly dare explain myself, the whole thing is so strange, so—absurd, I fear you will call it."

I denied such an imputation, as you will easily believe, and after some little hesitation prevailed upon her to tell me what had happened.

"You must know, my dear friend, that about three months since I was alarmed by the sudden change in Emma's appearance, when she first shewed herself at breakfast. Her figure indeed was not emaciated as you now see it, but her face was deadly pale, and there was a writhed expression about the lips, such as we often see in young children who have suffered from fits during the night. This however she denied, and the physician, who had been sent for, after a long and patient investigation of the case took me aside and expressed his conviction that the cause was purely mental, though he had been unable to elicit anything from her. I was more successful; but imagine my surprise on learning that all this mischief had originated in a vision. She had dreamt, it seems, that she was walking in the churchyard, when on approaching our family vault it opened close before her feet, and on looking down she beheld a coffin, upon which no dust had as yet been thrown. The inscription-plate gleamed with preternatural brightness, and thereon to her horror she read her own name, but with a *future* not a *past* date—December the 25th,—to which it then wanted three months, as it now only wants three days. From that hour the idea of death has haunted her like a spectre; she believes firmly that she is to die on Christmas-day, a conviction which has wrought the change you see in her. Advise me then, my good old friend; advise me what to do that may dispel this fatal illusion. She is my only child—my only child—and, oh God! so soon to lose her."

I was deeply affected by this appeal, but what could I do in so strange a case, when both the physician and the divine had exhausted their skill without producing the least effect? The only thing that I could possibly think of, was to try and expel one delusion by another, though the machinery of such a plan required some caution and was not without danger. I proposed that as much opium should be given to her under medical direction, as would ensure at least twelve hours sleep, and that upon her awaking, every thing around her should be so arranged, as to have the appearance of New Year's Eve. When she should find or fancy she found the predicted day of death was past, and she was still living, it seemed likely that she would recover from the delusion, nor did it signify against my proposal that she must in the long run discover the deception; the fallacy of her dream would not be the less apparent. To cut short a long tale, the opium was administered, without the patient's being at all aware of what she had taken; she fell into a deep slumber, and I need hardly say that we all expected the result with the greatest anxiety.

It was not till the evening of the 26th that Emma awoke to perfect con-

sciousness though her sleep in the meanwhile had been often broken. This was sooner than I had looked for, for I had hoped she would sleep till the fated day was over; but I was not unprepared for such a disappointment. The moment her eyes opened, the bells rang as if to announce New Year's Eve; all had been previously arranged for that purpose with the village curate, and the good old man himself, entering fully into our plan, made a formal visit to pay the family the usual compliments of the season. At first our patient seemed confounded; she looked anxiously from us to a China-rose sprig, which before her going to sleep she had placed in a vase upon the mantelpiece. It was faded; and no wonder, since the fresh slip had been purposely thrown away, and a withered one substituted in its place. Her mother who was watching for such an opportunity to confirm our deception, informed her that the flower had faded during her seven days' trance.

"And have I indeed slept so long?" exclaimed Emma.

"Indeed have you," interposed the physician; "and to own the truth, you alarmed me more than I chose to confess to any one. But we shall do now; there is that in your eye which tells me the danger is past and over."

Emma sighed deeply, but it was the sigh of one relieved from a burthen, and then closing her eyes folded her hands in silent prayer. The physician by an impressive sign immediately intimated his wish that no one should speak, upon which the good old pastor—I could almost fancy I see his benevolent face and silvery locks at this moment—fell upon his knees, an example that was involuntarily followed by all present. In a few minutes Emma again opened her eyes, and with such a smile as I never saw before, and probably shall never see again upon any mortal countenance. If there be any meaning in the word "angelic," as applied to human beings, I should say it was angelic."

"And the end," said I eagerly, observing him to pause.

"The end," he replied, "was what we all hoped for, but hardly dared to expect; she recovered, and is now one of the first to laugh at her own delusion."

"But is it true?"

"In its main facts certainly; of course you will not ask me to vouch for every syllable and letter of the details, when no two witnesses of a given fact have ever been found to narrate it with precisely the same circumstances. Try the experiment with any two of your friends who may happen to have been present at the same sight, or accident of any kind; my life for it, their account will in many respects prove totally at variance with each other."

The last rays of evening were shedding a pale yellow light upon the cliffs when we reached St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Islands. And a beautiful sight they all presented, many of them being green to the water's edge, and surrounded either by bright-coloured sands, or by rocks, that as you sail along, seem to start up like so many enchanted castles suddenly called up from the bosom of the deep. As I looked upon them, I could not help thinking that if the fairies of the olden time were again to visit us, and one of them felt disposed to grant me what I most wished for at the moment, it would have been to king it over these same islands, absolutely and in my own right, without either Lord

or Commons to control me. A great kingdom might turn out a great care, but my proposed sovereignty was much too small to be liable to any such objection. St. Mary's itself, the site of my visionary capital, does not contain above a thousand inhabitants, and the whole income of my state would not exceed three hundred a year from the main island, and perhaps as much more from all the adjoining rocks. Such at least, to the best of my recollection, was my companion's statement, but as I made no notes of it at the time and have no particular fancy for statistics, it is possible my memory may have played me false in this matter.

My intended subjects, albeit good Christians enough now-a-days, and a very comfortable sort of people, must I fear have been anything but orthodox at one period. I have come to this uncharitable conclusion from observing that while they have druidical remains in abundance they possess no monuments of the monkish time, which however as being the most recent ought to be still in existence. Or is it that the monks, such excellent judges in general of the best places whereon to pitch their tents, could see nothing very attractive in the wave-beaten Cassiterides? To be sure the land is not over and above remarkable for productiveness, but I should have thought the sea around it would have afforded sufficient temptations to men, whose vows condemned them to long and repeated fasts. The very list of the fish to be caught on this favorite coast, all in great abundance, and all of the best quality, is enough to set a genuine gastronomer beside himself. Salmon, salmon-pele, turbot, cod, soles, mackerel, plaice, pilchards, pollock, and ling, are amongst these dainties, so that a fast-day upon the Scilly Islands implies a change of luxuries rather than a penance. Then too there is no want of vegetables in due season; at least there is not now, and I see no reason for supposing that there ever was:—Wild garlic, excellent laver, and a samphire of the best and largest kind, with pulse, sallets, dwarf fruit trees, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, pot-herbs, and herbs for distilling, are to be met with here in abundance. Some of these I saw with my own eyes, and the others I report upon the testimony of the Islanders. I will not dwell upon the purity and excellence of the water, seeing that the good monks were not likely to be tempted by such thin potations, a taste in which most judicious people will be found to agree with them. Yet the fact was worth this passing notice, as the islands, so far as I could discover, had neither brook, nor river, nor running streams of any kind, though they did tell me that such things might occasionally be seen after very great floods. The water for use is drawn from wells and springs within the earth.

Had I been disposed to rest in quiet now that the sun had gone down, and the moon had arisen in all her splendour, it would have been impossible to do so with the friendly companion at my elbow; he never seemed to weary of walking, or talking, or indeed of action of any kind. Did he ever allow himself to sleep? I almost doubted it. Under the plea of our having much to see, and little time to see it in, he dragged me from one curiosity to another, and even when I threw out hints upon the propriety of looking after supper, for which the sea-breeze had given me a keen appetite, he expressed little sympathy with these gastronomical longings.

"We must at least," he said, "pay a visit to the Giant's Castle before returning to our inn. Yonder it stands, upon that point of rock, and in this clear moonlight you will have such a view of the opposite coast as you would miss in the day-time."

After all, I must confess that the Giant's Castle thus seen by moonlight was well deserving of an hour's postponement of supper, even though its niceties should thereby be endamaged. It—the Castle, not the supper—was seated on the top of a singular promontory, which towards the sea looked like an immense mass of rugged rocks, piled one upon the other, as if by the hand of some supernatural workman. On the land side also, it declined abruptly,—but still not so abruptly as seaward,—till it spread and joined the downs. The prospect of the opposite coast from this headland was very remarkable. Cornwall thus seen by moonlight, and I afterwards found the same effect by day, presented all the appearance of an island, its higher portions sinking down into the flats, which from their lowness gave the idea of their shelving off into a sea beyond.

This Giant's Castle, according to the most probable suggestions, was the work of the Danish pirates, who must often have found in the Scilly Isles a convenient shelter from the weather, and sometimes it may be from their enemies, when they proved too strong for them. Not that the latter necessity could have been of frequent occurrence. Brave and lofty spirits were these sea-kings, and well worthy to be so called, for they really lorded it over the ocean, sweeping all before them. Even the vaunted heroes of Greece and Rome shew as farthing rushlights by these bright northern stars—men who laughed at death, defied the very gods, and thought it shame to rely upon any thing but their strong arms and their good swords. It has been too much the fashion with English writers to exalt the pudding-headed, long-backed Saxon, at the expense of this gallant race, and to suppose we owe to them Heaven knows what amount of benefits. Even our language, which we are so fond of tracing to the Anglo-Saxons, is in reality one half of it from the Danish, as every one must have observed, who is at all acquainted with that tongue. Nor ought we to be surprised at such a fact, when we consider that the Danes had established themselves long before the Saxons, and maintained themselves there in spite of the new invaders.

The importance of the Scilly Isles to a maritime people like the English was seen and appreciated so early as the time of Athelstan, who, when he had subdued Cornwall, undertook the conquest of these rocks so utterly valueless in every other respect. In truth they deserve a much more elaborate and effective defence than the government has thought proper to bestow upon them, for steam has done much to equalize matters, and with all our maritime superiority it certainly would not be impossible, scarcely even difficult, for a foreign power of any magnitude to make itself master of them.

It may disappoint others, as it certainly disappointed myself, to find no legend attached to the Giant's Castle. The name, it seems, has been given to it in compliance with that very common fancy among the people of attributing to the giant-race every old structure of which they do not know the origin.

In the same way I found that the numerous cave-sepulchres were called Giant's Graves, though in many instances it must have required scarcely

less ingenuity to squeeze them into such narrow-mouthed pits than was supposed to belong to the conjuror who promised to wriggle himself into a quart-bottle. I had a strong desire to open one of these tumuli; and most certainly had I been alone should have done so, but my companion, who knew the islanders better than I did, begged me not to think of such a thing.

"To use the German adage," he said, laughing, "lass die Todten ruhen,—let the dead rest in peace. Don Giovanni, in the opera, neglects this very warning, and you know what comes of it; he is packed off to Old Nick by half-a-dozen black and scarlet fiends, with tails and torches."

"Aye, but faint heart never won fair lady. I really think I could muster up courage enough to defy the furies of the opera-house, with those of old Drury to back them."

"Say you so? then I must try you upon another tack. If a storm should chance to arise within the next eight-and-forty hours—no improbable thing, let me tell you—the poor people will lay at your door all the evil it may happen to do. It is their constant belief that, when these graves are opened, the giants take it mightily in dudgeon, and out of pure spite bring upon the coast the most destructive hurricanes. Now I must needs profess so much regard for the prejudices of my neighbours, that I never willingly offend against them, unless some good and especial object is to be gained by it."

There was no gainsaying so reasonable a doctrine. I submitted, therefore, like the young horse in the fable, who protested he would never allow the saddle on his back, or the bridle in his mouth, yet, after all,—

"He like his ancestors was bitted."

The next day, at an early hour, we resumed our ramblings, when, much to my surprise, I found that the Isle of Scilly, which has given its name to the whole cluster, was nothing but a small barren spot, with cliffs that were well-nigh inaccessible to anything not possessed of wings. I asked my companion how this had come about, but he only smiled at the question, and told me to exercise my own ingenuity.

"You have only," he said, "to look about you carefully for a few minutes, to find a solution of the riddle."

He was right. Very little enquiry was requisite to shew that Scilly must at some distant period have been united to many of the surrounding isles, perhaps even to St Mary's, and thus from its magnitude formed the most important of the group. Chains of sunken rock below the water, more or less interrupted as they had crumbled under the incessant action of the waves, were sufficient evidences of the fact. My companion confirmed this opinion.

"I have little doubt," he replied, in answer to the suggestion, "that such is the proper explanation of what has puzzled many others beside yourself, simply because questioning is less troublesome than reflecting. Borlase says—and his remark is verified by my own repeated observation—that, 'the flats hereabouts, betwixt Trescaw, Brehar, and Samson, are quite dry at the low water of a spring tide, and men easily pass from one island to another over sand-banks, where hedges and ruins are fre

quently discovered, upon the shifting of the sands, and upon which, at full sea, there are ten or twelve feet of water.' "

As in some way connected with this subject, I may here remark that amongst the Cornish there is a strong belief of a country, called *Lionesse*, having at a very remote period extended from the Land's End to the Scilly Isles, and been afterwards submerged in one of those terrible inundations to which this part of the coast is so peculiarly liable. This has been disputed by many able writers—why or wherefore I am unable to conceive, when, on every side, at a considerable depth below the water, may even now be seen the wrecks of houses, trees, and hedges.

It chanced, as my good stars would have it, that the season was a late one, from having been too dry, or too wet, or from some other of those numerous causes that people find for quarrelling with the weather. This afforded me an opportunity of witnessing the manufacture of Kelp, which I must otherwise have missed, for it often takes place as early as June, and seldom later than the beginning of July. But to commence with the commencement, for the reader's edification. When the tide fully ebbs about these islands, it leaves exposed a multitude of rocks, which are abundantly covered with a certain sea-weed, called *Alga Marina*, *Fucus*, or *Ore*, if it be not wrong to give the name of *weed* to a production that serves for so many purposes. In the first place, it is used as food for the cattle, who thrive wonderfully upon it, and when once accustomed to this kind of fodder they are sure to pine and waste away if it be denied to them. Secondly, it is employed by the farmers in dressing their ground, and in this respect is highly valuable, the rocks not being otherwise remarkable for their fertility. Lastly, and this is the most important use of it amongst our islanders, it is dried, and then burnt till by the action of the fire it runs into metal lumps—if I should not rather call it a salt dross—which is subsequently exported to Bristol and other places, where it forms one of the principal ingredients in the glass manufacture, besides being useful in making soap and alum. The best adapted to this purpose, for there are several sorts of *Alga*, is the gross *Bottle Ore*, which bears hollow knobs or pustules.

The process by which *oreweed* is converted into Kelp, seemed to me rather complex, and requiring some nicety in the management. This notion, however, might have arisen from my inexperience in such matters, that which is new to us generally seeming difficult. As the rocks near the shore do not supply a sufficiency of weed for the various demands made upon it, the islanders started in their boats with the flood tide, and anchoring among the ledges waited there till the sea had ebbed enough for them to ground. They then jumped out, and with a sort of reaping hook clipped the weed from the rocks, when, having loaded their boats, they returned with the next flood to their respective harbours. I should mention, also, that every island has its prescribed limits for cutting the *Alga*, which limits, resulting from long established custom, have all the force of law, and are guarded with much jealousy.

The next operation was to spread out the weed upon the beach to dry, the weather still continuing to be exceedingly fine; had it proved otherwise, I was given to understand they would have *cocked* it, just as they do the hay in other parts, only the heaps would have been smaller. When the whole was thoroughly dry, they next proceeded to dig in the sand a

circular shelving pit, which appeared to be about seven feet in diameter, and three feet deep, taking care to line its sides with stones, so that while they were stirring the alga neither sand nor earth might mingle with the kelp. They then laid a small bush of lighted furze at the bottom of the pit, and upon this again spread a small quantity of the driest ore. As the fire gradually rose and brightened, it was constantly fed with more and more weed, the supplying of which to the master burner seemed to afford an inexhaustible fund of amusement to a troop of merry children, who had voluntarily collected for the purpose. This burning part of the business however was any thing but pleasant to a stranger. The smoke from the weed, rising and spreading itself upon the wind, hung over us like a heavy fog with a most intolerable odour. But I had "screwed my courage to the sticking place," and stick I did, in spite of these abominable fumes, which certainly did not improve upon acquaintance. And now the fire being very strong, the contents of the pit were soon reduced to bright, glowing embers, when they stirred them up with iron rakes, and continued to do so till the whole began to run. In a short time an imperfect sort of vitrification ensued, which went on with increasing rapidity, and at length the entire mass had melted. It was then allowed to settle and consolidate itself in a lump at the bottom. When cold, it was shipped off with all convenient speed, for the kelp consisting principally of sea-salt will waste if long exposed to rain or damp; the sooner therefore it is sent off, the greater is likely to be the profit from its sale, which will often amount—if a man be lucky as well as industrious—to five or six pounds during the two months of the kelp season. The art itself was not introduced into these islands till about the year 1684.

What I have been here describing was of course the work of more than one day, it taking some little time to dry the alga; and in the meanwhile I had lost my friendly companion, who had stayed out his full time, and had been forced to leave me; but it seemed best not to interrupt the details of the process by adverting to any other matter. For the first half hour after he had gone, I must confess that I was well pleased to *hear silence* once again, if such a phrase may be allowed; yet this feeling soon wore off, and I then found that I had a heavy miss of him.

There is yet one use for the alga, which I did not mention before, because it is not known amongst these Cornish men. It is peculiar to Iceland, and refers to that species of ore called the broad-leaved alga, from which a saccharine salt is prepared, said to be exceedingly medicinal. The process of it is this: during the dog-days the weed is gathered from under the water, and immediately covered up with woollen cloth, so as to exclude the air and prevent that evaporation of the volatile salts which would otherwise take place. In due time the leaves will be found incrustated with a sort of sugary efflorescence; this is to be shaken off and carefully preserved in some place where it will be safe from damp, which would otherwise speedily cause it to deliquesce.

Using a privilege, which surely ought to be no less granted to travellers than to dramatists and romancers, I shall now pass over much intervening time and space, and at once set the reader down with me at Camelford.

Marvellous to say, in this watery climate of ours, the weather continued as fine as ever, the air being so calm and hushed, that the leaves all seemed to

have gone to sleep upon their branches, and the light buzzing of the bees was even a remarkable sound in the general stillness. This calm had, however, sadly disturbed the equanimity of a farmer's man, whom I found standing at his barn-door, and whistling for a breeze that he might begin to winnow his corn. Every now and then there mingled with this charm something very like a muttered curse upon the Spriggians, who are believed to hold the dominion of the air, besides possessing other qualities, of which I could get no consistent or very intelligible account. At the same time, it should be observed that this man had but recently come from one of the rudest parts of the country, and that the rustics of the neighbourhood seemed to have but little faith in the spell. I won the poor fellow's heart at once by telling him that I had often known the same thing practised with good effect by seamen when becalmed, upon which he informed me that most of the people were little better than infidels, believing in nothing that their fathers before them had believed in—not even in the giant Tregagle. And who was this celebrated obscure? Listen, and attend, kind reader. The giant Tregagle was a great man, but a bad character—so bad, indeed, that, like Old Nick in other places he is still made responsible for all unowned mischief. If there be a high, blustering wind, it is Tregagle who is roaring; if a house or tree be struck by lightning, it is Tregagle who has wielded the fiery element; if bars of sand are heaped up on the shore—by the wind, as most people would imagine—it is Tregagle who has done it by way of sport; if Helston be no longer a port, as in former days, it is Tregagle who has formed Loe-bar, and blocked it up by dropping his sack of sand between Helston and the sea. That very useful bearer of all domestic accidents—the cat—has not more sins laid to her charge in a well-ordered family. Yet the monster is but a simple monster, after all, and is very scurvily used by his master, the devil, who employs him in emptying the fathomless Dosmary Pool with a limpet-shell, which, to render his toil more discouraging, has got a hole in the bottom of it. Nor is this the only trick played him by the Old One. When the wind is easterly, the unconscionable fiend amuses himself with chasing Tregagle three times about this pool; but then the giant makes off with all speed to Roche Rock, where he thrusts his head into the chapel window, much as the ostrich on being closely pursued is said to bury his head in the first object soft enough to receive it. The giant, however, has greatly the advantage of the bird in the result. The poor ostrich is caught by the hunters and has his neck wrung notwithstanding his fancied security; whereas, with Tregagle, the safety of his head ensures the safety of his whole body, and the defeated Beelzebub has nothing left for it but to whistle off his pack and retire bootless from the chase.

But Cornwall in its remoter parts still abounds in superstitions, or what may more justly be called the shadows of superstitions, existing rather as legends than as a positive belief. In olden times there was not a dreary pool without marks of the cloven foot upon its margin, nor a well without its tutelary saint. Many of the latter had each its own distinctive cause of celebrity. St. Nun's was famous for its power of curing madness, and, as this disease is by no means out of fashion amongst us, the ancient manner of employing the remedy may be worth recording for the benefit of those who may feel inclined to try it upon their patients. The

victim was placed on the edge of a square tank filled with water from St. Nun's Well, into which he was unexpectedly soused by a sudden blow on the breast. Once in, he was tossed about by some person of superior strength to himself, till he was fairly exhausted, when he was taken to church and mass said over him. If the remedy failed upon the first application, it was tried again and again, and though I cannot exactly say, "*probatum est*," yet it is quite clear that if the nostrum failed to cure in one way it would full assuredly succeed in another. No mode of relieving a patient of his disorder is half so effectual as the killing him.

Then there was the Well of St. Keyne, the waters of which were still more miraculous. The husband, or wife, who had the good luck to drink first of it, was sure to possess the future mastery in their common household, a mode of obtaining the breeches infinitely preferable to that of risking one's neck in St. Michael's Chair. People may yet be found who have a lingering faith in these fountains, either as possessing miraculous powers of healing, or as affording the means of divination. At Madern there is a well, in which the old prophetic spirit still abides, and by his influence removes the gloom of the melancholic, the suspicions of the jealous, and the frenzy of the enamoured; but then he must be invoked with the proper rites, at a certain phase of the moon, a certain season of the year, and on a certain day of the week. These preliminaries being all duly attended to, he who wishes to avail himself of the spirit's aid must drop a pin or pebble into the spring, at the same time shaking the earth about it, so as to raise bubbles from the bottom. The days, which seem to be the most propitious for this ceremonial at other fountains are the three first Wednesdays in May, on each of which it is to be repeated.

But, as I have already said, the lingering fragments of superstition are still very numerous in these parts, and the traveller, who looks out for such characters, must be very unlucky if he does not fall in with many an aged chronicler of the fabulous past, all willing, with a little encouragement, to repeat story after story in a way that leaves it doubtful if they do not at least believe that what they are repeating was true at one time, though it is true no longer. Saints and demons have long since ceased to combat upon the earth, but are not the vestiges of such fights still existing? At Karnhre, for instance, the whole mountain is scattered over with the rocks, which the devil and his opponents flung at each other in one of their pitched battles. Nay, have we not also the visible proofs, that the saints quarrelled and fought amongst themselves, in certain masses of stone lying to the present hour on the road-side as you go from Breage to Marazion? As the tale was told to me by a peasant on the spot, so do I repeat it.

Once upon a time St. Just paid a visit to St. Keverne, by whom he was full hospitably entertained, for the good man, though famous for his piety, was still no anchorite who went about in sackcloth, or dwelt like some wild beast in a cavern; he had plate, and servants, and fine line and all things handsome about him, and withal dispensed his bounties with so liberal a hand, that St. Just had never feasted so before. On taking his departure, which did not happen for several days, the delighted guest showered the warmest benedictions upon the head of his kind entertainer. Now it would seem that St. Keverne must have been in the habit of counting his silver forks and spoons; possibly some of his numerous

visitors might have given him good cause for such a practice. However this may be, he in a short time missed some of his plate, whereupon he instituted a severe examination of his household, and finding his servants all innocent of the theft, he naturally began to suspect his late guest. After him therefore he posted full speed, and on passing Crowsay Down, had the precaution to stow away in his pockets three large stones only weighing about three pounds each, or it may be a little more, a very decent avoirdupoise for the pouch of any gentleman, laic or clerical. At Breage, in the parish of St. Germoe, he came up with the offender, and more candidly than politely charged him with the theft. St. Just affected to be highly indignant at the supposition, upon which, in the legal phrase, the parties joined issue; many hard words were given and received; then came blows; but St. Keverne having so much the advantage over his opponent in the three masses of stone he had previously secreted, made such a black sanctus ring about his ears that St. Just was very soon glad to surrender the silver spoons, which,—hear it not ye magistrates of Bow-street, or of Marlborough-street!—he had feloniously abstracted from his hospitable entertainer. Not choosing to be at the trouble of carrying back his ponderous ammunition, St. Keverne let the three stones remain where they had fallen in the fight, sunk triangularly into the ground. If any one should doubt this true tale,—faithfully repeated from the lips of those who heard it from their grandfathers' grandfathers—let the unbeliever go straightway to the place I have mentioned, and he will there find the three rocks; for, often as they have been taken away for the purpose of repairing hedges—videlicet, low walls between the fields, built up of loose uncemented stones—still they have always returned to their original bed by the next morning. In the language of the peasants they are called *Tremen-keverne*, while, to speak of them somewhat more scientifically, they belong to the iron stone of Crowsay Downs.

Cornwall is rich in Druidical remains, unscrupulously pressed into the service of that superstition, which seems to have had its mingled descent from Paganism and Christianity. Thus, in the parish of St. Clere, we still find the *Hurlers*, three rude stones, unhewn and oblong in shape, and pitched upon an end. There they stand as lasting warnings to all who may be overfond of the game, called *Hurling*, not to indulge in such a propensity on a Sunday, for are they not the petrified figures of three men, who chose to hurl when the hells were ringing in all good folks to church?

Being so near Tintagel,—not above four miles,—I could not resist the temptation of paying a visit to the Castle, though I had previously lingered so long about the Land's End and its neighbourhood, that I had, now little time left at my own disposal. As regards the Castle itself, there was not much to see beyond a heap of rubbish and a few fragments of wall, that seemed to me to have been built of the same slate that composed the rocks around. The situation, however, was magnificent, the castle standing upon a bold promontory, while the sea rolled its thunders below, scarcely audible at such a height, if indeed it was not altogether the roaring of the wind that I heard. An immense chasm separated the cliff from the mainland, so that before the invention of gunpowder, the

fortress must have safely set all enemies at defiance. On the opposite side, towards the sea, the precipice was tremendous, not to say terrific, the brow of the rock being fringed with samphire, and having some kind of weed growing out of the interstices, of which I was not botanist enough to know the name. Several choughs—the peculiar crow of Cornwall—with their red legs, roseate beaks, and violaceous plumage, were stalking around at no great distance from me, and by their chatter were no doubt desirous to convey some information to me upon the subject; but unluckily I wanted the learning of Sultan Mahmoud's vizier, and found myself at a loss to understand what they were talking about.

The only interest that can possibly attach to these ruins in the present day is from their having once been the real or supposed residence of Uter Pendragon, and after him of his yet more celebrated son, King Arthur, the husband of the faithless Guenevra. Yet these renowned heroes were but indifferent characters after all, having small regard for the usual laws of morality or justice. The very way in which Uter Pendragon—that is, Uter the Terrible—became possessed of this castle would say but little in his favour before any modern jury of his countrymen. Having gained divers signal victories over the Saxons, he invited his feudatory princes to a grand festival, to be held at Caer-Segont, the Castle of Conquest; but afterwards called Sell-cester, i. e., the Great Castle, now modernized into Winchester. Amongst the numerous guests, came Gothlois, or Gothlouis, Earl of Cornwall, bringing with him his wife, Igerua, a lady of surpassing beauty, with whom the Dragon immediately fell in love, with all the vehemence befitting his draconic nature. This being perceived by the Earl, he carried off his lady without any more ado, placed her safely in his castle of Tintagel, and betook himself with a large force to another of his strongholds, called Damelioc Castle, where he was speedily besieged by the disappointed monarch. The latter, however, was not long in learning that the prize he longed so much for was safe in Tintagel; upon which, leaving an adequate force to hold the husband besieged, he set out to try what he could do in that quarter. The first sight of the castle shewed him the affair was hopeless, and in utter despair he sent after the celebrated magician, Merlin, with offers of high reward if he would assist him to attain his wishes. The magician came at his call, and having himself assumed the appearance of Bricot, the Earl's chamberlain, given to Uter the semblance of Gothlois, and changed his favourite companion Ursan, or the Bear, into Jordan of Dundagell, they easily obtained admission into the castle. In the meanwhile the real earl made a valiant sally, and got killed for his pains by the no less valiant besiegers, so that the Dragon now found himself in quiet possession of his prize, whom he made all possible haste to marry. The fruit of this union was the celebrated King Arthur; but the old chroniclers, ashamed it would seem of this flaw in their hero's character, and willing to draw a moral from a somewhat equivocal story, assure us, from that time forward Uter never prospered, being constantly defeated by his Saxon enemies.

And here I must drop the curtain upon my Cornish adventures. In the next number I may perhaps beg the favour of my readers' company upon another little excursion.

POPULAR RHYMES, SAYINGS, PROVERBS, PROPHECIES,
&c., PECULIAR TO THE ISLE OF MAN AND
THE MANKS PEOPLE.

No. II.

AT FIRST EDEN WAS GIVEN TO MAN,
A GARDEN TO WORK AND TO FEED IN;
BUT NOW WE'VE A DIFFERENT PLAN,
FOR *Man* IS GIVEN TO *Eden*.

The circumstance of the Honourable and Reverend R. J. Eden, Vicar of Stockton-on-Tees, having recently been promoted to the Bishoprick of Sodor and Man, has given origin to the above impromptu, by a contributor to the "Edinburgh Evening Post," 1847.

ALL THE BAIRNS UNBORN WILL RUE THE DAY
THAT THE ISLE OF MAN WAS SOLD AWAY:
AND THERE'S NE'ER A WIFE THAT LOVES A DRAM,
BUT WHAT WILL LAMENT FOR THE ISLE OF MAN.

This quatrain shews that the inhabitants of the Isle of Man had no little dread that their favourite drams, would upon the island being sold, come under the ban of the English excise laws. This however has not been the case.

AS ROUND AS THE TYNWALD.

This celebrated eminence, called in the Manks language *Cronk Keeillown*, which signifies the Hill of St. John's Church (now the Tynwald Hill), stands on the right of the main road from Douglas to Peel, and near the chapel of St. John's. This ancient mound is of a circular form; the approach to the top is by a flight of steps cut in the turf, directly facing the ancient chapel. There are three circles of grass seats, or benches, below the summit, which are regularly advanced three feet above each other. The circumference of the lowest is about eighty yards; there is a proportionate diminution of the circumference and width of the two higher; the diameter of the top of the hill is six feet. Prior to any act of the legislature becoming the law of the land, it must be promulgated in Manks and English, from this Hill, the Lieutenant Governor and the Staff of Government attending. The order of the ceremony runs thus:—On the summit of the Mound sits the Lord, or his Lieutenant, with his face fronting the east, and his sword upright in his hand; before him sits the two Deemsters; on the highest circle his barons and beneficed men; in the middle *Twenty-four Keys*, "formerly styled the worthiest men in the island;" and on the lowest the knights, squires, and yeomen; while the commons stood without the circle, with three clerks in their surplices.

The hill was guarded by the *Coroners* and *Moars*, armed with swords and axes; and a proclamation was issued by the Coroner of Glenfaba, denouncing those who should murmur in the King's presence.

The most singular circumstance in connexion with this Hill is, that it is formed of soil collected from every parish in the Island. The old chapel has been taken down, and a new one erected on the same site, A.D. 1847.

GOD KEEP THE HOUSE AND ALL WITHIN
FROM CUT. MAC CULLOCK AND ALL HIS KIN.

THE POOR MANKSMAN'S PRAYER.

God keep the good corn
The sheep and the bullock,
From Satan, from sin,
And from Cutlar Mac Cullock.

THE RICH MANKSMAN'S PRAYER.

Cutlar Mac Cullock was a powerful Gallovidian rover, who made repeated incursions into the northern parts of the Island about 1507; carrying off all that he could lay his hands on;—so that the inhabitants used to eat the sodden meat afore they supped the broth, lest they should be deprived of the more substantial part. On one occasion as the master of the house had just repeated one of these rhymes, Cutlar, in person, made his appearance with this reply:—

GUDEMAN, GUDEMAN, YE PRAY OE'R LATE.
MAC CULLOCK'S SHIP IS AT THE YATE.

The *Yaite* is a well-known landing-place on the north side of the Island. These incursions caused *Watch & Ward* to be maintained with the greatest strictness for a long time afterwards.

THE MANK'S SEA HARVEST.

To the Prayer in the Litany of the Mank's Church, beginning—*"preserve to us the kindly fruits of the earth,"* is added, *"and restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea."* This was introduced into the Church by good bishop Wilson, and was first inserted in the Mank's Book of Common Prayer, in 1779. Herrings, formerly, were the chief and still continue to be a great staple commodity.

"WHEN SATHANE TRYED HIS ARTS IN VAIN,
YE WORSHIP OF THE LORDE TOE GAIN,
YE YIRD, HE SAID, AND ALL BE THINE
EXCEPT ANE SPACE, THAT MAUN BE MINE:
THOUGH BARE IT IS, AND SCARCE A SPAN,
BY MORTALS CALLED YE YSLE OF MANN:
THAT IS A PLACE I CANNOT SPARE,
FOR ALL MY CHOICEST FRIENDS ARE THERE."

The natives of the island have a tradition that *Mona* is the original paradise! If so the arch enemy, from the above, appears to stick to it to the last.

Many places in Man have Scriptural names. *Mount Sinai* is the name of a hill opposite *Ballachrinck, St. John's*.

"TEN L'S. THRICE X. WITH V. AND II. DID FALL
YE MANKS TAKE CARE OR SUFFER MORE YE SHALL."

According to Camden this rhyme originated on the Scottish conquest of the Isle of Man. The Scots troops disembarked at *Derby Haven*, on the seventh of October, 1270; and next morning before sunrise a battle was fought in which the above number of the islanders fell, bravely fighting for the liberty of their country.

"TIME ENOUGH! TIME ENOUGH!" QUOTH THE MANKSMAN.

This Manks procrastinator is sure to come out when anything is to be done.

Dr. Short, bishop of St. Asaph, while resident at *Bishop's Court*, had in his garden several large beds of Thyme, and in passing them with his friends used to say, in allusion to this *Mankish* sin, 'You see I have *time enough*.'

"CLOTH NA KIELAGH AYNS CORNEIL D THY ME."

That is, "May a stone of the church be found in thy dwelling."

This would be considered as one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a family. The *Manks*, like many other peoples, have a particular veneration for anything that has been dedicated to the service of the church, and have a superstitious feeling in removing or applying them to their own use.

THERE HAS NOT BEEN A MERRY WORLD SINCE THE PHYNKODDEREE
LOST HIS GROUND.

This useful little old gentleman, with his hairy coat, was a fallen fairy, who was banished from his brethren in Fairy Land, for having paid his addresses to a pretty Manks maid, and deserting the Fairy Court during the *Harvest Moon*, to dance with his earthly love, in the *MERRY GLEN OF RUSHEN*. He is doomed to remain in the isle till the end of time; and many are the stories related by the Manks peasantry of his prodigious strength. Having performed one of his wonderful feats, a gentleman wishing to recompense him, caused a few articles of clothing to be laid down for him in his usual haunt; when, on perceiving them, he lifted them up one by one, saying:—

"CAP FOR THE HEAD; ALAS! POOR HEAD:
COAT FOR THE BACK; ALAS! POOR BACK.
BREECHES FOR THE BREECH; ALAS! POOR BREECH:
IF THESE BE ALL THINE, THINE CANNOT BE THE MERRY GLEN
OF RUSHEN!"

Having said so, he departed, and has never been heard of since.

His resemblance was that of the Lubber Fiend of Milton, and the Scottish Brownie.

A Scottish rhyme runs:—

"Gie Brownie Coat, gie Brownie Sack,
Ye'll get nae mair o' Brownie's Mark."

The *Luck of a House* is said to pass away from it for ever, at the period of the departure of the offended Brownie.

HE IS LIKE A MANKS CAT,—HE LEAVES NOUGHT AHINT HIM BUT HIS TAIL.

See note on saying, "*Like a Manks Cat hasn't a tail to wag.*"

The only animal peculiar to the Island is the tailless cat, called in Manks, *Stubbin*, and in English, *Rumpy*. Professor Forbes states it to be "an accidental variety of the common species, *Felis Catus*, frequently showing no traces of caudal vertebra, and in others a merely rudimental substitute." The witty author of "*A Six Days' Tour in the Isle of Man*," p. 152, says:—"But as they intermarry with the more favoured English breeds, they have a quarter tail, half tail, three-quarters of a tail, and full tail, according to some scale of deserts with which I am unacquainted." Some affirm that this is the genuine aboriginal cat of the island; and there is a tradition that the first *Stubbin*, or *Rumpy* cat seen in the island, was cast ashore from a foreign vessel, wrecked on the rocks at Spanish Head, "SHORTLY AFTER THE CREATION OF THE WORLD."

This breed of cats are considered good mousers, and many are annually carried out of the Island as curiosities, by the visitors who frequent it.

WITH ONE LEG I SPURN IRELAND, WITH THE SECOND I KICK AT
SCOTLAND, AND WITH THE THIRD I KNEEL TO ENGLAND.

Spoken of the *Three Legs of Man*. The arms of the Island are, gules, three armed legs argent, conjoined in fess at the upper part of the thighs, fleshed in triangle, garnished and spurred topaz. The motto is, *Quecumque Jeceris Stabit*. Whatever way you throw me I will stand. This device is said to have been adopted by Alexander III., of Scotland, about 1270. Each knee is bent, as if performing a genuflection, which is supposed to refer to the position of the Island, with respect to England, Scotland, and Ireland, when each was a separate kingdom. So that, in whatever posture the insignia are placed one leg only can assume the attitude of kneeling, and no transposition of the motto can change their true meaning.

IF THE PUFTIN'S NEST WAS NOT ROBBED IN THE CALF OF MAN, THEY
WOULD BREED THERE NO LONGER.

The coulterneb puffin, down to the beginning of the present century, used to frequent the Calf of Man, in large quantities, to build their nests in the burrows made by the rabbits. It hatches only one bird at a time, but if the egg be taken away, it will lay another and even a third in the same place. This may have led to the saying. They have now, however, deserted the spot, said to have been caused by a swarm of Norway rats, cast on the shore from a Russian vessel which was wrecked on the coast; probably the lighthouses now erected on the spot, are the real cause.

In the North of England, this bird is locally known by the name of *Tommy-Noddy*. It is a visitant of the Farne Islands, and lays its egg in the same singular situation.

GALLOPING THE WHITE MARE,

said of servants who run away from their places before the expiration of their servitude. Female servants hire at *Pattemas*, 28th March, and males at *Michaelmas*, 29th September, for twelve months. The old privilege of Yarding, given by ancient customary law to the Lords, Deemsters, Coroners, and Chief Officers in the Island, according to their degree of compelling certain persons of either sex into their service at a trifling fee fixed by law, has now, and very properly, fallen into disuse.

THEN THERE ARE YET MEN IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Castle Rushen has long been famous for its subterraneous passages, and there are individuals amongst the islanders, who still firmly believe that they lead to a beautiful country underground, inhabited by giants. Amongst the many tales they relate, is that several attempts being made to explore the passages, which in general proved unsuccessful, a number of daring fellows agreed to attempt the enterprise in company. Having armed themselves with staves, &c., and procuring torches, they descended. After proceeding a little way, they found an old man, of great size, with a long beard, and blind, sitting on a rock as if fixed there. He hearing them approach, enquired of them as to the state of the island, and at last asked one to put forth his hand, on which one of them gave him a ploughshare which he had, when the old giant squeezed the iron together with the greatest ease, exclaiming, "*Then there are yet Men in the Isle of Man.*"

The same tradition under varied forms prevails in Scotland, Denmark, France, &c. See the story of Frederic Barbarossa sleeping on his throne in the Castle of Kyffhausen, in "*Quarterly Review*" (March 1820).

"IF TO FAINT FOLLY, TILL HER FRIENDS DESPISE,
AND VIRTUE TILL HER FOES WOULD FAIN BE WISE;
IF ANGEL SWEETNESS—IF A GOD-LIKE MIND
THAT MELTS WITH JESUS OVER ALL MANKIND:
IF THIS CAN FORM A BISHOP—AND IT CAN,
THO' LAWN WAS WANTING, HILDESLEY'S THE MAN."

When Bishop Hildesley was at Scarborough, in 1764, the above verses were stuck up in the Spa-room and were taken down by him, and after his death, found among his papers, with these words written underneath by the bishop, "From vain glory in human applause, Deus me liberat et conservet." Bishop Hildesley was instrumental in the translation of the scriptures into the Manks Language, and originated Sunday schools in the island. He died 7th December, 1772.

Ek shudder oie innid vecs olty volg lane,
My jig lad caisht von traaste son shen.

Translation :—

On Shrove Tuesday night, though thy supper be fat,
Before Easter-day, thou mayst fast for that.

On Shrove Tuesday, it is customary to have *sollaghyn* or Crowdy for dinner instead of breakfast, as at other times; and for supper, fleshmeat with a large pudding and pancakes. Into the latter are thrown a ring and a piece of money, with which the candidates for matrimony try their fortune. It is quite a Manks merry-making: Hence the proverb.

M. A. D.

P. B. nr D. in com. Dunelm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WILMINGTONS.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I am a quaint old bachelor, painfully particular in the minutiae of life and especially fond of correctness in all things. May I then be permitted through the medium of the "St. James's Magazine," to set right, in a matter of Peerage etiquette, a lady authoress, who has, by the fascination of her pen, beguiled many of the tedious hours of the present dreary winter? In the graceful story of "The Wilmingtons," one of the chief characters is called "Lord George Tempest," and is described as the younger son of the Earl of Sandown: now this designation is clearly erroneous, the title of Lord, appended by courtesy to the Christian name, indicates that the bearer is the younger son of a Duke or Marquess, the younger son of an Earl being simply styled "Honourable." This inaccuracy may appear to many too trivial to be noticed, but still I think its correction would improve the future editions of this delightful novel.

Your faithful Servant,
CAMDEN VAVASOUR.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you or any of your correspondents would furnish me, through the medium of your magazine, with a pedigree of the family of Hampden, of Hampden, co. Bucks, down to the father of the celebrated *John Hampden*, and giving at least four or five descents of the Hampdens, and their marriages.

The Hampden pedigree does not appear recorded to any length in the Heralds' visitations for Buckinghamshire. Can you inform me where it is recorded?

Your obedient Servant,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

[In Noble's *Life of Cromwell*, there is a genealogical memoir of the Hampdens, and in Lipscombe's *History of Bucks*, a pedigree is, we believe, inserted.

—ED. ST. J. M.

PEDIGREE OF WALDRON OF LEICESTERSHIRE.

To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

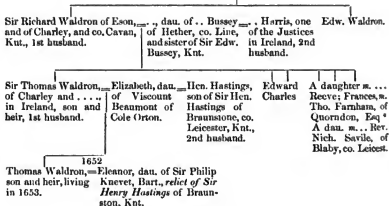
SIR,—Your correspondent, *Lex*, inquires for any particulars or pedigrees of Waldron and Squire. The family of Waldron, which was of high standing and of considerable antiquity in the county of Leicester, was seated at Charley Hall, in Charnwood Forest. I subjoin a pedigree. Another branch of the Waldrons was seated at Oadby, co. Leicester, from temp. Henry VII. to 1700. The family of Squire was of Barrow-upon-Soar and Quorndon, co. Leicester. Thomas Squire, Esq., who married the widow of Henry Chaveney, Esq., of Quorndon, died in 1765, and his monument (an altar tomb in Quorn Church-yard,) gives the arms, . . . three pales . . . and a fess . . . It was erected by his son, the Rev. Thomas Squire. I think it not unlikely that both Devereux and Susanna Squire, sought for by *Lex*, will be found in the Barrow Register.

Your Obedient Servant,

T. R. P.

Arms.—Arg., three bull's heads caboshed sab, attired or.

Waldron of Eson—



To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.

SIR,—I have just read a letter from a correspondent, in your magazine for this month, signed "J. OLDBUCK," for information respecting any male or female descendant of the SPLIDT family, of Stratford Green.

A late neighbour of mine, now residing on the continent, married Mary, daughter of Christian Splidt, which you will see on referring to the name of Walter Lawrence, of Sandy-well Park, in your "Landed Gentry." Mr. Lawrence has there spelt the name SPELD, I think *accidentally on purpose*. However, there is no doubt it is a *mistake*.

18th Dec., 1850.

Yours truly

R. C.

* * An esteemed correspondent corrects an error in page 306. The quotation "in medio tutissimus ibis," is from Ovid—not Horace.

* Henry Waldron, Esq., of Farnham Castle, co. Cavan, married, about 1670, Dorothy Farnham. (See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. 4, part i., p. 325.)

INDEX TO VOL. I

	Page.		Page.
An Apparition	401	Execution of Charles I.	89
Ancestral Episodes and Neglected Passages of History	6	Fairy Land	413
An event of the 13th Century	410	First Hour of 1850	346
Arden of Feversham	18		
Att-Sea, or de la Mere, family of	76	Gatherings for a Garland of Bishoprick Blossoms	97, 206, 277, 362, 451
Austria, its Dynasty, and its Dominions	21	Grant of Arms to Col. Splidt	324
Ayton's Lays of the Scotch Cavaliers	304		
		Hampden, family of	495
Bonaparte, family of	75	Headless Lady of Ashby Folville	342
Boscobel; a History	161, 245	Heraldry	324
Bowling Alleys of Old England	404	Hind, the Highwayman	138
Broughton Castle	1	Historic Rhymes	34, 89, 214, 288, 461
Bulgaden Hall, a Tale of	118	Hunt of O'Mara	436
Byard, family of	158		
		Katherine Douglas	461
California	304		
Camden's Visitation of Huntingdonshire	304	L'Acadie	304
Chapters on Traditions	35, 202, 385	Lady Ivy	437
Children in the Tower	34	Life in the far West	304
Christmas, Past and Present	329	Letters of Sir Isaac Newton	304
Chronicles of the Stock Exchange	304	Lines written by Sir Tourlough O'Brien	323
Churchmen of the Olden Time	188	Lindsays, lives of the	48
Clenche, the murder of Dr.,	440	Local Chronicles	123
Colonel Splidt, family of	410, 412, 495	Lord Cloncurry's Personal Recollections	304
Cornwall	390, 477	Lord Clarendon and William Smith O'Brien	157
Correspondence	239, 324, 410, 495		
Curiosities of Genealogy	324, 410	Mackay's Western World	304
Curzon's Visit to the Levant	304	Memoirs of the House of Orleans	304
		Miss Pardoe's Francis L.	304
David Campbell	233	Motto of the Murrays	324
Diary of Camden Vavasour, L.L.D.	63, 145		
Don Pantaleon Sa	264		
Emigrant Family	304		
Everley Manor	377		

	Page.		Page.
Major Strangways, the Assassin	196	Sonnet	238
Names and Surnames	272, 472	Southwell Letters	112, 294
Neglected Biography, a	77, 219	Splidt Family	495
Noble Blood of Britain, the,	41	Squire, family of	410
		Stanzas on the New Year	428
Old World and the New, the,	301	St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire	304
Only	304	Stoneleigh Abbey	180
Packe's Monument	409	Tale of Bulgaden Hall	118
Popular Rhymes, Sayings, &c.	402, 490	The Saxons in England	304
Rambles in many Counties	390, 477	The Tragedie of Sir John Eland of Eland	35
Remarkable Subject of a Re- markable Picture at Belvoir Castle	271	The Trial of Col. Turner and his Family	352
Remarkable Trio of Leicester- shire Sisters	463	The Waldron Pedigree	495
Retrospect of the Year's Literature	304	The White Knight's Tomb	373
Simpson of Wickham, family of	327	Tomb of Charlemagne	318
Singular Trials connected with the Upper Classes of Society	18, 138, 196, 264, 352, 437	Trafalgar	214
Shirley	304	Traits from the Forum	320
Sir R. M. Keith's Memoirs	304	Visit to Broughton Castle	1
Sir Walter Scott's Monastery	237	Visit to Stoneleigh Abbey	180
Sketches of Character, &c.	304	Wanderings by the Bandon River	10, 429
		Warburton's Prince Rupert	304
		Waterloo	288
		Welsh Tradition, a	319
		Wilmingtons, the,	495



